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Parthenon

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PREFACE.

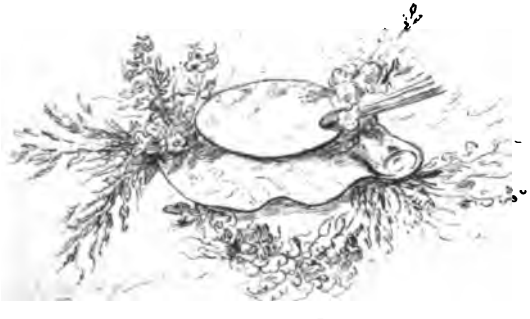
THE separate portions of the PARTHENON, which were printed periodically, are here united in one Volume. The collection will be found to embrace a considerable quantity of information on the Arts of Design and Music, of the importance of which, as well as of the character due to the literary articles which diversify its contents, it is for the public to judge; but, however the work may be appreciated in those respects, there is one thing which will probably give it a more permanent value than would belong to it, though its essays in art and literature should be generally admitted to possess all the merit which many competent judges have, perhaps from a spirit of liberality and indulgence, readily attributed to them.—It contains the *first specimens* of LETTER PRESS *printed from* STONE—a circumstance which, it may be presumed, will render it an object of future curiosity, and add considerably to whatever interest it may derive from other recommendations. The impression of the Title Page, this Preface, the whole of the first five numbers, and various parts of the remainder is effected by a new process, called TYPOLITHOGRAPHY, which was introduced into the art of printing on the publication of the Parthenon. The utility of this process is, as yet, very imperfectly known; but the manner in which Pictorial Illustrations, Autographs and Music, will be found incorporated in the printed text of the Parthenon may, perhaps, suggest its employment with still more advantage in other publications. The facility with which Typolithography can be introduced and discontinued in the same book, may also be mentioned as an important consideration in point of economy, for it is only necessary to resort to that process in those parts which require Illustration or Embellisment, as all the rest of the text may be printed in the usual way.

Among the many Journals published in England, it might be expected that there should be, at least, one chiefly devoted to the Fine

Arts. In this respect there is a want in the periodical Literature of the Country, which the Parthenon seemed calculated to supply. It was not, then, unreasonable to form anticipations of the success of such a work, though the difficulties which an undertaking so novel in its nature and so complex in its details has had to encounter, joined to other circumstances, into which it is needless here to enter, have prevented those anticipations from being realized within the period to which it was convenient to extend the speculation.

Since it was resolved to terminate this Work, many zealous friends of the Arts have expressed an earnest desire for its continuance; conceiving that a Journal which might be rendered the medium of information useful to the Professional Artist, interesting to the Amateur, and agreeable to the general reader, ought to be maintained. But whatever influence this opinion may, at a future period, have on the revival of the Parthenon, or on the establishment of a similar Journal, it is found necessary, in the existing state of the Bookselling trade, to adhere to the resolution which was previously adopted. At the same time the Editor cannot close the present publication without sensibly feeling how much he is indebted to the subscribers who have encouraged its circulation, and to the contributors who have enriched its pages with their communications.

January 1826.



THE PARTHENON.

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SKETCHES,

Historical and Pictorial,

OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

Pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci.

RELIGIOUS worship, which, in spite of the pretty fable of the Corinthian Maid and her Lover, seems every where to have furnished the first impulse to the arts of sculpture and painting, as heroic deeds and warlike achievements appear to have done to poetry, was likewise the source of their revival in modern Europe. The tangible forms of sculpture, which has always been of earlier growth than painting, while they reduced the mysteries of superstition to a distinct and permanent idea, at the same time flattered the vanity of men, by likening to themselves the objects of their adoration. But when the treasures of the palette began to extend the narrow limits of bare design, when the eye was seen to beam with liquid lustre, the lips to be tinged with the crimson hue of nature, and the hair to

descend in glossy ringlets from the brow; it is easy to conceive how much admiration of the new-discovered art must have increased attachment to the objects of its representation. The ministers of religion have never been slow to perceive the advantages which might arise from this combination of feelings, and have never failed to avail themselves of it whenever they have possessed the power. In process of time the arts, which at first were devoted to the worship of the gods, came also to be employed in celebrating the actions of men, and found their encouragement in the policy of states, or the luxury of individuals. It is manifestly to these principles, and not to the influence of climate or the spirit of liberty, as Winkelmann absurdly maintains, that the establishment of the fine arts in any country is to be traced. Was it a spirit of liberty which animated the chisels of Phidias and Praxiteles, and the pencil of Apelles; or was it not rather, in the two first instances, the increased resources of the state, and the splendid conquests of the Athenians; and in the latter, the caprice and ostentation of a despot? Was liberty the impulse which gave dignity to the arts under the pontificates of Julius II. and Leo X.? or was it the influence of climate which gave birth to the genius of Rubens? The fact is, that the success of the fine arts will always keep pace with their encouragement; and it is equally certain, that their encouragement depends more on circumstances of a fortuitous nature than on any fixed principle of local or political influence. Public wealth, and a taste for luxury, are the only indispensable conditions in the advancement of the arts; and these may exist in a state of political slavery as well as of political freedom. It may indeed be true, that a system of encouragement for the fine arts, founded, not on the whim of a prince or the fashion of a court, but on the sound, moral, and political principles of a free and enlightened people, would prove to be the most effective as well as the most permanent. But the page of history furnishes us with no example of so desirable a consummation. Possibly in future ages, when the narrow prejudices which still oppose improvement shall have passed away, such a system may at length prevail. The historian who shall have to record so brilliant an epoch in the history of human civilization, may then look back to trace the fitful glimmerings of former art, and grieve to find how imperfectly its true value was understood, even at those periods which presented examples of the nearest approach towards rational freedom.

The destruction of Rome by Totila, in 545, by burying beneath its ruins all the most valuable treasures of painting and sculpture, gave the final blow to the existence of ancient art; and it was not until the 13th century, that the rude attempts of the primitive Christians began to be improved by something like a regular principle of art.

Various have been the disputes, respecting the period and the part of Italy in which painting was first revived. Vasari and Baldinucci, from feelings of partiality towards Florence and the house of Medici, have contended that Cimabue, the Florentine, was the first indigenous artist; but the researches of Lanzi, who has treated the subject with great candour and ability, as well as the actual existence at this moment, of pictures by Italian artists, bearing date far earlier than the time of Cimabue, put it beyond a doubt, that neither he nor Florence have any just claim to priority in the cultivation of painting.

One of the earliest names, though not the first, which occurs in the history of modern painting, is that of Tullio di Perugia, who was living in 1219. This artist, however, is only known to us through an old engraving taken from one of his pictures. The picture itself, a portrait of the celebrated St. Francis, who, among other proofs of his sanctity, is said to have been blessed with the marks of the five wounds of the cross, is now lost; but it deserves to be mentioned, from the circumstance which led to its execution, and which is

strongly characteristic of the spirit of the age. It seems that Tullio, whose superstition was at least equal to his love of painting, and whose love of good living is believed to have been stronger than either, being once dangerously ill with an attack of apoplexy, took it into his head, that of all the saints in the calendar, none was more likely to serve him in his extremity than the worthy St. Francis, who, instead of comforting his body as our painter is supposed to have done, took special care, every day of his life, to immerse himself up to the chin in cold water, for the good of his soul. But be that as it may, to St. Francis, Tullio addressed his prayers; and the holy father was so obliging as to intercede in his behalf. Tullio was cured; and no sooner was he sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, than repairing to Assisi, with feelings of the warmest gratitude, he begged and obtained permission to paint the portrait of the saint from nature. Beneath the portrait he placed the following inscription in Roman letters:

"Io Tullio pittore di Perugia esendo stato guarito da questo beato huomo F. Francesco d'Assisi di una grandissima apoplesia, sono andato quest' anno MCCXIX al Capitolo delle Store alla M. deli Angeli et ho fato il presente ritratto sopra di lui per divocione che io ho in questo beato huomo."

The celebrated picture of the Virgin, by Guido da Sienna, in the church of St. Dominico at Sienna, was executed in the year 1221, twenty years before the birth of Cimabue, as is evident from the inscription placed beneath it:

"Me Guido de Senis diebus depinxit amenis,
"Quem Christus lenis nullis velit agere penis.
"A. D. 1221."

The happy days which Guido alludes to in these lines, must be taken in reference to the interval of peace which occurred on the coronation of the Emperor of Germany, Frederic II. at Rome, previous to his marching an army into Tuscany, to punish the brothers of Innocent III. for having excited a revolt in La Puglia. For it is not one of the least interesting circumstances connected with this picture, that the talents which led to its execution, must have been fostered during a period, generally speaking, very unfavourable to the cultivation of art. Indeed the superiority of this work to those which followed it for a time, is so great in many respects, that it is impossible not to attribute a very extraordinary share of genius to the artist. As a composition, it is by no means inferior to the works of Cimabue. The figure is firmly seated, the lap is even well foreshortened, the extremities seem to be studiously exhibited (a circumstance which evinces a degree of confidence not usual at that early period), and the draperies are cast with much attention to natural arrangement*.

* Montfaucon, in his "Diarium Italicum," after mentioning this picture, and noticing the dispute between the Florentines and the Siennese for precedence in the restoration of painting, states, that the former endeavour to get over the difficulty by supposing that, as the Virgin of Guido da Sienna is the only known work of that master, it may possibly be but an example of accidental success, and that, at all events, it would be unfair to argue on the merits of a painter from a single performance. Yet even this absurd pretext is denied them; for several other works by the same artist, of not inferior excellence, are actually in existence. The ingenious author of the "Considérations sur l'état de la Peinture en Italie, dans les quatres siècles qui ont précédé celui de Raphael," mentions no less than four which he had himself collected with a great deal of trouble in Italy. One in particular, is described as consisting of a composition of the Virgin, the Infant Christ, St. John, two Saints, and a female Saint, holding a standard. The Child holds in his hand a goldfinch, which is pecking at him. On the back ground, which is gilt, there is a considerable number of small birds. The head of the Virgin is seen in full front; and the profiles of the Saints are extremely fine. Such a combination as this was an undertaking of no small magnitude, and indicates that the artist had at least some reliance on his own powers of execution.

The following outline will convey an idea of the composition and drawing of this picture:

✠ ME GVIDO DE SENIS DIEBVS DEPINXIT AMENIS: QVEM XPS UENIS
RUMS VEVIT AGERE PENIS: ANO·D·M·CC XX·I·

The Leonine distich which we have here given in the original characters, is marked along the lower margin of the picture in a single line.

It is worthy of remark, that neither Vasari nor Baldinucci make mention of this picture, though it exists to this day in excellent condition. The reason of their silence on this subject is obvious. It offers a stubborn fact in opposition to their favourite theory.

(To be continued) Φ.λ.Ψ.

SPONTINI'S OLYMPIA.

Among the musical productions which have recently been imported from the Continent, and to which we mean to call the attention of our readers, the present, from the nature of the work, and the reputation it has obtained in Germany, seems entitled to our earliest notice. After a long residence in France, where, in the year 1807, the *Académie Impériale de Musique* conferred on Spontini the decennial prize for his *La Vestale*, he removed to Germany, and is now settled at Berlin, as Music-Director General to the King of Prussia. The present opera was first performed at Berlin, we believe, more than three years ago, and has been repeated with distinguished success in the principal towns of Germany; but, in consequence of its tardy publication, it has only now reached us in a tangible form, under the following title:

"Olympia, grosser Oper in 3 Acten, in Musik gesetzt, und Seiner Majestät dem Könige von Preussen, Friedrich Wilhelm III. in tiefster Ehrfurcht zugeeignet, vom Ritter Spontini." —That is: "Olympia, an Heroic Opera in Three Acts, set to Musick, and respectfully dedicated to His Majesty Frederick William III. King of Prussia, by the Chevalier Spontini."—Berlin, Adolph. Martin Sclesinger; London, imported by Boosey and Co.

To great literary merit, the text of Olympia, like that of too many other operas, has little or no claim. It is written in the German language by a Prussian law officer, named Hoffman, whose official title, *Oberappellationsgerichtsrath*, whatever dignity may attach to its length, is not very harmonious, and is moreover one, if the duties it implies be efficient, by no means calculated to convey the idea of any intimate alliance between its owner and the Muses. With regard to the opera, as published at Berlin, we must observe, that our copy having been late of coming to hand, we have had little time for its examination. We have, however, been greatly assisted by an able criticism from the pen of Gottfried Weber, of whose judicious observations we freely avail ourselves. In what we have to say, the musick is of course our main object; but we cannot speak very explicitly of it, without adverting to the subject which the artist has chosen for the basis of his work.

The story is connected with the death of Alexander the Great. Cassander, who is unjustly suspected of having been the murderer of Alexander, is seated on the throne of Macedonia. The young monarch has saved the life of Olympia, the daughter of Alexander and Statira; a mutual attachment subsists between him and the princess, and their union is on the point of being celebrated in the Temple of Diana. The priestess who is to pronounce the nuptial benediction is Statira, who, since the death of Alexander, has dwelt in the Temple unknown, devoting herself to the worship and service of Diana. She advances to perform the nuptial ceremony without recognizing the bride to be her daughter, whom she supposes to be already numbered with the dead. But no sooner is the name of Cassander pronounced, than the thought of her fallen greatness rushes forcibly on her recollection, and her soul is agitated by a vehement emotion. Instead of pronouncing the nuptial benediction, she hurls imprecations on the head of Cassander, and implores all the powers of heaven and earth to visit him with their vengeance. The whole of this scene affords a fine specimen of the talents of the composer, and is admirably calculated for powerful dramatic effect. It consists of expressive recitativo passages, executed by principal characters of the opera, and interspersed with choruses remarkable for grand and intricate combinations of harmony.

The mother and daughter at length discover each other; and Statira, momentarily forgetting her grief and indignation, yields to the force of maternal tenderness. The lovers avail themselves of this favourable opportunity, to entreat that she will not oppose their union. Statira, whose heart is at this moment wholly absorbed in affection for her child, is almost induced to consent to the celebration of the nuptials; but a glance at Cassander awakens all her former feelings of grief and resentment, and she pronounces a sentence of eternal separation. In the hope of revenge, she joins King Antigonus, who promises to restore her to Alexander's throne, and offers his hand in marriage to Olympia. But Cassander proves victorious in a conflict with Antigonus; and the latter, in his dying moments, confesses himself the murderer of Alexander. Cassander then resigns the throne in favour of Statira, and receives the hand of Olympia in marriage*.

From the above brief description it will be seen, that the whole object of the piece is to exhibit the Macedonian queen in powerfully contrasted situations,—in continued conflicts

* Both the music and the scenic arrangements appear to have undergone considerable changes since the first performance. In the early representations, the story of Voltaire's tragedy of Olympia was closely followed. The text was French, manufactured by a joint stock company, under the firm of Dieulafoy and Brifaut, and in the published opera, French words are placed under Judge Hoffman's German.

between grief, revenge, and affection: Statira appears at one moment submitting with patient dignity to her adverse fate, and at another, acting under the influence of the lofty and impetuous spirit which may be supposed to stimulate the daughter of Darius and the widow of Alexander. Thus she is the prominent figure in the picture,—the sun round which the other persons of the drama revolve like planets. She is the principal, indeed the only character in the piece; for Cassander is merely such a lover as is introduced into every heroic opera; and Olympia is but a common-place kind of princess, who, though she does not compromise the dignity of her exalted birth, is not distinguished by any intrinsic greatness of character. The opera should therefore bear the name of the bold and majestic Statira, rather than that of the insipid and passive Olympia.

The music of Olympia became on its first performance a subject of critical contest. By some it was extravagantly praised; by others unreasonably censured. The chief ground of objection on the part of its opponents, resolved into an imputed superabundance of powerful orchestral accompaniments*. It strikes us, however that the principal defect of this opera consists in a want of that kind of melody which is essential to the pathetic in musical composition, and which never fails to produce a pleasing and lasting impression on all classes of hearers. Olympia is unquestionably a work of great merit; but we cannot go so far as to concur in opinion with a French critic, who has declared that *la musique de M. Spontini ne laisse plus rien à desirer.*

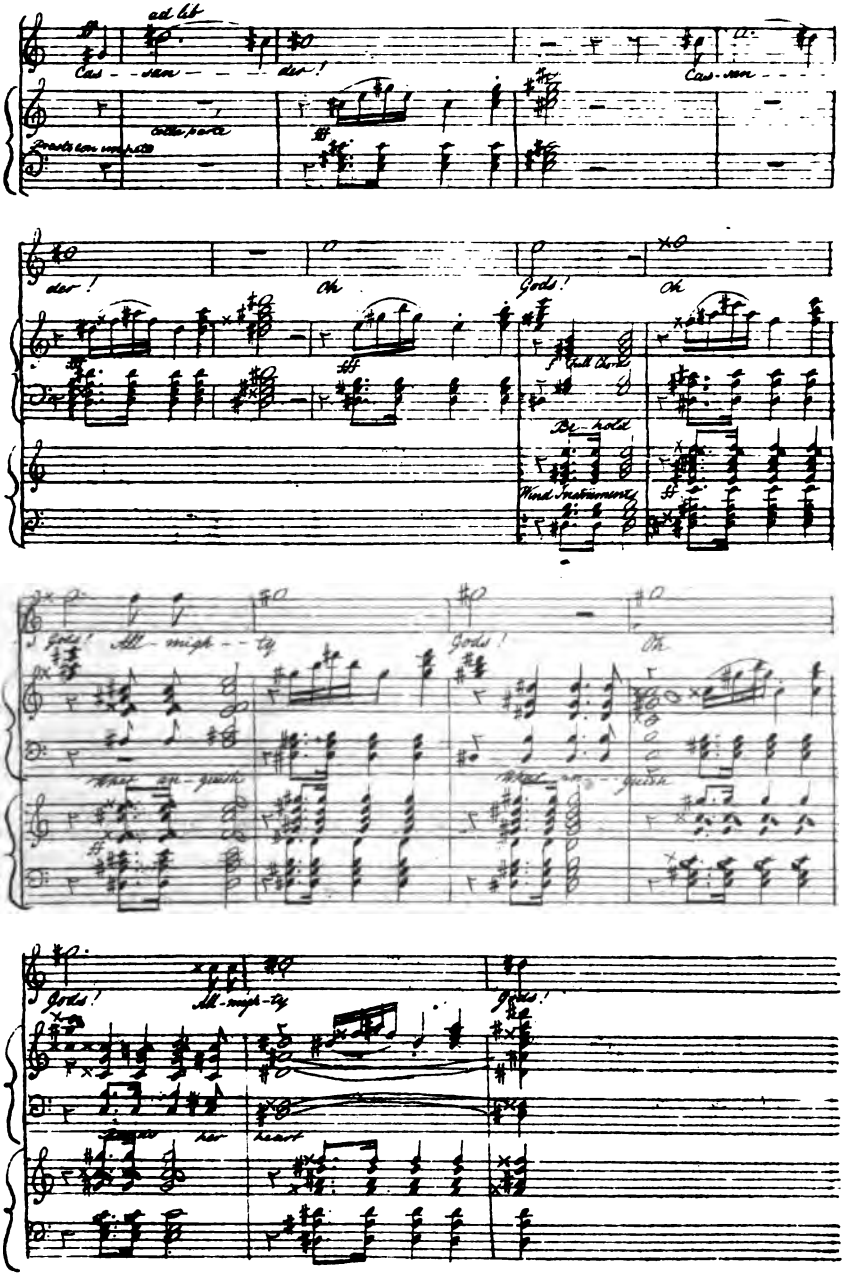
It certainly is not altogether without reason, that Spontini is accused of too lavish an employment of what may, to use a French term, be called the *materiel* of his art. It must be admitted, that in the application of instrumental machinery, he not unfrequently oversteps all ordinary rules. But it surely will not be said that the methods hitherto adopted in the production of works of art, are always to be implicitly followed. The masterly creations of genius already existing, may owe their sublime effects to a sparing use of the resources of art; they may to a certain degree be regarded as models of the great and beautiful, and as classic guides in the path to Parnassus. All this, we willingly allow—Must we therefore condemn every deviation from the old beaten tract, and assert that it is the only road to excellence? If we are to judge Spontini's opera in comparison with the masterpieces of Mozart, Mehul, Cherubini, and C. M. von Weber, it is first necessary to ascertain whether a resemblance between the subjects of those works and that of Olympia, would have warranted the adoption of a similar style of composition. Now we apprehend that it is impossible for any one who is acquainted with the dramatic works of the celebrated artists we have enumerated, not to perceive that a difference of style was indispensable. We need not remind our readers, that of the compositions appealed to, some are founded on stories of patriarchial simplicity, some on comic incidents, others on popular traditions and romantic tales. The subject of La Clemenza di Tito is that which affords us the most obvious point of comparison; but even in that piece, the principal character merely presents the calm dignity of elevated virtue. How different are such pictures from that of Statira; and how unreasonable is it to require that the latter should be represented in the same colours as the former! This is, however, what is too often done. We every day meet with some pretended connoisseur, who has got but one idea of beauty—one rule by which he gauges every thing. He has fixed his mind on a single work of high reputation. It is the standard to which he constantly appeals, and he measures every other work by it, without considering whether his rule is one which ought to be universally applied. In this way we have heard pedants depreciate the Elgin marbles, because they are in a different style of art from the Apollo.

But even allowing that Spontini has availed himself, in an extraordinary degree, of the resources of musical science, it will hardly be denied, that he has evinced correct judgment and taste, in his manner of calling these powerful auxiliaries into action. In the representation of affecting situations and sentiments, his music is characterised by exquisite grace and tenderness, and by a sparing use of instrumental accompaniment. The scene in which Olympia first appears, is imbued with all the softer pathos of romantic love; and a duetto, in which Statira and Olympia pour forth their mutual feelings of maternal and filial affection, is still more remarkable for pathetic simplicity.

But it is not only in situations of the above kind that the composer's ingenuity and judgment in instrumental arrangements are strikingly manifested. In many passages of the grand *scena* in the Temple of Diana, which is characterized throughout by vivid emotion and the conflict of highly wrought feelings, the most impressive effects are produced by means of subdued orchestral accompaniments, contrasted, at the proper moments, with the rich flood of harmony which the composer pours forth at command; as for example, where Statira, throwing aside the calm dignity which has marked her *sortita*, bursts into vehement indignation

* It is related, that a royal personage who had witnessed the representation of Spontini's Olympia, quitted the theatre just as the drums of a military patrol were beating the tattoo through the streets; upon which he observed, that it was an agreeable relief to hear a little soft music.

on hearing the name of Cassander. This passage, sung by a Prima Donna possessing a voice sufficiently powerful to do it justice, must, we think, produce a very striking effect.



We pause here for the present, intending to make this opera the subject of another article.

EXHIBITIONS OF PICTURES, &c.

One of the most convincing proofs of the advancing taste for art in this country, is afforded by the singularly rapid increase in the number of the exhibitions of its productions. Though it is little more than half a century since the first establishment of any thing like a regular public show-room for art in this country, there are at the present moment, in London alone, no less than four *depôts* for the works of artists generally, besides numerous occasional exhibitions of the works of individual artists; not to mention those which are almost yearly making their appearance in most of the principal towns of the united kingdom. Whether good or evil will in the end result from this system of exhibition-making, we are not long-sighted enough to determine; but we are strongly inclined to think, that if such a system continue to be pursued under its present form, whatever temporary benefit may be derived from it in the encouragement of the arts, it will at length draw along with it consequences perhaps vitally pernicious to the interests of the British school. There are more reasons than one, why exhibitions of pictures, constituted in the way these establishments now are, may in some degree operate to the prejudice of the public taste; but the chief of these, and that which, we fear, springs from a necessary part of their existence, is to be found in that system which they compel the artist to adopt, of painting with a view to exhibition-effect. Every painter who is anxious to attract the notice of the public; and what painter is there, whose inclinations, let alone his interests, will permit him to disregard it? must learn to "o'erstep the modesty of Nature," and work up to a pitch capable of competing with the surrounding glare. By degrees the principle becomes extended, and the same feeling which led to the introduction of the bright reds and blues of the palette, gives rise to the adoption of other practices in equally bad taste. Forced attitudes are chosen, and fantastic accompaniments invented, for the sole purpose of commanding attention; and, for the same reason, academic hyperbole is often substituted for the simple and eloquent language of genuine art. To paint a picture for the exhibition-room, is like writing a poem for the stage; each may be accompanied by many separate beauties, but a certain degree of exaggeration is indispensable to the effect of both.

That our fears with respect to the continuance of this evil, may be unfounded, we sincerely hope; but that it does exist, we are too well satisfied, and we have a right, in common with every lover of art, to feel jealous of its extension. However, having thus expressed in general terms, our deprecation of a system which more or less prevails in every work of art exposed on the crowded walls of exhibitions, we shall for the future say little on the subject, except in very flagrant instances.

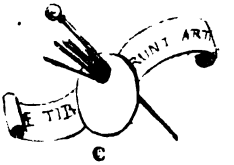
Another agreement we wish to make with our readers, with respect to the observations we may find occasion to make on the public exhibitions, is, that we pledge ourselves to no rule of systematic arrangement. We have leapt all at once into the middle of a rich pictorial harvest, and, having plenty of choice before us, there is no reason why we should nauseate our appetites with a whole vineyard, because we happen to step into it to pluck a few luxuriant clusters. Whenever we meet with any thing worthy of observation, we shall pick it out, and make it the subject of our consideration, whether it be found within the jurisdiction of the British Institution, the Water Colour Exhibition, the Society of British Artists, or the Royal Academy.

With the latter, however, we are tempted to begin. The present exhibition at Somerset House is the best we have seen for many years; which, whatever may be said of the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, we take to be pretty much the same as if we had pronounced it to be the best that had been formed since its commencement. Our fathers may shake their heads if they will, and sigh at the recollection of the early days of the Royal Academy; but we never can hear them open their mouths on the subject of the two great artists we have just named, without feeling more than a consolation for their loss, in the possession of our Lawrence and our Collins. In works of a higher order we have infinitely the advantage; and though the department of historical painting has hitherto met with but little encouragement, yet much is occasionally done, to shew that our artists are deficient neither in spirit nor ability, to enter upon it. Among the foremost in this class, stands Mr. Etty, an artist who has hitherto appeared before the public only in a few small easel-pictures, striking indeed from their arrangement, and their approach towards the Venetian system of colour, but destitute of any particular interest. He has now come forward in a new character—as a painter in the great style of epic composition; and if his future efforts do but equal the expectations raised by his first essay, we shall have reason to rejoice at the change. His ideal group of "The Combat," in the present exhibition at the Royal Academy, is particularly striking, from its uncommon combination of beauties, without possessing any very extraordinary merit in any single quality, taken separately. Its style of colouring, perhaps, forms its most distinguishing feature; and in this respect the artist has still adhered closely to the system pursued by the Venetian school. The arrangement of his colours is

admirably successful, and we could instance individual passages of extraordinary beauty. Of these, none is more eminently deserving of notice than the right foot of the female, which seems actually to glow with the rich juice of life. Generally speaking, the extremities are well understood, and carefully executed, and the composition of the figures is in the most masterly style. The following sketch will convey to our readers some idea of its merits in this respect.

On a work of such uncommon merit, it would be painful to be fastidiously critical. There is indeed little to censure; but if we were to descend to particulars, it would be to draw the attention of the artist to the colour of his sky, which does not possess the aërial quality so conspicuous in the best works of Titian and Cagliari. His figures too, and this is a more important objection, partake too much, in some particular parts, of the character of the hired model. Were we permitted to speak technically, we should say that the whole mass of muscular form, beneath the shoulder joint of the uplifted arm of the threatening figure, is of too dormant a character to combine with the energy of the figure, and the action of the part;—that the pectoralis, the latissimus dorsi, and the serrati muscles, would come more into play in that particular action of the chest and arm.

*** In reply to a circular which we addressed to artists whose works are at present exhibited, to obtain their consent to the taking of outline sketches from such pictures or sculptures as we might choose to make the subject of criticism, several of the most eminent intimated their acquiescence, in a manner no less prompt than liberal. Others, perhaps from not rightly understanding the object of our application, answered it by a decided refusal. We have however no doubt, that their view of the subject will undergo a change after the publication of this first Number of the Parthenon. It would indeed be extraordinary, were any artists to attempt to obstruct our plan of making mere outline sketches, for the sole purpose of criticism on works which they expose to public examination.



C

THE THEATRES.

We mention the theatres in this number of our publication, rather for the sake of stating what we mean to do, generally, upon the subject, than to notice the immediate transactions of the last week.

It seems to be a mistake, we think, to talk of any failure of popularity about the theatre, as a national diversion at present; because there never, perhaps, at any period, was an approach to so much money expended within the walls of theatres as there is at this hour. Within the last twenty years, all our pantomime theatres have made themselves "regular" houses, as regards the species of the matter which they exhibit. There is no difference now (except occasionally, perhaps, something in the degree of excellence) between the entertainments of Astley's, or the Circus, and those of the patent theatres. Twenty years back, we had never more than three theatres at a time open, either in winter or summer. Now we have always six or seven, independent of the Opera, and the French play; and, during some months of the year (say July and August), very often ten or twelve. In London, new theatres have been erected, and licensed; and the old ones have increased the duration of their performances. In the provinces, the "elephant's leg" of Covent-garden no longer lords it as Richard or Macbeth at Manchester or Liverpool; the affair of "thirty shillings," "one shirt," and "four bits of candle" a week, is over; and large country towns maintain well-fed companies, and pay decent actors competently. Therefore it is an error to talk of any want of encouragement given to theatrical speculation in the present day; when performers are obtaining salaries ridiculously high, and as much money is spent in a single opera for dresses and scenery, as would formerly have paid the decoration of a whole season; but though the quantity of audience that visits the London theatres, of late years, has increased, the character of that audience—and this is the real point—has sustained some alteration.

The first class of people in town are not "play-going people" now; that is to say, they do not frequent the theatre systematically, as a place of amusement, though they may be attracted once or twice in a season by exhibitions of peculiar novelty. But they do not now go to see plays as they used to do formerly; and probably (as far as we can judge of the future) will not soon go in any thing like the same degree again. We are grown very rich of late years, and proud, and luxurious; and these last are feelings very little ministered to in the disposition of a London theatre. The house itself is objectionable, for one thing: there is no comfort in it—no convenience. The "dress circle" at Drury-lane is tolerably appointed, but the other house is sadly deficient. Who, that has a drawing-room, and company, and sofas, and wax-lights of his own at home, will sit for five hours together, stuck bolt upright, upon such wretched benches as the seats are at Covent-garden? Then, without private boxes, it is impossible to do much: the mere getting in and out of a house through the dirty people that come with orders (and others that come, of a worse description still) into the public ones, is hideous. Families don't care, when they go for three hours to a place of what is called entertainment, to have an offensive stranger—some "single beer" exhilarated linen-draper's assistant—taking the freedom of his odious person, and still more odious tongue, in absolute contact with them.

On the other hand, expensive fitment, in public boxes, would be rapidly destroyed. Private boxes, the general feeling would perhaps object to; and, as they must stand empty if they were built deep enough to hold twenty persons each, the introduction of them would be attended with considerable loss to the manager or proprietor. So that the difficulty, at last, ends in this—the people who are fastidious stay away. The houses are filled, and by visitors who "pay," but who are not (that is, the constant attendants) absolutely of the most discriminative order. Country folks come,—such as bring the wrong play-bill with them: read "Macready" when they see Blanchard, and are satisfied. The "middle classes" go a great deal, and of necessity; for they have not singers and dancers at their own parties. Then the young people go, of all ranks, to whom weak entertainment is delightful, because they have not seen that which is better; loungers go, who never know what the play is at all, and gallery folks, who are better disposed to see than hear at any time; and the necessary result is, of course, that the performances given, gradually assume such a character,—not as a handful of wits are likely to be delighted with,—but as to a mixed audience is likely to be acceptable. Then all this makes no difference to the property or profit of the Manager; but it makes an essential one in the calibre of our new dramatic productions, and consequently some difference as to the necessity for formally discussing them in a paper which looks chiefly to literary pursuits. Criticism, at the theatre, is grown to be out of its place. Audiences are constantly pleased, and perhaps very fairly pleased, with that which strict criticism would pronounce to be little else than trash. Then the quantity of labour demanded for such a

work, especially in the summer, is a serious consideration. It becomes no joke, to be settling, from day to day, the comparative merits of Mr. Poole's farces with those of Mr. Peake; or anathematizing the Mr. Tomkinses, and Mr. Jenkinses, and all the rest of the runaway scullions, as they affright the town in "Hamlet," and "Young Meadows," twenty in a season, with their "first appearances" at the Lyceum or the Haymarket.

For these reasons, therefore, we purpose leaving it entirely to the daily papers, who are bound to the work, and moreover have the start of us in it, to state how many times in each week, in a new way, "*Don Guzman* falls in love with *Don Cesario's* daughter;"—and shall forbear, on our own parts, from giving any systematic notice of the theatre. When any thing very peculiar occurs, we shall observe upon it, either in the way of merit or of mistake; looking, however, in the main, for novelties of the former character, as, by that arrangement (doing no injustice), we shall infinitely spare our own time, as well as other people's feelings. How far we may be able to find any more attractive matter to fill our pages with, than long descriptions of the thousand times told equivoque of interludes and operas, time must determine. We purpose, however, to make the attempt, and with this fact certainly in our favour—that if we fail to get any thing that is better, we stand tolerably secure against finding any thing that can be worse.

(1)

ORCHESTRAL DISCIPLINE.

The French appear to have extended military discipline to their orchestras, where precision and combination in the movements are certainly not less desirable than in the field.

At the *Theatre Italien*, and the other opera theatres in Paris, the leader of the orchestra gives no less than three signals for the commencement of the overture. These signals are not audible, but merely visible. The first signifies, that the musicians are to hold themselves in readiness; the second, that they are to raise the bows to their violins, or the wind-instruments to their lips; and the third, is for sounding the first note or notes of the overture. If the leader observe any obstacle to the commencement of the piece, he delays giving the last signal until he finds that obstacle removed. This arrangement answers the two-fold purpose of preparing the musicians for the execution of their tasks, and of summoning the attention of the audience. When the first signals are given, cries of *hush! hush!* resound on every side; and before the commencement of the overture, a moment of silent expectation intervenes, during which the falling of a pin would be heard. The audience listen to the overture, from beginning to end, with undisturbed attention; and the natural consequence is, that the musicians perform with a greater degree of spirit than they would otherwise do.

This matter is not so well managed in Italy. There, as soon as the first violin receives from the stage the signal for commencing, he gives several loud raps on the tin shade which covers his candle, and then immediately begins the overture or symphony, without knowing or caring whether his colleagues be in readiness to follow him. These disagreeable raps are heard previously to the commencement of every piece in the opera, and in some instances are repeated twice over—first, by the performer who presides at the piano-forte, and afterwards by the leader.

In Paris, the violincellist who supports the piano-forte accompaniment to the recitative, contents himself with playing merely the fundamental base. But in Italy, the violincello performer first plays the chord of the recitative, and then works it into all sorts of concerted variations; so that the singer is not unfrequently compelled to linger in his part, in order to afford the violincellist time to finish his passage. During the recitative, the other performers in the orchestra get down on the platform under their seats, where they converse, joke, and take snuff with each other. Then comes the warning rap on the shade of the leader's candlestick, and up they jump from all corners. Two-thirds are generally too late to get to their places, and, in the scramble, one knocks down a desk, another a light, and a third a music-book. On the contrary, in the Paris orchestras, the musicians are not suffered to quit their seats during the performance. In Italy the instruments are tuned in the orchestra, and that in the most annoying manner imaginable; but in the three opera orchestras in Paris, as well as in the Chapel-royal and at the court concerts, this preparation is completed in a detached apartment, entirely out of the hearing of the audience. The Italian musicians, like all other Italians, seem to take especial care of their heads, and they constantly wear red caps. This, as may be supposed, has a very odd effect, and makes them all look like the French patriots of 1789-1792.

OUTLINES.

RETSCH AND FLAXMAN.

Of all the illustrations of books which have from time to time appeared, those of Goëthe and Schiller, by Moritz Retsch, seem to have obtained a more general tribute of popular admiration than any thing of the kind we have met with. And when it is considered that they are strictly outlines, with scarcely an indication of shadow, and that they are totally unaccompanied by that effect of chiaroscuro which usually captivates the vulgar eye, and often makes amends for poverty of conception or deficiency of execution, it is but fair to presume, that the universal approbation they have met with, has been excited by other beauties of a more novel and not less striking character. Somewhat of their success may perhaps be attributed to the subjects from which they are drawn, and which are so well calculated to appeal to, and so likely to interest, popular attention; for it must not be forgotten, that other artists have sometimes adopted this mode of illustration; and if the Outlines of our Flaxman, deeply and justly as they are appreciated by the tasteful few, have failed to excite the same general attention, it must be attributed, not to a want of sublime conceptions, to which the creations of Retsch are but as puerile extravaganzas, not to a want of bold and comprehensive execution, to which the showy dash of Retsch's outline is but as a trick of mannerism, but to the circumstance of their having sprung from subjects unheeded by the more extensive, yet less refined, portion of the public.

Nor is it in subjects of dignity and grandeur alone, that the outlines of Flaxman are superior to those of Retsch. There is even in the more tender and graceful compositions of the former, a feeling of simplicity and truth, and an absence of every thing like ostentation or theatrical show, which remind us strongly of the pure source from which the artist has so evidently imbibed his taste—the study of the chaste models of antiquity.

The better to illustrate the force of these observations, and at the same time to do so with as much indulgence as possible towards the German artist, we will here lay before our readers a sketch from one of his best compositions, in the style in which he is usually most successful—the elegant and picturesque—and contrast it with an example of a similar nature from the outlines of Flaxman.

The first of these examples is extracted from the opening plate of Retsch's Illustrations of Fridolin,

And the second from Flaxman's Outlines of the Ἐυμενίδες of Æschylus:

We may perhaps be told, that the styles of these two artists are scarcely fit to be made the subject of comparison; that it is necessary that each should express himself in a language as different as the sources from which they draw their subjects; that the picturesque variety of the one would as ill beseem the dignity of epic composition, as the sober simplicity of the other would harmonize with the spirit of romantic fiction. But we contend, that the language of Nature is every where the same; that men, under the influence of true feeling or passion, will always express themselves in the simplest and readiest manner; and that, even allowing to this objection the full weight which it requires, it only goes to show that the English artist has chosen a higher sphere for the exercise of his genius than the German, inasmuch as the simplicity of unconstrained Nature is superior to all the conventional forms of artificial society.

Thus far we think it but justice to go, in assigning to these works of art their relative situation in the scale of merit. But having gone thus far, if we proceed to consider Retsch's Outlines in themselves, and merely with reference to the subjects they represent, we shall find them to be possessed of various and singular merits. We shall find that the very exuberance of the German artist's fancy, which suffers so much in a comparison with the simple grandeur of Flaxman, is frequently of service in the delineation of subjects of so wild a nature as those to which the imagination of Goëthe has given birth, and that even his ostentatious display of academic manner often adds to the chivalric feeling which pervades his more tender conceptions. But it is only in those subjects which do not require the expression of genuine passion that these qualities can be admitted; for, as we have before said, whatever tends to destroy the simple energy of feeling, must be considered as a defect.

The chief of Retsch's merits, however, seem to be his power of combination, and the versatility of his talent. His creative faculty, like the musical genius of his countryman Weber, can adapt itself with admirable facility to the tone of the subject on which it is engaged, be it grave or gay, terrible or pathetic. The favourite haunt of both, however, seems to be amidst the wilder scenery of the imagination, and, to render the comparison more complete, they seem both to have discovered the same secret spring of universal applause.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

In a preceding page we have briefly noticed the other theatres which minister to the general entertainment of the town, and have stated how we intend to deal with them. The nature of our publication, however, seems to require that we should pay somewhat more attention to the theatre which forms the subject of this article; and we therefore begin with a short review of the past, intending it to serve as an introduction to what we may hereafter say on the performances at this establishment.

The season opened under circumstances of rather a disadvantageous nature. The insecure state of the gallery, rendered it necessary that the performances should commence at the Little Theatre in the Hay-market—a situation by no means calculated to show off, to any advantage, the assemblage of beauty and elegance by which the representations at the Italian opera are usually attended. The necessary repairs at the Opera-house were, however, completed with uncommon celerity, and the goddess of fashion, attended by all her gay votaries, once more returned to her favourite temple. The season has not been rich in novelty, either with reference to performers or performances. Only two new one-act operas have been produced; and not a single new performer has undergone the ordeal of public opinion. Of the operas to which we have alluded, the first, entitled *Adeline*, is the work of Generali, a composer who has recently acquired considerable reputation on the Continent. The story—that of a daughter abandoning her parent, in a moment of weakness, but ultimately triumphing over his resentment by her tears and her penitence—has been frequently dramatized. The music is, in general, of a simple, expressive, and melancholy character. It contains, however, some bold bursts of passion, which are evidently the works of a master-mind. Of this description is the fine trio between Madame De Begnis, Signor Porto, and Signor Remorini, when *Adeline* sues for a reconciliation with her incensed father. The composer has here described and contrasted, with great felicity, the intense grief of the heart-broken girl, and the indignant rage of her incensed parent. Madame De Begnis displayed consummate ability in her performance of the character of *Adeline*, which absorbs by far the greater portion of the interest of the opera. The other opera, which was produced for the benefit of Madame Pasta, is the *Nina, pazza per Amore* of Paesiello. This opera, though now, for the first time, performed here, is one of the master-pieces of this eminent composer. The overture is a work of wonderful merit; it appeals to the heart in every movement. The character of *Nina* was supported by Madame Pasta. This lady presents a striking example of the great effects which a singer may produce, even with indifferent physical powers, when that disadvantage is counterbalanced by acute susceptibility of feeling and pure musical taste. Madame Pasta's voice is in no respect remarkable for fineness of quality, and indeed, in the lower tones, it may be termed decidedly harsh; yet we question whether any other singer is capable of producing a deeper impression on her auditors. The music which she has to execute, as *Nina*, is, as the title of the opera must lead the reader to suppose, of a mixed character—at one moment distinguished by playful wildness, in the next, marked by profound melancholy. Her opening *scena* partakes strongly of these mingled qualities. It is one round of exquisitely-varied harmonies, and was given in a style of the most unaffected sensibility by Madame Pasta. As an actress, she displayed, throughout the opera, abilities of the highest order. In her last scene, where the return of her lover restores her to reason, the gradations from insanity to sense, from brooding melancholy to thankfulness and joy, were depicted with unerring truth. Curioni, as the lover, and Porto, as the father, executed a passionate duet, one of the most powerful compositions in the opera, with rare excellence.

Amongst other revivals, in the course of the season, was that of Rossini's serious opera of *Semiramide*. This we do not consider to be one of Rossini's happiest productions; for, though interspersed with detached pieces of exquisite beauty, it has, as a whole, a certain air of heaviness and languor—a fault from which Rossini's best operas are entirely free. Madame Pasta, however, as the heroine, infused spirit and interest into every scene in which she appeared. The part is well calculated for the display of her talents, both as an actress and a singer. Her two most effective efforts were the *duo* with *Mitranes*, (Signor Crivelli), in the scene in which she receives the Oracle of Memphis, and a *duo* in the last act, with *Arsaces*, (Madame Vestris), in which the cold and inexpressive acting and singing of the latter lady, served perhaps, by contrast, to heighten the colouring of Madame Pasta's performance. The subject of this duett, Rossini has borrowed from a popular Venetian air; but he has wrought out of it a composition so powerfully imbued with his own peculiar grace and tenderness, that it is impossible to be offended at the plagiarism. These two duetts, and the chorusses, are decidedly the best portions of the opera. Among the chorusses, the most remarkable is that which occurs in the second scene, when the Babylonians and Indians enter the Temple of Belus with their offerings. The melody of a pleasing and characteristic march is performed by the orchestra, while, by a singular ingenuity in the arrangement of the vocal parts, a thousand voices seem to join in the joyous chorus—"*Belo si celebri, Belo si onori.*"

Madame Pasta has also appeared as *Desdemona*, in Rossini's serious opera of *Otello*—and

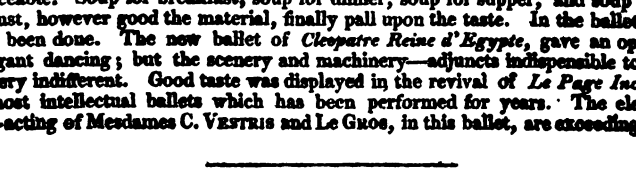
here, as well as in *Tancredi*, in which she has likewise performed, sustained her well-earned reputation. Madame PASTA's delicate execution of the lamenting air, "*Palpita incerta l'alma*," will not easily be forgotten by those who prefer pure expression to the most studied execution. GARCIA's *Othello* is justly ranked amongst his best performances: it is highly animated. In the whole of the scene where *Iago* works on the Moor's jealous fears, beginning,

"*Che feci! ove mi trasse*
"*Un disperato amor!*"

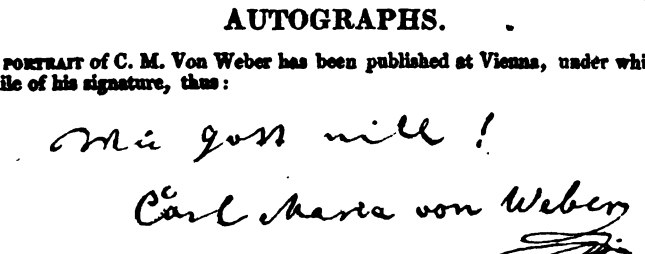
his acting and singing deserve every commendation. We need scarcely mention the excellence of Madame PASTA in *Tancredi*. Her execution of the recitative—"*O patria! dolce e ingrata patria*," can only be equalled by the delicious tenderness which she communicates to the universally-applauded air of "*Di tanti palpiti*," which follows. She here divides the palm with CATALANI. The latter imparted more fire and brilliancy to the air—the former infuses into it more of the languishing aspirations of a delicate though ardent passion. The serious opera of *Pietro l'Eremita*, the music of which, by ROSSINI, is taken from his oratorio of *Il Mose in Egitto*, has also been revived with much success. This is, unquestionably, one of ROSSINI's most elaborate and most original works. The opening chorus, "*Oh! chi n'aita?*" affords a wonderful proof of what may be effected by genius, even with slight materials. The *motivo* is the most simple that can be imagined; but, by felicitous contrivance, by recurring to it at unequal intervals, ROSSINI has produced a chorus, every bar of which breathes the language of grief and despondency. One act of ROSSINI's comic opera of "*L'Italiana in Algeri*—a light and pleasant piece—has likewise been revived. Indeed, except on two occasions, when MOZART's *Nozze di Figaro* and *Così fan Tutti* were performed, the directors of this establishment have confined themselves exclusively to ROSSINI's music. A little variety surely would not be disagreeable. Soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper, and soup for breakfast again, must, however good the material, finally pall upon the taste. In the ballet department, little has been done. The new ballet of *Cleopatre Reine d'Egypte*, gave an opportunity for some elegant dancing; but the scenery and machinery—adjuncts indispensible to a fine ballet—were very indifferent. Good taste was displayed in the revival of *Le Page Inconstant*—one of the most intellectual ballets which has been performed for years. The elegant dancing and arch-acting of Mesdames C. VESTRIS and Le GROS, in this ballet, are exceedingly attractive.

AUTOGRAPHS.

A PORTRAIT of C. M. Von Weber has been published at Vienna, under which is placed a fac-simile of his signature, thus:



Having before us an autograph letter of Beethoven, we take the opportunity of adding a fac-simile of his signature also:



It has been for some time reported of both the above celebrated composers, that they intend to visit this country. As to the former, we believe that no arrangement has been made with him, to warrant the expectation; though it is known that he is now employed in com-

posing an opera, to be entitled Oberon, for one of our theatres. With regard to the latter, the Philharmonic Society did enter into a negotiation with him, to induce him to come to London; but a difference, as to terms, prevented the conclusion of the treaty. It is said, that Beethoven demanded about one hundred pounds more than the negotiators on the part of the society were willing to give. This result has been a severe disappointment to the lovers of music, who cannot but regret the pleasure of which the economy of this society has deprived them. An establishment instituted for the encouragement and improvement of musical science, and supported by ample funds, surely ought not to make it an object to drive a hard bargain with a man of genius. Besides, there are, in the case of Beethoven, circumstances which constitute a claim to the greatest liberality from such a society as this. He is afflicted with deafness, can speak only his native language, and, from his general infirmity, is under the necessity of having a confidential attendant constantly with him.

VARIETIES:
FROM CORRESPONDENCE, FOREIGN JOURNALS, &c.

A very singular literary deception has lately been attempted in a German journal, entitled "Die Berliner allgemeine musikalische Zeitung." A story was got up of a young German student, who had gone a campaigning in Greece, having found two metalic tablets, on which were engraved an account of a musical festival at Corinth seven hundred and nine years before the Christian æra. These tablets the student is represented to have sent to his uncle, who is called Professor J. G. Murhard; and a translation of the inscription said to be on one of the tablets, with a commentary by this pseudo professor, are published in the 43d Number of the above-mentioned German journal. The management of the forgery is clever, but the parade of learning, evidently made with the view of imposing on the unlearned, is far too great. There is, besides, an attempt to decide in the affirmative, the question of the knowledge of harmony by the ancients. This bold attempt naturally roused the attention of the German musicians, and Herr Gottfried Weber of Darmstad, an able composer and critic, wished to obtain a copy, in the original Greek, of the passage, which seemed to put an end to all the long disputes respecting the musical skill of antiquity. He could find no trace of any such person as Murhard, and therefore wrote to the editor of the Berlin journal, supposing that he must know where to find his correspondent, requesting him to forward a letter, which he enclosed, to the learned professor. The editor now found himself obliged to acknowledge the deception. He stated, in reply, that the whole affair was a hoax, which had originated with himself, but which, in the execution, had been carried too far. Notwithstanding the grounds of suspicion, which are obvious on the first perusal of this forgery, it has lately been translated into an English musical journal, and much pains taken to puff it off as a wonderful discovery. Not a single doubt as to the truth of the extraordinary tale is hazarded, and no notice is taken of the acknowledgment of the deception by the person with whom it originated.

Signor Veluti, the celebrated soprano, who has lately arrived in this country, is expected soon to appear in Meyerbeer's Crociato in Egitto, preparations being making for bringing out that exquisite opera at the King's Theatre. Veluti has already been heard in several private circles. He was present at the late Anniversary Dinner of the Royal Academy of Musid, where he was accompanied on the harp and flute by Messrs. Bochsa and Nicholson.

MADRID.—The taste of the Spanish public is more inclined to songs, boleros, and trifling pieces, than to good instrumental compositions. Musical science has indeed fallen very low. A Sefior Carnicer is the only musician well grounded in composition. He is the present manager of the Opera, and has written some pieces in Rossini's style, but without coming near his model. The other pretenders to musical composition confine themselves to dances, variations, and such like things. Rossini is extolled to the skies in every part of Spain, and his principal operas are tolerably performed here and at Barcelona. He is thought more of than Mozart, whose masterpieces are as yet little known in Spain. We have, however, one good pianoforte performer, Madame Medeek, from whom we have now and then the pleasure of hearing the works of Mozart, Hummel, Cramer, Kalkbrenner, &c. whose pieces are here great rarities, as even the importation of music into Spain, is now viewed with jealousy. This lady, who is by birth a Russian, was educated in the Parisian Conservatory. Her husband, a German, is a clever violoncello and a thorough harmonist; but his compositions are of too serious a character to please here. These artists were brought by the King from Valançay, and placed in the Royal Chapel. They were, however, some months ago, capriciously dismissed from their situations, and they now live by private teaching. Madame Medeek's instrument is reckoned the best in Spain. It is a six-octave piano, and was brought from Vienna at a great expense. What is singular enough is, to meet here several ladies who play the German flute very well.

*** In completing our arrangements for delivering this First Number of the Parthenon to the Stone Press, we have been able to reserve only a small space for explanation respecting our new process of printing. We thought, indeed, that it had been already sufficiently described; but we have just learned, that in some instances, the Prospectus of the Parthenon has been perused, without its being understood that the letter press it contains is printed from stone. We, therefore, wish now to state, that every part of that Prospectus, and of this publication, is so printed; by a process which we call Typolithography, because it produces the effect of typographic printing, through the medium of stone. We have only to add, that the types of Mr. M'Millan, of Bow-street, which we have employed for this purpose, are impressed upon stone, after being composed in the usual manner. Though the process is only an extension of the principle of lithography, it, perhaps, is not too much to say, that the appearance of the Parthenon, and the Prospectus which announced it, may be regarded as marking an æra in the graphical arts; for they are the first examples of this mode of printing in any publication in England, or, we believe, in any other country. That typolithography affords great facilities for illustration, this Number of the Parthenon will prove; and as the process may obviously be applied to many useful and ornamental purposes, we anticipate from the public, that encouragement which will enable us to carry it to the degree of perfection of which we are confident it is susceptible.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Novello has received permission from the University of Oxford to publish selections from the valuable Music contained in the Bodleian Museum.

THE PARTHENON.

N° 2.] *SATURDAY, JUNE* 18, 1825. [*Price* 1*s*.

SKETCHES,

Historical and Pictorial,

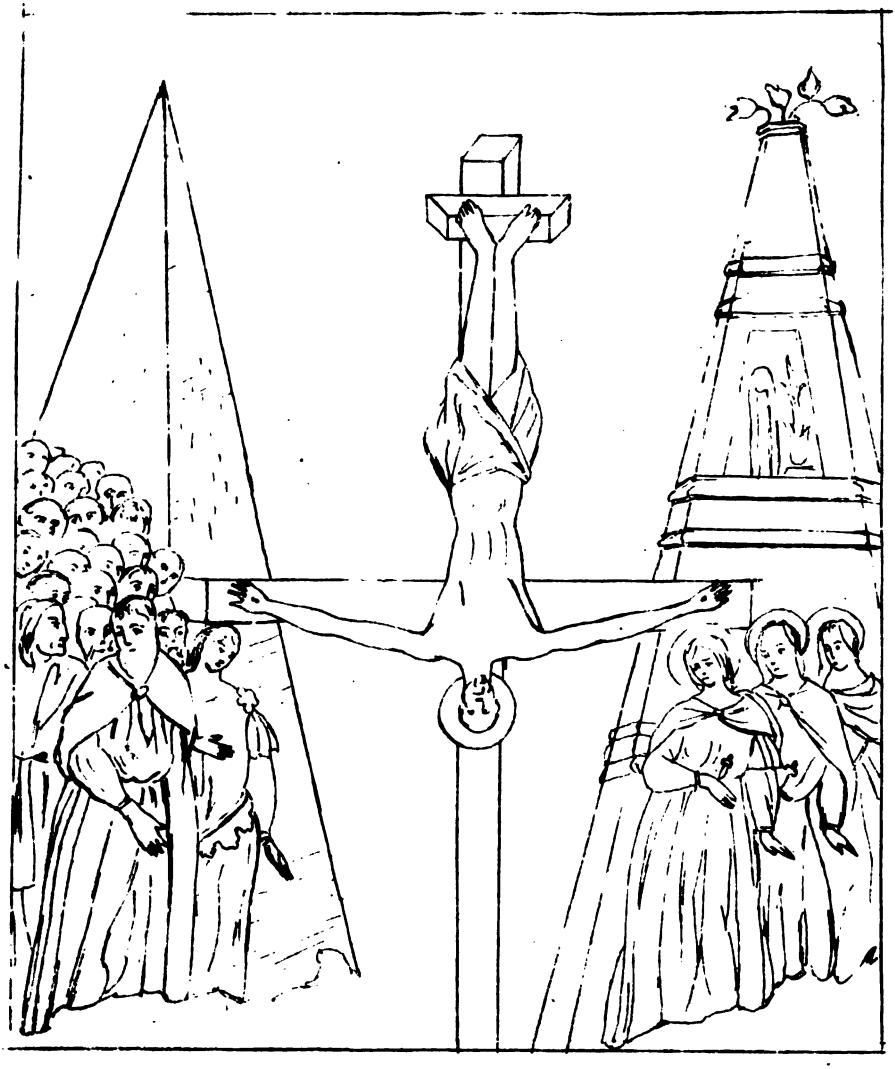
OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY

GIUNTA PISANO was a contemporary of Guido da Sienna, whom we mentioned in our preceding article. One of his pictures is now in the Church of the Angels at Assisi. The subject is a crucifix, and though incorrect in drawing, it is said to be not deficient in life and expression. (Fiorillo. Gesch. d. zeichn. Künste). From experiments made upon this picture in 1788, by two very ingenious Italian artists, it seems to have been painted either with oil or with some sort of varnish, though its date is nearly two centuries previous to the reputed discovery of oil-painting by Van Eyk. On this subject we shall probably take occasion to say more at some future period.

We have selected one of Giunta's fresco paintings, as a specimen of his style. It represents the martyrdom of St. Peter the Apostle, and will be seen to be a very bold attempt at composition for so remote an age. We must remind our readers, that we are speaking of the commencement of the thirteenth century, when the artists of Italy had no better models for imitation than the dry stiff productions of the early Greek Christians. It will be perceived, both from

this and the foregoing specimen of art, that there was as yet no knowledge of the rules of perspective, that science which determines the relative distance of objects, and gives every thing its proper size and place. The works of these early painters were, in that respect, like the pictures of the Chinese, where the distant figures are often as large and as distinct as those that are nearest.



Of the school of Guido da Sienna was Duccio di Boninsegna, who has been erroneously called a pupil of Giotto, though it is known that he was employed to paint an altar-piece for the church of S. Maria Novella at Florence in 1275, a year before the birth of Giotto. A document preserved in the "Memorie Istoriche degli Uomini illustri del Convento di S. Maria Novella," by F. Vincenzio Fineschi, places on record the very price which was paid for the picture. It mentions that an agreement was entered into, "Eidem Duccio dare et solvere pro pretio libras centum: quinquaginta flor. p. cum pacto pingendi figuram B. M. V. et ejus omnipotentis filii et aliarum figurarum, &c. et deaurare, &c. &c."—that is, "to pay the said Duccio a hundred and fifty Florentine lire, in consideration of his painting the figure of

the Blessed Virgin Mary, with her Almighty Son, and other figures, gilding it, &c."—The practice of gilding, it is proper to remark, was almost universal among the painters of this period. The back-ground of the picture was often a mere field of gold.

On the subject of the representations of the Virgin and Child, and of the figures of Saints, some interesting observations are contained in the anonymous work to which we have before had occasion to refer. In the monuments anterior to the Council of Ephesus, which was held in the year 431, against the doctrine of Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, the Virgin had always been painted without the Infant Christ; but the divinity of the Virgin having been recognised by that council, and Nestorius having been deposed and anathematised for his denial of it, the artists immediately began to shew their zeal, by painting the Virgin along with the Child. This custom became established, and was the more scrupulously adhered to, from the circumstance of the Greek artists not being allowed to give license to their imagination, or to depart in any way from the plan of composition adopted for the sacred pictures. It is to the careful observation of this rule, that we owe a sort of transmitted likeness of the features of the Apostles. In fact, the coincidence of those features is evident in the pictures of the Greek artists, and those who followed them, whatever may be the difference of age or country. It may be observed in the ancient Mosaics of the churches of Rome, Ravenna, Naples, Venice, and Sicily, in the illuminations of manuscripts, and in the diptychs and triptychs* of wood, ivory, and metal. The Greek artists had another custom, which was also preserved for some time by the ancient Venetian school of the 12th century. They placed at the top of their pictures the name of the Saints they represented, inscribing the letters sometimes in a perpendicular, and sometimes in a horizontal direction. This was a remnant of the system of the Iconoclasts, by which the Greeks were forbidden to worship images without names.—Thus Saint Paulinus:

"Martyribus medium pictis, pia nomina signant."

LITERATURE.

We intend to give notices of books, old as well as new, more especially if they contain remarkable plates, or have in any way a relation to the arts of Design or Music. We have taken measures to obtain such assistance in the execution of this part of our plan, as will enable us to lay a number of interesting articles before our readers. We cannot, however, observe any order, either as to the date or the subject of the works which we may pass under review. In general, the communications must have precedence according to the periods at which they are received.

"I MARMI DEL DONI, Academico Peregrino," &c. &c. "Diviso in Quartro Libri, In Venezia, M.DC.XIX."

"The Marbles of Doni, Member of the Academy of Pilgrims; that is to say, Conversations supposed to be held between divers sorts of People at Places of Honest Recreation in Florence, replete with Discourses on many Sciences, and on Education; with Fine Sayings, various Histories, Ancient and Modern Proverbs, Rare Events, Moral Axioms, Anecdotes and Tales. Divided into Four Books: a Work, useful to Persons of all Conditions, for the Reformation of their Conduct, and proper for Men of every Profession. Dedicated to the Most Excellent Signor Giovanni Vendramino†.

"At Venice: Printed by John Baptist Bertoni, 1619."

This is the elaborate and rather vaunting title of a curious book, written by Antonio Francesco Doni, and first published by him in the year 1552. As this production is distinguished by intrinsic peculiarities of an interesting and valuable nature, and may be, perhaps, but little known to the general reader, we propose hereafter to publish a few translated extracts from the most amusing chapters it comprises; but the present paper will be devoted to a brief description of the book, and a notice of the life and connexions of its author.

In the British Museum they have an exemplar of the original edition of 1552; but the copy before us (a Museum sale-duplicate of the year 1787) is of the later impression of 1619. It contains 200 double pages, and 50 different designs printed from wooden blocks. In some of these, the cutting is coarse; and the impressions are, in many instances, blurred and

* From τρίπτυχον, *triplex imago;* pictures which are usually composed of three separate compartments, the two side divisions folding upon the middle one, like shutters. They were also called *tabernacles*, and, when composed of only two pieces, *diptychs*. In our next Number, we propose to go back to a more remote period than that at which we first commenced our observations, in order to give our readers some account of these curiosities of art.

† This is a general dedication by the publisher. There is, besides, a particular dedication to each of the four books, two of which are signed *Il Presidente dell' Academia Peregrina.*

defective. But whatever they may want in point of mechanical finish and execution, is abundantly compensated by the vigour of composition, the boldness of outline, the character, expression, and anatomical knowledge which they exhibit—qualities, indeed, which they possess in so eminent a degree, that one is naturally led to attribute the original designs to some of those mighty and cotemporary pencils which were, in Doni's time, conferring a deathless and a splendid reputation upon their art, their age, and their country. We know that some of the old masters frequently did condescend to trace little sketches, for the purposes of those who desired to have them engraved for insertion in printed books; and that those slight touches of "the hands of power," are easily discernible to the practised and instructed eye, by the grand conception which they testify, and the prodigious effect which is in them produced by a few careless bold lines and scratches, hastily thrown in, in fact, rude and unfinished in appearance, but in their general result and aspect, powerful, grand, and masterly. This is precisely the effect of some of the wood-prints in "*I Marmi del Doni;*" and when we recollect that Doni was on terms of intimate acquaintance with many of the friends and patrons of the arts at Venice and Florence, it should seem easy to account for the glimpses that we here obtain of the styles of more than one of his distinguished compatriots. The four divisions of this work are subdivided into eight and forty discourses, or subjects; and the title-page of each part bears a device of an "Academico Peregrino" on his march, with staff and scrip, in search of that knowledge and information which are requisite to enable him to discourse so learnedly and variously with the different persons who repair to "the marbles," the porticos, and piazzas of Florence.

The most curious of the articles are, perhaps, the extract from the Diary of the Orsi (touching the coronation of Petrarch with the laurel in the Capitol), one of the lays of the celebrated Troubadour Arnaut Daniel, in the original Provençal; and the Schoolmaster and his Pupil; the Pirates who would have captured the Sun, and one or two others.

Doni was born at Florence about the year 1503. He was of a noble and ancient family. In his youth he took the habit of the Servites Brethren, an order in which he remained but few years. He then secularized, and subsequently continued in the condition of a simple priest, to which he added the profession of an author, but without much improving his condition. He was, indeed, often obliged to subsist by saying masses, when he could derive no profit from his pen. This poverty rendered him avaricious, and eager to dedicate his works to rich men, to whom he might look for handsome gratuities. When it happened that he was deceived in these expectations, he did not blush to reprint the self-same productions, and address them to the protection of some more generous Mæcenas. At Venice he became acquainted with Domenichi, one of the most learned men of the 16th century; but having had a serious quarrel with that eminent person, Doni returned, in 1545, to Florence, where he sojourned for two years, and from thence he again came to Venice, in which city he settled for a long time, and printed the greater part of his numerous works. He was a founder of the Academy called "Peregrina," one of those literary societies with fantastic names, of which Italy has afforded so many examples. This academy reckoned among its members Ercole Bentivoglio, Jacopo Nardi, Francesco Sansovino, Luigi Dolce, Eneas Vico, Bernardino Daniello, and other celebrated men of letters. In 1564 Doni retired to the romantic village

of Arques, in the Euganean mountains, near Padua; a place which has become illustrious as having been the chosen residence of Petrarch—the solitude consecrated to the last sighs of his hopeless but immortal passion for the beautiful Laura. It was at Arques, or at Monselice, another small village at some distance, that Doni resided during the remainder of his life, which terminated in the month of September 1574. Of his works, but few have survived to our times, notwithstanding the noise they made in his; such of them, however, as are best known to us, possess a certain free and satirical character. He was a great plagiarist. His "*Epistole di Seneca, tradotte in lingua Toscana*" (Ven. 1549), Apostolo Zeno, in his notes upon the Italian Library of Fontana, has shewn to be almost a verbatim transcript of a similar translation, published by Sebastiano Manilio, at Venice, in 1494. It is a singular fact, that Doni, who was very anxious to be considered as having enrolled himself in the ranks of those who at that time combated for the Catholic church against the heretics, has yet made so free, in some places, with matters of religion, that more than one of his works, like the "*Tre Lettre del Doni*" (Ven. 1552) are included in the "*Index Expurgatorius.*"

The title, "*I Marmi,*" is taken from a place paved with marble slabs, in front of the Cathedral at Florence, where the Florentines walk of an evening, and where the conversations related in the book are supposed to be held. This choice of a title exposed the author to the following sarcastic epigram:

> "Marmoris inscribis, Doni, bene nomine librum,
> Par est frigus, enim, marmoris atque libri."

Which may be thus rendered:

> "The *marbles*, Doni, well your book you name;
> Its coldness and the marbles' are the same."

It should be remembered, however, that the licentious age which surnamed Aretine "the Divine," and tolerated the public recitation of the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, at the banquets of the most enlightened princes, and the most illustrious women of Italy, was ill disposed, and little qualified, to pass an impartial or a competent opinion upon productions, which, in all the respects of decency of language, and honesty or propriety of purpose, are honourably distinguished from the effusions of Doni's friends, Bembo, Aretine, Gaston de Medicis, del Franco, and others, whose brilliancy and humour will scarcely ever excuse to posterity the vicious licentiousness and scandalous details of much of their poetry. We shall perhaps be able to introduce to the readers' notice some passages from "I Marmi del Doni," which will confirm the praise bestowed on our author, for that philosophic humour, and original tone of sarcastic pleasantry, which in his own day procured him so considerable and extensive a reputation. At all events, some of the prints well deserve the space we shall spare for them in our pages.

FARTHER OBSERVATIONS ON SPONTINI'S OLYMPIA.

In our last article on this opera, we closed our remarks by quoting from the principal scene, a passage which seemed calculated to afford an idea of those striking effects, in the production of which Spontini is so eminently happy. His talent shines conspicuously in the composition of concerted pieces and choruses, which naturally present the elements of contrast; but, at the same time, we think it will be readily acknowledged, that he is less successful in the representation of single and undivided sentiment—the distinguishing characteristic of the *aria*. This peculiarity in Spontini's powers, as a composer, is perhaps more obvious in Olympia than in any of his former works.

The finale succeeding the grand *scena* in the Temple of Diana, which we described in our last, exhibits a most ingenious and original application of the resources of art, in the frequent unexpected transitions from common to triple time, &c. The recitative which precedes Statira's air in the second act, and the dying scene of Antigonus in the third, are remarkable examples of powerful expression. In the last-mentioned scene, the bass of the accompaniment, in itself, admirably pourtrays the raging despair of the expiring monarch. The third act of the opera contains a grand march for a triumphal procession, which is performed by the orchestra, a chorus and a band of military instruments *sul palco*, first executing passages alternately, and next in combination.

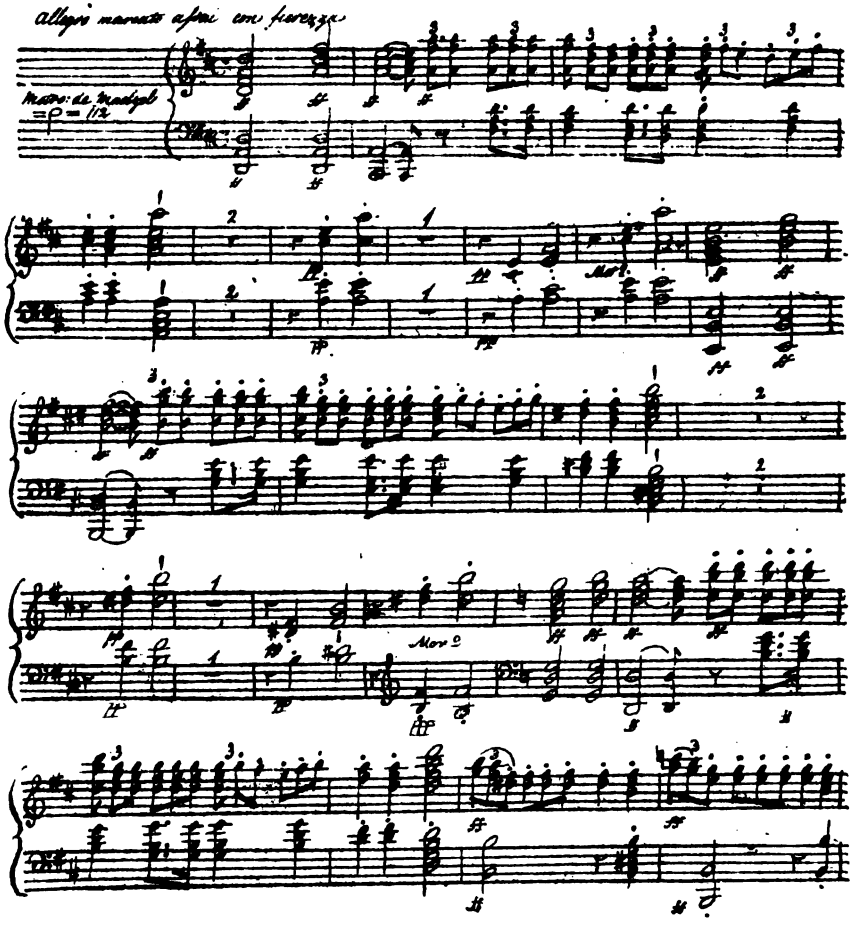
In those parts of the opera in which Spontini has made the most lavish use of accompaniments, they are so contrived as never to overpower the vocal parts of the music; though it has been boldly affirmed, that the voices of the singers are drowned amidst the din of the orchestra. In the recitatives and other declamatory passages, instrumental accompaniments are indeed very copiously introduced; but they have merely the effect of interpunctuation, and form, as it were, commentaries on the text—the verses of the poet being only re-echoed in the strains of the composer, and the singer is afforded ample scope for expression.

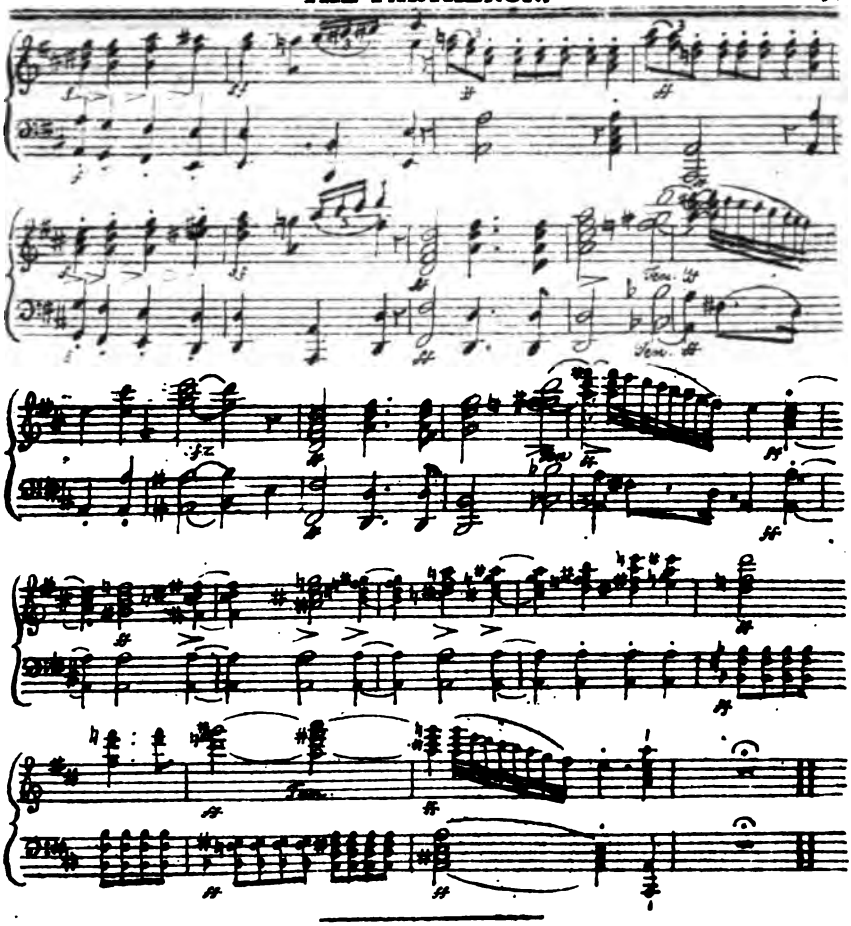
But in spite of all the beauties which the music of Olympia unquestionably possesses, it presents many defects. These, however, are in a great measure attributable to the very indifferent materials which the composer has had to work upon. It is indeed surprising, that the author should have produced so little out of so fertile a subject; and it is still more extraordinary, that a composer possessed of Spontini's dramatic judgment and taste, should have wasted his talents on so abortive a *libretto*. Not only are the catastrophe and many of the principal situations brought about in a forced and unnatural way, but the poetry is throughout disfigured by unmeaning bombast.

The piece should terminate about the middle of the third act, where Antigonus, subdued by Cassander, confesses himself the murderer of Alexander. The innocence of the conqueror is established, and he receives the hand of Olympia. This is properly the end of the opera; but the scene changes for the representation of a grand triumphal procession, and the curtain does not fall until after Statira and Cassander have delivered several long harangues to the people and the soldiery.

It is almost needless to observe, that the effect which the fine march and chorus in the third act were calculated to produce, is unfortunately materially diminished, by their being introduced after all the dramatic interest is exhausted. This unwise arrangement renders that part of the composition like a detached piece, unconnected with the rest of the opera.

The music of the dances which are introduced, are, on the whole, the most pleasing of the melodies. The overture is a splendid composition, distinguished throughout by grandeur and solemnity, and forming an appropriate introduction to an heroic opera. The opening movement, arranged for the piano-forte, which we subjoin, is characteristic of the general style of the music of the opera.

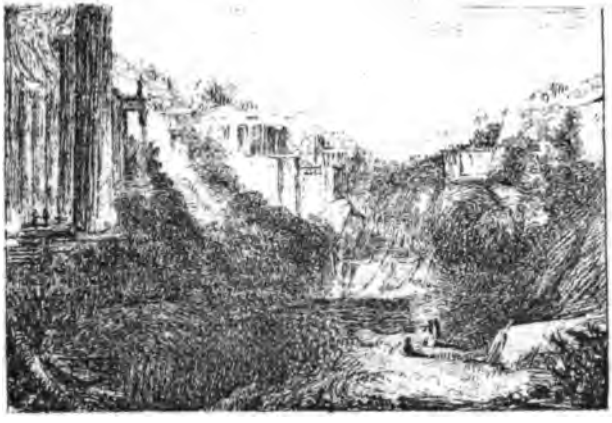




EXHIBITIONS OF PAINTINGS, &c.

Of works of what may be called a descriptive or narrative class, and which hold a middle station between historical compositions and the low-lived scenes of the Dutch school; in short, of the genteel comedy of painting, if such an expression may be used, in reference rather to a class of action and feeling than of rank—the present Exhibition at Somerset-house furnishes several striking examples. Indeed the taste of our artists, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, the taste of the public, seems very much to incline that way. The reason, we think, is clear enough: these subjects are easily understood. They explain themselves at once, and save the spectator the trouble of finding out their meaning. To comprehend and enjoy the merits of historical pictures, even in an ordinary degree, requires either the technical knowledge of an artist, or an acquaintance with the different events which the works are intended to commemorate. The first of these qualifications is possessed by none who have not made it a particular object of their study; and to be able to bring the last on a sudden into play, demands no inconsiderable share of intimacy with general history. It is nothing, to know that such a picture represents Socrates defending Alcibiades; but to be able to call up at a moment's warning all the circumstances relating to the event and the actors; to remember the many proofs of disinterested friendship and self-denial exhibited by the noble-minded philosopher, and to reflect on the varied character, and as varied fate of his generous, though voluptuous, pupil—these are the powers which alone can lead to the enjoyment of

any thing like a real interest in the representation. But this is not the case in the class of subjects to which we have alluded. Take, for instance, Mr. Newton's "Dull Lecture," or Mr. Briggs's scene from the "Taming of a Shrew." In the former of these, however much we may be disposed to censure the artist for its defective execution, who is there who is not satisfied with the way in which the subject is treated, or who does not fully comprehend at a glance the story it would tell? In the latter, who is there so utterly ignorant of the language of Nature, so untouched by the magic sympathy which unites the souls of men, as not to enter immediately into the spirit of the scene? The Catalogue tells us, that this is Bianca, and that is Lucentio; but we do not require the aid of the Catalogue, in order to perceive the arch *enjouement* of the female, and the fondness of her disguised lover, together with a thousand other little graces of expression and of action, which, independently of the mechanical merits of this little composition, concur in producing one of the most complete and interesting specimens of the class to which it belongs. Of this, perhaps, more another time. Landscape, too, is a species of composition, which, however much it may appeal to the fancy of the spectator, has little or no occasion to "draw upon" his stock of knowledge—and this is also a favourite class with the public. In works of this sort, all our exhibitions abound. The Water-Colour Exhibition may almost be said to be entirely composed of them. In Somerset-house, the most conspicuous, from its size and situation, is Turner's "Harbour of Dieppe." It is conspicuous too, as many of Mr. Turner's pictures are, for the boldness of its pretensions. This is not the first instance in which that artist has attempted to represent the brilliance of "the full orb of day;" nor is it the first instance in which he has failed in his attempt. It is in vain that he has recourse to the brightest and purest colours; he not only falls far short of the effect he would produce, but, what is still worse, he produces an effect which has no prototype in nature. His pictures are splendid gew-gaws, which we admire as we would the refracted brilliance of the mother-of-pearl, or the fantastic varieties of the kaleidescope; but as works of art, as long as the imitation of Nature is to be held as the legitimate object of art, we never can look upon them in any other light, but as the failures of a mistaken fancy. Happily, Mr. Turner's system seems likely to die with himself; its attractions do not appear to be sufficiently powerful to procure him any followers. It is indeed pleasing to observe how much, in this department of painting, our artists seem to be guided by the true principles of imitation. Some of them, like Collins, even combine the beautiful scenery of landscape with interesting delineations of animated nature; and no species of composition appeals more strongly to the affections than this. For those who will take the trouble to pick them out, there are some very pleasing landscapes in the exhibition of the Society of British Artists. One of the best, though not the most conspicuous, is a view from Hampstead Heath, by a Mr. Noble, an artist with whom this work makes us for the first time acquainted. It shows much of that relish for the varied yet chastened beauties of Nature, which is so indispensable a condition in the taste of every artist who would escape the trammels of mannerism. Mr. Linton's works, generally speaking, evince much of this good quality. His "Vale of Keswick," in the same exhibition, does not indeed display so much of it as usual. Its colouring is altogether too opaque and cold. But his "Chalk Cliffs near Folkstone," and his "Delos," are much more satisfactoty examples of his powers. Every part of the former teems with the glowing harmony and the varied surface of Nature; and the latter, besides its aërial tones, and the sober grandeur of its colouring, possesses merits, as a composition, of no ordinary kind. Our readers may perceive from the annexed sketch, how much the talent of the artist is to be commended in this respect.



THEATRICAL FREE LISTS.

The rather silly affray which lately took place between an author and the "Lessee" of Drury-lane theatre, has at length been judicially disposed of; and the former, for the attack made upon his person, has got, in damages, 80*l.* We have nothing to do with the differences either of dramatists or managers, except to regret, *en passant*, that, when they occur, they cannot be settled more decorously; and we notice this affair, merely to say a few words upon the *right* set up by the plaintiff, Mr. Poole, to pass "free," so long as he may live, into Drury-lane theatre.

The dispute between the contending parties, seems to have grown up pretty nearly thus: Mr. Poole having written, or adapted, certain "Afterpieces" for Drury-lane theatre—with the merits or demerits of which this question has nothing to do, but which certainly had occasional pleasantness about them—quarrels with his old customer, Mr. Elliston, and has the weakness to address the public upon his case. The public, who care very little about the writers of farces, and not much about the managers of play-houses, probably never read ten lines of Mr. Poole's appeal; but the party abused in it, of course read it through and through. The very devil and this audacious dramatist then instantly becoming as one in the eyes of the lessee of Drury-lane theatre, he (the lessee) strikes him (the rebel poet) off the "free list" of the house; upon which Mr. Poole declares, in broad English, that he has a *right* to go into Drury-lane Theatre "free," whether Mr. Elliston wills it or not; and, moreover, that he will do so—retorting "the *solus*," as it were, in Mr. Elliston's bowels—in despite of the manager's prohibition.

Now this "right," charged as being *in* every person who produces "successful pieces" (*i. e.* translates a farce which is played six nights)—in a patent theatre, to a gratuitous admission into that theatre every night for the rest of his life, does seem to us certainly to be the very oddest "right," divine or human, that ever was asserted. As regards the practical reasonableness of such a claim, every body knows that the "annual admissions" to a patent theatre sell for about eight guineas each; consequently an admission for life must be a property of some value: and then, farther considering that as many as twenty "successful pieces" are very often produced in a single season, we shall see that, supposing the trade to be open, such a quantity of "right," might, in a few years, accrue, as would form a very serious burthen upon the theatre. And this is by no means so extreme a case as it may at first seem to be. Theatrical property is constantly changing hands. Mr. Poole's "right" (as he himself says) arises against the theatre of Drury-lane—not against the manager—for pieces produced before Mr. Elliston was lessee of the house. Now it is perfectly well known, that there is no word of stipulation as to the acknowledgment of any such "right," in the lease of the theatre to Mr. Elliston; and, moreover, every man must feel, that such a guarantee, if it had been provided for, would have amounted to a formal incumbrance upon the property.

In fact, if any "right," specified, or understood, belonged to Mr. Poole in this affair, he should have tried it with the parties against whom it really arose—against Mr. Elliston's lessors (according to his own shewing)—not against Mr. Elliston. But the truth is, that the fair question rests upon one point—to wit, the usage; and, upon that point, no one can know better than Mr. Poole himself, that he is entirely in the wrong.

The custom, as regards this privilege of authors, is, and has been, this—Every man who writes for the theatre, is in the habit of receiving a free admission—that is, he writes his name down, and walks on—into the house for which he works. In many instances, this courtesy goes farther: an author who has written for one house only, receives the compliment of free admission from all; and very often it is given to literary men, in the same way, who have not done any thing for the drama. And the object of the practice is this—it suits the purpose of managers, that those who write for them, or are likely to write for them, should be in the way of seeing those exhibitions which may elicit new speculations of their own. But is it not too absurd to talk of any "right" arising to a privilege, of which the public play-bills, whenever it suits the convenience of the manager, formally announce the *recall?*

For the very glory of the theatre—its very *ultra* triumph—is in the positive exclusion of these "rightful" caterers. Whenever any extraordinary attraction fills the house—such as a Coronation—or Mr. Grimaldi—or a new Tragedy—we have it in red letters—in the very extra puff character—in letters a foot long—"The Free List is Suspended!!!" Why then where have Mr. Poole's "rights," and those of his co-plaintiff's, been sleeping?—or, rather, why have they been supine?—they could not sleep—there have been such *Te Deums* sung always, for the last twenty years past, over their violation! The "Free List suspended!" Why is there not feasting, and wine-bibbing, in the side scenes, whenever it happens? Are not the box-keepers doubly on the alert? Does not the treasurer tell the tradesmen who call for their

money, to "call again?" Does not the *custodier* of the great-coats engage an assistant? and are there not clean shirts expected to be seen in the upper boxes? Why, we will put the point to Mr. Poole himself; for there is no man who can answer it better. Can he plead ignorance, that it is the "suspension of the Free List," which gladdens the whole "establishment"—from the lessee down to the lamplighter? Does he not know, that it is better far than—"This house is crowded nightly!" Better than—"In consequence of the unprecedented overflow to—"STRANGE BUT TRUE, OR THE STRADDLING MOUNSEER," no places can be kept after HALF PAST SEVEN o'clock!" Better even than—"Not a single order can be admitted!!!" —which Thomas Dibdin wittily enough translated, "*Double* ones may!"

It seems waste of time even to observe, that this exercise of the power of suspension alone, forms a complete answer to Mr. Poole's claim for a "right," which no proprietor of a theatre ever could have contemplated the granting. Without meaning any offence to Mr. Poole, he judged very ill, in supposing that he had such a right; and still worse in attempting, as he did, to press it, unless he was absolutely sure. Mr. Elliston's behaviour was that of a man either not very sane or not very sober; but Mr. Poole's claim savours a little of that mundane frailty, which induces people, according to the proverb, who have an "inch," to "take an ell;" or, as an old French author pleasantly illustrates the same disposition, in a philippic against the undue ambition of the softer sex:

> "Si tu laisse ta femme pour rien,
> Mettre son pied dessus le tien,
> Le lendemain la fausse bête,
> Le voudroit mettre sur ta tête."

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S LEDA.

THIS interesting work of art is now on sale by private contract, at Mr. Christie's room. The subject is Leda with her twins, Castor and Helena, Pollux and Clytemnestra. The figure of Leda is in full-length, about the size of life, and is almost entirely naked. In the back-ground some horsemen are seen, and one of these is said to be intended for Francis the First, in whose arms the accomplished Leonardo expired. Vasari does not mention this picture, nor indeed any of the works which Leonardo executed in France (of which this is said to have been one), except a Cartoon of St. Anne, and even that he describes as having been rather contemplated than completed. He says that the King of France, who was greatly attached to Leonardo, and possessed several of his works, was desirous that he should paint the Cartoon of St. Anne, but that Leonardo, according to custom, was a long time talking the subject over—"*lo tenne gran tempo in parole.*" Leonardo da Vinci seems to have bestowed as much time in reflecting on the treatment of his subjects, as pains in their execution. Every one knows the story of his famous Last Supper, and the Prior of the Convent of the Dominicans at Milan, who was so tired of seeing the painter sit for a whole morning at a time in deep study, that he prevailed upon the Duke of Milan to hint to him the necessity of getting on with the picture. Leonardo, however, easily satisfied the Duke that men who are employed on works of genius, are never more busy than when they seem to be doing nothing, and rewarded the meddling Prior by introducing his portrait as the head of Judas Iscariot. Considered as a work of art, the Leda of Leonardo da Vinci is rather curious than fine. For the period at which it was executed, it must certainly be viewed, in common with all the productions of that master, as a very extraordinary effort, and is, to say the least of it, an interesting specimen of the state of art at the beginning of the 16th century. But it must require a very great share of devotion in the cause of antiquity, to place those dry and laboured productions in comparison with the moving and energetic compositions which have since appeared. Nor must it be forgotten, that Michael Angelo was in existence while Leonardo was occupied on this very picture, or that the latter prudently shrank from a competition with that great master, which he had good sense enough to see could not but terminate to his disadvantage. Yet it must be confessed that modern art owes much to Leonardo da Vinci, and that his laboured attention to Nature was not without its effect, in leading succeeding artists to study more minutely than before, that inexhaustible source of all that is valuable in art.—It is said that the sum of 7000*l.* is asked for the picture of Leda.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

Rossini's comic opera, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the work in which the talents of this eminent composer were first developed to a British audience, was, in the course of last week, very effectively revived at this theatre. The great novelty on this occasion, was the first appearance of Mademoiselle Garcia, who sustained the character of *Rosina* in a most interesting style. This young lady is, we think, a truly valuable acquisition to the company. She possesses many of the requisites necessary to the formation of a first-rate singer. Her voice is a delicate *soprano*, remarkable, especially in its lower tones, for its dulcet richness. Her style of execution is, like that of her father, florid and elaborate. Her ornaments are, however, introduced with so much taste, and are so skilfully managed, that they never offend—they never appear redundant. She sang, with beautiful effect, the exquisite *scena*, commencing with

"Una voce poco fa."

In the latter part of it, her science excited universal admiration. Her introduction of what is technically termed *catena di trilli*—a succession of short and rapidly-executed shakes—was not only pleasing in itself, but was perfectly in accordance with the sentiments, those of a lively spirited girl, which she expressed. As an actress also, Mademoiselle Garcia deserves no slight commendation. Nature has given her an elegantly-formed person, and a countenance which bears the stamp of intellect. Her action is free and graceful—and there was a playful archness in her look and manner, when tricking her ancient guardian, which was quite in unison with the character of *Rosina*. We should like to see her as *Susanna*, in Mozart's opera *Le Nozze di Figaro*—a part for which her powers, as an accomplished singer, and an animated actress, are peculiarly adapted. Her performance of *Rosina* has given the most unmixed satisfaction, and has greatly extended a fame which previously had not travelled beyond the bounds of the Concert-room. Signor Garcia's *Count Almaviva*, though a little overcharged, is, nevertheless, a pleasant performance. Its great fault is, a constant straining after lightness and vivacity, which fatigues an audience. Those qualities should appear to be the pure result of constitution, not the offspring of art and labour. Signor Garcia sang with great felicity. The *serenade*,

"Ecco ridente il cielo:
Spunta la bella Aurora,"

was executed in the most languishingly-tender style. *Figaro* was exceedingly well represented by Signor Remorini. He displayed a great deal of smartness and humour in depicting the rogueries of the sharp-witted *perruquier*. His song,

"Largo al factotum
Della città,"

was given with uncommon animation. De Begnis, as *Dr. Bartolo*, and Porto, as *Basilio*, supported those characters very ably. The fine bass air, in which the latter describes the progress of calumny,

"La calumnia è un venticello
Un' aurretta assai gentile,
Che insensibile, sottile,"

was executed by Porto with much force and energy.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

UNDER this head, we propose to insert extracts from the portfolios and pictures of various artists of eminence, both living and dead. We begin with one of Watteau's studies.

Few of our readers can be unacquainted with the beautiful little pictures of Watteau. The *fêtes champêtres* are universally admired for the gracefulness of their composition, the

lightness of their pencilling, and, above all, for that air of ease, and elegant indolence, *quel bello far-niente*, which he has thrown into his figures. His separate studies shew an incessant attention to the varieties of Nature, and most of them are characterized by an air of the greatest truth and simplicity. Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was particularly happy in the management of the dresses of the period at which he lived, and which, however stiff and awkward they may appear in the compositions of others, in his works assume an appearance of graecfulness and ease.

SOPRANO SINGERS.

Our musical readers are aware, that of the four divisions of the human voice, the highest, which the Italians call the soprano, generally finds its place within the compass of the female organ. There are, however, male soprano singers—namely, boys—and certain individuals, who must also be included in the same class; because it would not be convenient to range them in another. One of these male sopranos, Signor Veluti, has, as we stated in our last, visited this country, and is soon to appear in public. The term *soprano*, being itself masculine, the specific distinction, "male soprano," may at first sight appear a pleonasm. It is, however, perfectly consistent with the present usage of the Italian language; for throughout the whole of Italy, the Signora who appears in operas, in the parts which were formerly filled by the real *soprani*, is now called the *soprano*. She is sometimes described as the *primo soprano*—sometimes as the *soprano assoluto*—which terms do not mean exactly the same thing, as the former may have another associated with her, while the latter always reigns alone.

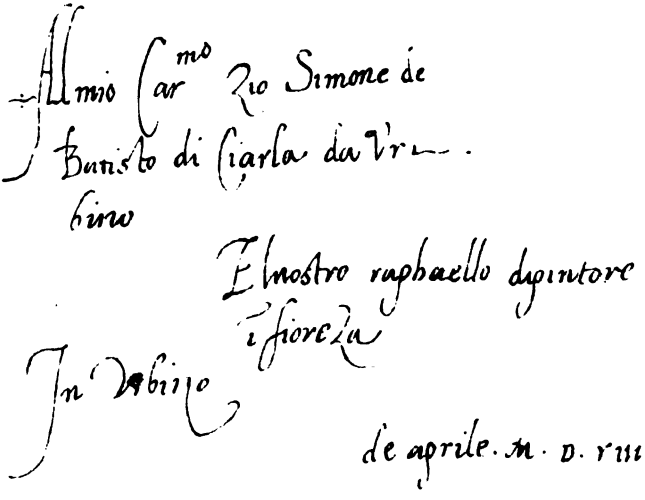
With regard to those singers we have called male sopranos, but few now exist. Besides Veluti, only four, we believe, are publicly known, and three of these reside in Rome. The names of the latter are, Mariano, Ferri, and Dobili—all nearly fifty years of age. They may sometimes be heard, on Sundays and festivals, in St. Peter's church, and occasionally in the other churches. There is something extraordinary in their execution, and the art they display; but their voices are defective. Mariano has the greatest compass. He sings only in St. Peter's, on extraordinary occasions, and enjoys a very high reputation in Rome. The impression he produces in singing the *Miserere*, is said to be wonderful. The mode of singing this psalm in the churches of Rome, is perhaps traditional; but, be this as it may, there is a beautiful simplicity in Mariano's execution. He introduces no ornament, in the slightest degree inconsistent with the dignity of the subject. A foreign musical critic, whose Essay on the State of Music in Italy, has furnished us with many of the facts we here state, points out the following, as the only passage to which, on hearing Mariano sing the *Miserere*, he thought a more serious character might have been given:

The fourth male soprano is named Domenicuzzi Reali, a young man of twenty, who being, by an unfortunate accident, seriously injured in his infancy, was placed by his parents in an establishment for educating singers of this description. He left Rome some years ago, and is said to be settled in Portugal.

Veluti possesses great power of expression. His style of singing is, in point of art, of the highest order; but many of his auditors, though they find much to admire, feel in the end that the ear remains unsatisfied. His voice, like the other sopranos of whom we have spoken, often appears defective, and it is observed that he almost always sings too flat. The air which seems to be his favourite, and which he has sung at the Duke of Devonshire's, and in other private circles, is *Ah quel Concento*, from Morlachi's opera of *Tebaldo e Isolina*.

AUTOGRAPH OF RAPHAEL.

THE following autograph signature of the great Raffaello, is extracted from a letter in his own hand-writing, preserved in the Museo Borgiano, at Velletri, and published by Quatremere de Quincy, in his "Histoire de Raphaël et de ses Ouvrages;" a work which we intend shortly to make the subject of a critical notice.


Al mio Car^mo Zio Simone de
Batisto di Ciarla da Vr-
bino
El nostro raphaello dipintore
i fiorenza
In Urbino
de aprile. M. D. VIII

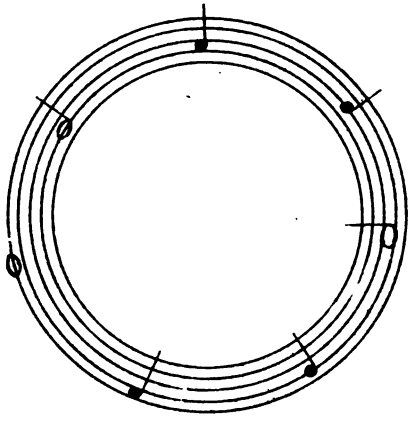
The letter is addressed to one of his uncles at Urbino, and the chief object of the writer seems to have been, to obtain a recommendation to the Gonfaloniere of Florence, in order to get appointed to decorate a chamber, doubtless, as Quatremere observes, in the *Palazzo Vecchio*.

A NATURAL EOLIAN LYRE.

NEAR Tryberg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, there is a chasm in a mountain, not only remarkable for the romantic nature of the scene, but for the extraordinary sounds which occasionally issue from it. This latter peculiarity was first observed at the end of the seventeenth century, by some soldiers stationed on the adjoining heights, who heard melodious tones resounding from the tops of some fir trees which grow beside a water-fall in a neighbouring wood. The current of air ascending and descending through the chasm, receives a counter impulse from an abrupt angle of rock, and acting on the tops of the trees and shrubs, forms a natural Eolian Harp, the tones of which are accompanied by the gurgling of the neighbouring water-fall. The religious spirit, which was the prevailing characteristic of the age, led the soldiers to regard this phenomenon as the result of supernatural agency. On approaching the spot whence the music issued, they found affixed to the tallest of the group of fir trees, a wooden image of the Virgin, holding the Infant Jesus in her arms. This image was fixed up in the year 1680, by Frederick Schwab, a citizen of Tryberg, as a memorial of his having been cured of leprosy by the water of the mountain spring. The soldiers, however, conjectured that the Image had been brought thither by Angels, and that the aërial music which had attracted them to the spot, was the singing of a celestial choir, in praise of the Mother of God. They placed a tin capsule over the Image, and inscribed upon it the following words: *Sancta Maria, patrona militum, ora pro nobis.* Near the Image was placed a box, for the reception of offerings, which soon became sufficiently numerous to defray the expence of erecting a wooden chapel on the spot.

MUSICAL RIDDLE.

The following Canon is extracted from a foreign musical journal. Perhaps some of our readers will favour us with a solution.



ORATORIOS IN ROME.

A FRAGMENT FROM A LETTER ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN ROME.

The oratorios given here annually, in the *Chiesa Nuova*, from the first of December till Easter, on Sundays and festivals, are in many respects very remarkable. Their institution gave birth to that species of musick which has obtained the name of oratorio. They were established by St. Philip of Neri, the founder of the *Congregazione dell' Oratorio di Roma*, about the middle of the sixteenth century, with the view of attracting the people to the church, and thus collecting crowded audiences for the two sermons preached on prescribed days, by priests of this order, at night-fall. The first sermon is preached before the commencement of the oratorio, and the second between the two acts of the musical performance.

You are aware, that part of the church where these compositions are performed, is called the *Oratorio*—which may be translated, The Praying, or, perhaps, rather the Speaking Chamber—and that the name of the place has been transferred to the music. The Litany is first chaunted with the organ accompaniment, and next comes the first sermon, which, by a singular custom, is preached by a young boy belonging to the school connected with the *Congregazione dell' Oratorio*. On the day of the *immacolata concezione di Maria Virgine*, I heard a boy of seven years of age, dressed fantastically, like the pet-child of a Parisian *petite maitresse*, preach with a degree of unction which would not have disgraced a divine of more reverend appearance. The priest of the order who happens to be the boy's tutor, sits out of sight on the steps of the pulpit, to prompt his pupil, in case of necessity. The boys, however, seldom stand in need of such assistance. They deliver their discourses with astonishing accuracy and fluency, and are never for a moment at a loss. When the youthful preacher acquits himself unusually well in the discharge of his sacred duty, his tutor greets him with a "*Mezza voce bravo!*" No other token of applause is allowed. At the close of the first

sermon, the oratorio commences, and each person present (who are all men, women being excluded) draws from his pocket his text-book, and an end of wax-candle, with which he takes care to come provided, and which he lights at the sacred lamp, in order to read his book; for the chapel is very badly lighted on these occasions. After the first part of the oratorio, the second sermon is delivered. The wax candles are then extinguished, and the auditors either listen to the preaching, or, what is more usual, quit the church until the second part of the oratorio begins, when the candle ends are again lighted. The oratorio commences at half an hour after sunset *(a mezz'ora di notte)*, and frequently later.

I observed some defects in the execution of the instrumental part of the music, which were increased by the circumstance of the best performers having, at the beginning of January, quitted the oratorios to attend the opening of the different theatres, in the orchestras of which they were engaged to play. They however returned at the end of the Carnival, as the theatres were then closed. The oratorio performances were consequently more satisfactory.

VARIETIES:

FROM CORRESPONDENCE, FOREIGN JOURNALS, &c.

If we may believe some letters from Italy, Rossini is not so great a favourite there as he was. A revulsion is said to have taken place in the public taste, which has given birth to a new relish for preceding composers At Naples and Florence, Cimarosa is in constant demand; and his Matrimonio Segreto has been as often repeated, and as eagerly listened to, as if it were a new piece. At Rome, the Agnese and the Griselda of Paer, have again proved very attractive performances.

The "Divina Commedia" of Dante, which has already afforded employment to so many commentators, expositors, and translators, seems still to present an ample field for literary illustration. Such at least has been the opinion of the Signor Antonio Cesari, who has lately published a volume at Verona, entitled, "Bellezze della Commedia di Dante Alighiere, Dialoghi d'Antonio Cesari. P. D. O.—L'Inferno"—a title which would naturally lead the reader to expect that the author's plan would consist in extracting the most striking beauties from the different cantos of that poem. Instead of this, however, he presents us with the whole of the Inferno, as if he thought it was impossible to have too much of a good thing, and accompanies it with a commentary of his own. The author begins by telling his readers, that his object is to point out the beauties of Dante "nessun altro punto toccando, salvo la lingua, la poesia e l'eloquenza," confining his observations to the phraseology, the poetry, and the mode of expression used by the poet. This is but an unpromising introduction to a commentary on the beauties of Dante, and seems to overlook all those higher qualities by which that poet is principally distinguished The structure of his poem—the wonderful invention displayed in it—his style, as far as regards the giving form and motion to his ideas—and, in short, all those great beauties which, as they are founded on the immutable nature of man, and not on his ever-varying customs, belong to every age and every country—these are the only legitimate objects of a commentator's remarks. Signor Cesari seems, however, to entertain a different opinion; and we should not be so much inclined to quarrel with him on that account, if he had but acquitted himself well in the task he has preferred. But here we have equal fault to find. His observations are replete with frivolous cavillings on obsolete words, and round-about explanations of modes of expression, which have already been much more simply and clearly expounded. We have room only for one example, which relates to that passage in the seventh canto of the Inferno, where the misers and prodigals are described as rolling heavy weights against each other, and crying out, "Perchè tieni, e perchè burli? Here Signor Cesari is at great pains to prove that *burlare* may stand for *brulare*, and that Dante may have borrowed the expression from the French *bruler*. He founds his idea on the common expression, *essere brugiato di denari*, which is used in speaking of any person who has squandered away his money, and reduced himself to poverty. But our commentator takes a great deal of trouble about nothing at all; for the best critics have already decided, that *burlare* here signifies simply *to throw away*—and examples are not wanting to support this signification Another grand object of Signor Cesari, is to prove the superiority of Dante to every other poet. With Virgil, in particular, he brings him into comparison, and endeavours, by collating passages from the two poets, to show that Dante has made the most judicious choice of phraseology, and even of words. But here he completely fails; and, indeed, whoever is properly acquainted with the two poets thus brought into comparison, must feel satisfied that the Mantuan bard is at least never inferior to the great Florentine in beauty and propriety of diction. The very circumstances under which they wrote, render it impossible that it could be otherwise. Dante had to create a poetic idiom of his own, while Virgil found one already polished to his use; and with whatever propriety the former may be said to surpass the latter in poetic power and originality of conception, he can never with justice be compared to him in the ornaments of expression, and all that has relation to the refinements of taste.

The last published volume of the Academy of Turin's Memoires, contains a learned dissertation by Professor Peyron, on the Greek military word of command, Θίσθαι τὰ ὅπλα. M. Peyron was induced to write this essay, from observing that Thucydides, whose history he is translating, uses the phrase τίθεσθαι τὰ ὅπλα in very various, and even contrary senses; as, for instance, *aciem instruere, castra metari, castra munire, obsidere, armatum consistere*, in *armis consistere jubere, arma ordine collocare*, &c. The learned Professor explains the phrase as meaning—"Pile arms," "rest"—and he strengthens his conjecture by many examples extracted from the Greek classics

What appears to be, at first sight, a striking instance of inconsistency, is to be found in the title, and in some degree in the motto, of a recent musical publication at Paris. A collection published by Madame Nicole, bears the title, *Repertoire des Operas Français*, and the epigraph is, "On peut exploiter des mines précieuses dans les pays lointains; 'mais n'oublions jamais les richesses que nous possédons." It is curious enough, that the operas thus called French, are by Gluck, a German, and Sacchini and Piccini, Italians; and that there is not one by a Frenchman in the whole collection. The truth is, that these works are called French, because they were composed in France, and to French words; and they may be so called, by the same license of speech that Handel's works are called English. Still, however, after the promise given in the motto, it was to be expected that, barren as France is of native musical talent, some of the *richesses que nous possédons* would have been displayed in the collection.

THE PARTHENON.

N° 3.] *SATURDAY, JUNE* 25, 1825. [*Price* 1*s*.

SKETCHES,

Historical and Pictorial,

OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

From an ancient

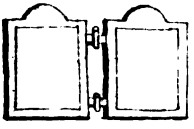
annular Gem.

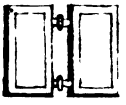
IN conformity with the promise last week made to our readers, we here break the chain of the historical order of these sketches, to insert a link of a somewhat varied, though not dissimilar character. The subject of ancient diptychs, to which we alluded in our last, is replete with matter for the investigation of the historian, the antiquary, and the artist. The historian may gather from those interesting remains, much information relative to names, dates, and events: the antiquary may collect many useful hints connected with the ceremonies, customs, dresses, and other particularities of remote and interesting periods; and the artist may draw from them much that will serve to enlighten an obscure portion of the history of his art.

The term diptych (from the Greek δίπτυχον, double) was originally applied to those tablets of wood or ivory, which folded together like the covers of a book, and on the waxed internal surfaces of which, the Romans used to trace their memorandums. They were at first small —not larger than the hand—but in process of time their size was increased, they were ornamented in different ways, and applied to a variety of purposes. They were sometimes made of three separate pieces, and sometimes even of more; and according to the number of the tablets of which they were formed, they obtained the name of *triptychs*, *pentaptychs*, and even *polyptychs*. The commoner sort of diptychs were made of boxwood; but the more valu-

able kind were generally of ivory, and these were engraved and carved in different ways. They were sometimes given as presents to the conquerors at public games, and on those occasions they usually bore a portrait of the institutor or patron of the festival, with representations of the games, and other ornaments. Diptychs were much used also in the early Christian church, and ornamented with figures of Saints, and religious subjects. Gori, in his "Thesaurus veterum Diptychorum," a work from whose erudite and elaborate pages the greater part of our memorandums on this subject are derived, describes several kinds of these; and, among others, mentions one sort, on which a list of bishops was inscribed, and from which the names of those who had ill administered their holy functions, were erased; an operation which often gave rise to bitter contentions.

The following were the usual forms of diptychs:





Among the most interesting of Gori's dissertations, is one on the subject of a fragment of an ivory consular diptych, which had been used on the occasion of some public games. Scipio Maffeius Marchio was the first who published an account of this fragment. The half of the diptych is missing, and along with it the name of the consul in whose honour it was made. Marchio notices the singularity of the head-ornament, nothing similar to which, he says, is to be found on any coins or monuments.

He also remarks, particularly, three προτομαί, or bust-portraits, engraved at the upper end, and three heads placed over the *baton*, thus:

instead of the "Volucris sceptro quæ surgit eb urno" of Juvenal. These he takes to designate the consul's family.

With regard to the ornament of the head, Gori refers to two consular diptychs given in his work, in which an ornament precisely similar is seen. His opinion is, that these ancient ornaments, which were originally appropriated to the gods, were afterwards given to illustrious men, emperors, and consuls, by way of honour, and that they were composed of fine gold or bright silver, worked into the form of shells. As for the name of the consul, Gori supposes that this diptych must have been inscribed to Anastasius, the same person to whom the two above-mentioned were dedicated. He founds this opinion on the almost exact coincidence of the inscriptions, and the similarity of the consular portrait in each. In the two complete diptychs, the name of the consul is thus given: Flavius Anastasius Paulus Probus Sabiniianus Pompeius Anastasius. Of these seven names, the last is the proper name, and belongs to that Anastasius who was consul of the East in the year 517, at which time it was not uncommon to prefix four or five different names.

After giving our readers some account of a consular diptych, it will not be amiss to lay before them a curious extract from an ivory tablet, forming part of a diptych used for pious purposes in the old Christian churches, and exposed to view upon the altar.

It exhibits the tomb of our Saviour empty, after his resurrection, and bears the inscription, in corrupt orthography, of *ω ταφου* for *ὁ τάφος*—the sepulchre. The Angel of the Lord, seated on the stone which he had removed from the entrance of the tomb, is addressing the women who have come to anoint the body of Christ. With his right hand he points to the tomb, and in his left he holds a rod or sceptre, the emblem of divine power. The affrighted soldiers are lying around the tomb. The ivory tablet from which this design is extracted, is supposed to be nearly 900 years old.

LITERATURE.

I MARMI DEL DONI.

In a former paper we gave a succinct account of this book, and of its author. We propose now to offer one or two specimens of its contents, and the execution of the prints. The dialogues are usually commenced by an interchange of observations upon some commonplace topic or other, from which the parties who sustain these "Conversations," proceed to the discussion of various principles of moral conduct, of art, government, science, the follies of the day, and the usages of antiquity; questions of history, anecdotes of celebrated men, and, in short (in the quaint language of the title-page), "of several Sciences and Institutes." It is in the same place added, that the work is "replete with Fine Sayings, various Stories, Ancient and Modern Proverbs, Moral Axioms, Tales and Events; divided into Four Books; a work useful to Persons of all Conditions, for the Reformation of their Habit and Conduct, and proper for Men of all Professions*."

The opening "Ragionamento" of the first book, is thus propounded in the Table of Contents: "Why the Ignorant and Wicked are more numerous than the Good and Learned; with many, and fine Reasons." It is headed by a "Portrait of Ignorance, according to the Ancients," which has appeared to us well worthy of being transferred to the Parthenon, and is here presented to the reader.

Pittura dell'Ignoranza, appresso gli antichi.

* The title is rather a curiosity, and we subjoin it:

"I Marmi del Doni; Academico Peregrino; cioè Ragionamenti introdotti à farsi da varie Conditioni d'Huomini, à luoghi di Honesto Piacere in Firenze, ripieno di Discorsi in varie Scienze et Discipline; motti

We need hardly observe, how grand a character pervades this little design, attesting, as it does, in its original conception, a talent so immeasurably superior to its rude execution on the wooden block from whence it has been printed. But all the designs in the book are more or less distinguished by the same spirited and vigorous treatment of subject—the same coarse, harsh, and yet effective engraving. We should be strongly inclined to attribute many of the drawings to the school and age of the Caracci; and the engravings (if we must be so complaisant as to call them by that name) are not unlike some of the more unfinished productions of Cornelius Cort, who is known to have instructed Agostino Caracci in the use of the graver.

In the opening discourse, already alluded to, Miglior Guidotti and Salvestro del Berretta, from observations on the superfluous amount of wickedness and ignorance in this world (an accident, by the bye, which, like our Mandeville, they seem to think quite proper, and fortunate, and necessary, to our well being), pass on to reflections upon the ignorance that we betray even in our aspirations after positive good, and moral felicity. Johnson would have termed such a disquisition a treatise "on the vanity of human wishes;" but we do not remember ever to have seen a more original or pleasant apologue, intended to convey a very grave truth in ethics, than the one which we shall now subjoin. It is a happy specimen of that mingled philosophy and pleasantry, which we may venture to term "*buffo* didactics"—in which the Italians have in all times excelled every other people, and in which their greatest poets have loved to indulge, occasionally, not less than their most incomparable novelists.

"It is said that once upon a time there were a thousand vessels, perhaps, belonging to different pirates; or, if there were not a thousand, as many as nine hundred and ninety-nine of them, at least; which, being all assembled in one port, proceeded to concert measures for catching the sun, which they saw, every morning, spring from the deep. All of them proceeded to make every thing ready for their enterprise, by providing as many oars and as many hands as they could possibly muster; saying, at the same time, 'As soon as we have captured the sun we shall be rich, because we may manage him at our pleasure; sometimes compelling him to stand still, and at others to go on, and so forth.' And, accordingly, as they who were first equipped and ready, pulled out to sea, one might have predicted, from the order in which they put off, as well as from the degree of competition they manifested, which would come up soonest with the expected prize; and which (reckoning from the first dip of their oars), would be with it at midnight; which of them two hours before day-break; which, at the dawn; and which, at high day—so they began to shape their course for that particular quarter from whence the sun had appeared to them to rise out of the ocean. Observe, if you please, that some of the galleys being in advance, it seemed to those that were in the rear, and latest in coming up, that the former were so close upon the prize, as to enable their crews, as it were, to get hold of him. This prospect caused them much agitation; and the more they gained upon their comrades, the nearer did they believe themselves to their anticipated booty. At length they overtook their van; but at such a distance from land, and in such a position, that they discovered they had been, all this time, in pursuit of a manifest absurdity; and they found themselves to be just as far from the capture of the sun, as they were while they remained in harbour! Many who had,

arguti, Istorie varie, Proverbij antichi et moderni, Sentenze morale, Accidenti et Novellette morali; diviso in Quatro Libri. Opera gioueuole à Persone d'ogni stato, per il Corregimento de Costumi, et per ogni Professione d'Huomini. Dedicata al Clarissimo Signor Giovanni Vendramino. Con licenza de Superiori e Privilegio. IN VENETIA: presso Gio. B. Bertoni, M.DC.IX"

through indolence, continued on shore, upon seeing all the galliles steering directly for the quarter from whence arose daily the object of their hopes, became almost desperate because they were not yet there themselves; and although the poor weary sailors, upon their return into port, told such as had remained ashore, that their scheme had proved utterly fruitless, the others would not believe them.

"*Now, such is the condition of man. He rushes on in pursuit of contentment; and does not perceive that discontent is always pursuing him.*

ITALY, DESCRIBED BY GOETHE.

NEARLY forty years ago, Goethe made the tour of Italy. He gave an account of what he saw and felt, in letters to his friends, which, however, did not appear in print until 1817, more than thirty years after the correspondence commenced. These Letters are contained in two small volumes, and form a continuation, or second part *(Zweyter Abtheilung)* of his Memoirs, which he published under the singular title of "Aus meinem Leben—Dichtung und Wharheit*." A translation of the Memoirs was lately published by Mr. Colburn; but the Letters from Italy, though highly valuable, have not yet appeared in English. We are persuaded we shall gratify many of our readers, by making some extracts from them. Goethe began his journey to Italy in September 1786, and returned to Weimar in 1789. He was then in the meridian of life, and the impressions which the country, the manners of the people, all the objects of nature and art which he saw, made upon him, are retraced in that vivid style, and with that masterly power of description for which he is so much distinguished. It would be no uninteresting task to compare Goethe with some of the numerous tourists who have recently passed over the same ground, and to note the differences between things as they then were, and as they now are.

We have only farther to remark, that we do not mean to give a complete translation of these Letters. They contain observations on the soil and the weather, into which the author's taste for meteorological and mineralogical subjects had led him, and many other things, which, however important in themselves, we must omit, as they do not come within the scope of our journal.

Carlsbad was the point whence Goethe took his departure, and he gives to his Letters the following motto:

Auch ich in Arcadien†!

Carlsbad, September 3, 1786.

This morning, at three o'clock, I quitted Carlsbad by stealth; for I should not have been permitted to depart openly, as my friends, who had celebrated with the most cordial affection the anniversary of my birth-day (the 28th of August), would have considered themselves entitled to detain me. However, I could not remain longer with them: I therefore threw myself into a post-chaise, with my portmanteau and travelling-bag, and at half past seven o'clock I arrived at Zwota. On entering Bavaria, I observed the Convent of Waldsassen, a fine property belonging to some wealthy monks. This monastery, and its extensive posses-

* This secondary and equivocal title, "Dichtung und Wharheit," (Invention and Truth), we find is omitted in the two volumes of Letters from Italy.

† "I have also been in Arcadia." Goethe's motto is a translation of part of the inscription on a tomb in one of Poussin's pictures—*Et ego quoque in Arcadia Pastor*.

sions, are situated at the bottom of a basin, in a valley composed of rich meadow land, and surrounded by picturesque and fertile hills.

I arrived next morning at Ratisbon. The situation of Ratisbon is very picturesque. The spot seemed formed for the site of a city; and this the clergy were not long in perceiving. All the lands around the city belong to ecclesiastics, and the town itself contains a prodigious number of churches and convents. The Danube reminded me of the Maine, though the beauty of the bridge at Frankfort gives a more imposing appearance to the latter river. I paid a visit to the College of the Jesuits. It happened to be the very day on which a theatrical entertainment was given by the pupils. I saw the end of an opera, and the beginning of a tragedy. They acquitted themselves as well as could be expected from a young company of amateurs. The dresses were excellent, perhaps even too magnificent, and the whole was a decided proof of the taste of the reverend fathers. They neglected nothing that could possibly add to the effect of the performances, making every thing an object of attention and interest. They displayed no traces of cold calculation, and they took an active part in the amusements. They have not only organ-builders, sculptors, and gilders among them, but tasteful and intelligent theatrical amateurs. The pomp of the ceremonies draws the faithful to their churches, and the worldly taste for splendour serves to procure them proselytes.

Nothing so much engages my attention, as the Jesuits: their churches, towers, and other edifices, are all constructed on a scale of grandeur which commands involuntary respect. Gold, silver, and marble, are lavished on their decoration and ornament, and produce a magnificence of effect which dazzles the eyes of the populace. Their superstitious forms also serve to attract the vulgar. Such is, in general, the spirit of the Catholic worship; but I have no where seen it applied with so much art, spirit, and address, as among the Jesuits. Every circumstance tends to shew that they do not, like the other ecclesiastical orders, adhere to a taciturn and superannuated devotion. They conform with the spirit of the age, by their taste for splendour and magnificence.

Munich, September 6.

I arrived at Munich at six o'clock in the morning. As I only stayed a few hours in this place, I have little to say of it. The picture-gallery contains some excellent pictures; and among others, the sketches for those with which Rubens has adorned the Luxembourg gallery. There is also a curious small model of Trajan's column. It is made of lapis lazuli, and the figures are gilt.

Mittelwald, September 7.

I reached Wallensee at half past four. At about a league from this place, I met with an agreeable adventure. I overtook a harper, who was walking on before me with his daughter, a little girl of twelve years old. The man begged me to take her into the carriage with me, which I did. The little girl seated herself beside me, and placed a large new box carefully under her feet. She was pretty, and her manners were interesting and agreeable. She told me that she had made a pilgrimage on foot, along with her mother, to Our Lady of Einsidel. They had made a vow to perform a much longer pilgrimage—that of St. Jago de Compostella—but the death of her mother had prevented the accomplishment of this vow. "It is impossible to do too much," said the girl, "in honour of the Mother of God." She had witnessed the burning of a house, which was consumed to the very ground, and had observed, behind a mirror that hung over the door, the image of the Virgin, which, together with the glass, escaped without the least damage. This was an evident miracle. She had performed all her journeys on foot. She had played the harp very lately before the Elector of Bavaria;

and had also performed before an assembly of princes, and other persons of distinction. Her agreeable chat amused me very much. Her large black eyes, and expanded forehead, were full of intelligence. Whenever she spoke, and particularly when she smiled with childish gaiety, she was agreeable and natural; but when silent, she assumed an air of importance, screwed up her mouth, and put on an expression which was far from graceful. We talked together a great deal. She seemed astonished at nothing, but observed every thing with attention. Perceiving a tree which she did not know, she asked me its name. It was a fine large maple, the first I had seen during this journey. She took particular notice of it, and recognized others of the same kind which we met with afterwards. She was going to the fair of Botzen, and she concluded that I was also on my way thither. I was obliged to promise her a fairing if she should meet me there. She intended to sport a new cap there, which she had purchased at Munich, out of the produce of her concerts. While she let me into this secret, she opened her box, and took out of it a cap, finely trimmed with ribbons, which I did not fail to admire.

But not the least part of the pleasure her company afforded me, was the assurance she gave me of fine weather for our journey. Her father and she carried an infallible barometer in their harp. If the small string became sharp, which had happened that very day, it was a sure sign of fine weather. I was pleased with the omen; and we separated in good humour, hoping soon to meet again.

ELEMENTARY ILLUSTRATIONS.

A SERIES of caricatures, quizzing the weather, have been in the print-shops for the last few months, which have something of bold drawing about them, and a great deal of spirited conception. A fog scene—the "Thorough-bred November"—is the best-executed picture; in fact, it goes hardly so far as caricature, and not a great deal beyond legitimate outline; but the gentleman in the rain—the "real Cat and Dog Day"—is the most intensely imagined; it is Aquarius descended, and in Fleet-street—a drowning not merely of "the cocks," as Lear would have it, but of the hens too:—the artist who sketched the figure, must have left himself out in the wet some whole night, and then drawn himself, in the glass, with windows open, and no fire lighted, the next morning.

All rag of soul that there ever was about this sufferer, has evidently been, for hours past, washed away. He has "degraded" in the scale of existence, and is but a passive conductor now, between the clouds and the common sewer. For his hat, that is of no shape at all—the gust is moulding it while you look on. The water which enters so freely at the top of his boot, ceases to afflict, only because it runs out again, with equal liberty, at the bottom. His coat—with that instinctive horror which broad-cloth "agnises" to wet—is contracting itself, to get out of it, until the cuff wrinkles up to the elbow. The watch swims in his pocket. His gloves are forfeit—without reprieve—to the next tripeman's barrow that passes. In short, he is no longer a man, but a rain-pipe. The wet oozes out of him all over, as it does out of a leathern engine-hose at a fire. He "represents" amphibious—nay, he does more, for he lives on land and in water at the same time. The mere steam that would come from him—if the sun would shine—would navigate a ship from London to Jamaica. You might squeeze him out—if you took both hands—like a bunch of sea-weed, or a great sponge; and, if you had nothing else to do, it would be a Samaritan's deed so to employ yourself.

Then, the face of the lost-for-ever has considerable merit. There is a fine hopelessness—a resignation that goes beyond despair—about it. He comprehends now, clearly, that the Deluge must have been a calamity. He looks!—there is no rainbow—Is it quite certain that a Deluge may not happen again? Nothing can exceed the pallidness of his countenance—a little darkened by the dye streaming out of what was a beaver once, upon his head. Things are at their worst, in his estimation, we can see clearly; if there were a water-spout on one side of the way, he would not take the trouble of crossing, to get away from it. The fishes in Ireland who swam under the bridge to be out of the wet—he feels that this thing is possible enough. He thinks of the whale's belly, and of Jonah; and finds that Jonah, in some weathers, might have had a worse retreat.

Again, he casts his eyes upwards. Spite of Macbeth's reasoning—to "die a dry death upon land," is not the worst fate that may befall a man! Dark suggestions cross his mind! Why should it rain?—or why should he be out in it? This world—what is't to him? He looks upon the swollen kennel as it rolls along, and muses on the troubled tide of human fate—which, "taken at the flood," leads to Fleet-ditch—or the great gulph by Chelsea! Life is such a stream as this—and man the apple-rind that swims on it. The grave is the grand sewer—existence, its wide course—the channel. Clothes spoiled—garret leaky—fire, black out;—there is a world elsewhere! The desperate wretch reaches his attic—finds the soot beaten all down the chimney—takes his corrosive sublimate in cold water—shivers, and dies.

In this published sketch, the artist has relied entirely on his single figure—though the sky goes so far, certainly, as to shew that the rain is an eight-and-forty hours' affair. But a great deal more might have been made of the same subject, by turning the back ground of the picture to account. A very felicitous moment to lay the scene in of such an outline, would be the commencement of a December evening; with the rain floating, in absolute waves, upon the pavement, and a hundred weathercocks blowing each a different way. Half the fresh-lighted gas lamps driven out; the light of the rest flickering in the puddle. The boxes of the hackney-coaches stripped of their hammer-cloths; and the drivers wearing out three hats at once. Gutters overflowing; apple-stall women in an agony; chimney-sweepers washed quite white; and black footmen almost. To eke out with a pieman, half petrified, standing in a thorough draft, at the corner of an alley; a ballad-singer, with a sack flung round him, singing, and the rain running off him as it does off a duck's back; and a funeral in full, the plumes all draggled, and the undertakers really looking mournful;—or, if there were not room for the whole procession of this last affair, two mutes might be brought in, standing together at a door; which is the most comfortless sight in a rainy day that ever it fell to human lot to look at.

Something of this general lesson has been attempted in another of the trifles that we named—the "Thorough-bred November," or "London Particular." The red murky light shining from the lanthorn, and the blowing of the leaders in the mail-coach, are both features well given. The figure in the fog, too, is extremely well drawn, and sufficiently distinguished from the former sufferer in the rain. The winter scenes [snow] of this same series, are inferior to the above-mentioned. A summer sketch, with flies round a citizen's head, as he takes his wig off, is bright and sultry, but the idea is not a new one. (1)

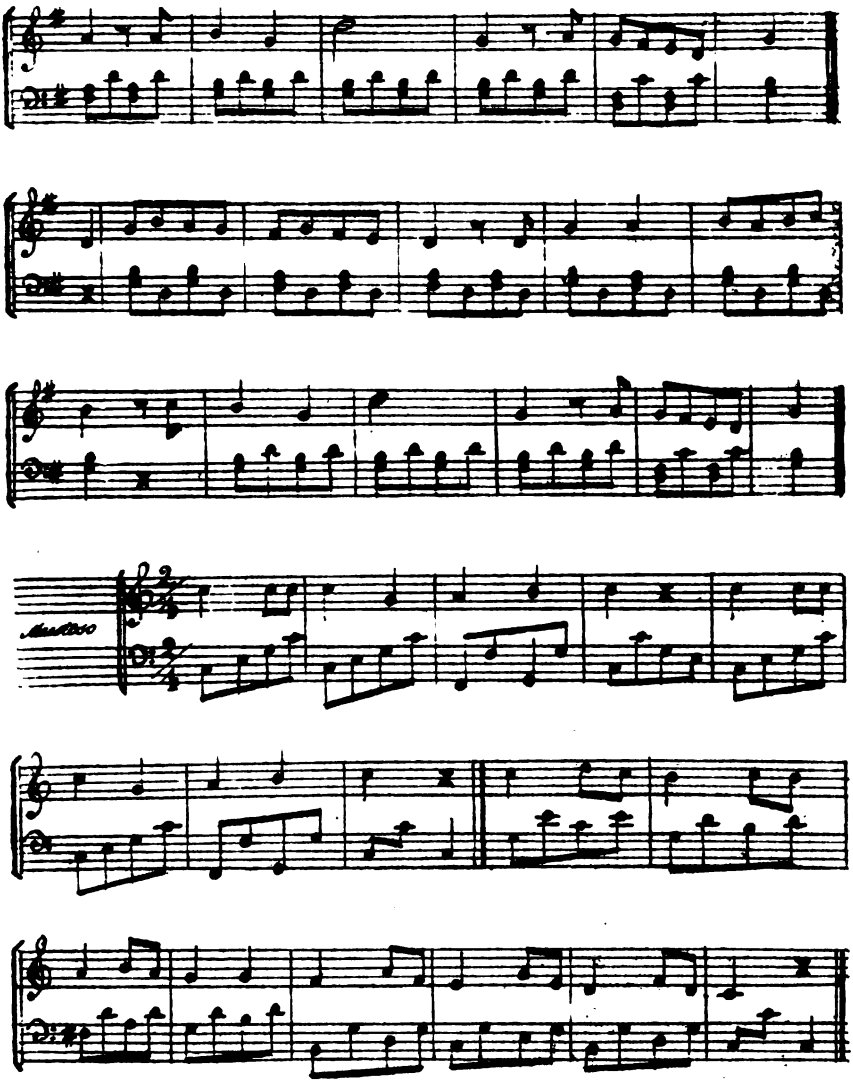
THE MUSIC OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

Modern Greek music, like the modern Greeks themselves, surely differs very much from the ancient, or the accounts transmitted to us of the time devoted to the study of the latter, and its general cultivation, must be as fabulous as the marvellous stories which have been told of its effects. The Greeks of the present day are indeed said to be passionately fond of their simple and unimpressive airs, and are ready enough to tell wonderful tales of the influence produced by them. But these relations, if true, prove nothing as to the quality of the music. Very rude melodies may have a powerful charm for uncultivated ears; and we shall mention two stories, which are by no means improbable. During the reign of the cruel Amurat IV. a Greek who was doomed to death, obtained his pardon from the sultan, in consequence of moving him to compassion by his performance on the lyre. It is also related, that a native of Cyprus, while sailing along the Black Sea, sat at the stern of the vessel playing on his lyre, and on arriving beneath the windows of the celebrated Ibrahim Pashaw, he attracted the attention of the sultana. Ibrahim desired that he might be conducted to his presence; and after enjoying the honour of playing to the sultana, the musician was dismissed with costly presents and marks of favour. It has been, however, thought by some, that remains of the ancient music may yet be traced among the present Greeks. Their festivals, at least those of a joyous character, invariably conclude with songs which have been supposed to resemble the *Skolia* of the ancients, and which occasionally display sparks of that fire by which Anacreon and Sappho were inspired.

Most of the Greeks sing, and play upon the lyre, or lute, which are their favourite instruments. Their lyres very much resemble that which Virgil assigns to Orpheus, in the sixth book of the Æneid. The strings are either touched in the *pizzicato* style, or played with a bow, which supplies the place of the ancient *plectrum*.

While the modern Greeks understand but little of music as an art, they are as ignorant as the Turks, of all that relates to musical science. All their skill consists in learning by heart, the airs and accompaniments of their own native melodies, and, occasionally, simple songs which they have heard from Italians. Thus he who has sufficient ingenuity to compose an air, experiences not a little difficulty in enabling others to perform it: his only resource is to repeat it over and over until it is got by heart. Among the Greeks, there are very few capable of writing out an air; and those who can do so, employ a kind of musical notation invented by themselves, and unintelligible to any body else. They know nothing of our system of notation, nor of the characters employed by the ancients. They sometimes indicate the pitch of the note, but never its length.

When several singers or players perform together, they all execute the same part. With the exceptions of bass accompaniments, the modern Greeks are wholly ignorant of harmony. They have also lost the rhythm or metre of the ancients; and that which they now term rhythm, is merely the time of the melody, with reference to quickness or slowness. The two following airs, which we print in the simple and unadorned style in which they are performed by the Greeks, may afford some idea of the present state of music among that people:



This last melody is, we believe, the ground-work of a Greek air recently published by Mr. Knapton, and which he has made the subject of some elegant and fanciful variations.

TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.

THOUGH the prolific pen of the author of Waverley is constantly employed in supplying the craving appetite of "the reading public" with food, we never find that there is any glut in the market. The article is rapidly taken up, and no symptoms of satiety are perceptible. On the contrary, no sooner is a new novel announced, than there is an anxious longing for its arrival, and when it does come to hand, it seems to be received with all the eager relish of a newly-invented sauce by the palate of an epicure. An approbation so universal—a success so uninterrupted, is an undoubted proof of extraordinary talent, and of the exercise of that talent in a happy accordance with the taste and feelings of the public. Not only are facility of style, picturesque description, and natural portraiture of character, distinguishing characteristics of this writer, but throughout the whole of his works, the reader cannot fail to perceive, and is pleased to find, the social and cordial spirit of the man shewing itself under the mask of the author. If he have not all the vigour and depth of some of his precursors in the same species of composition, he is free from their coarseness, and has redeemed novel writing from the low state into which it had fallen, after the models left by Fielding and Smollett. We must, however, break off from these reflections, to lay before our readers such a description of this fresh importation from the North, as we may be able to give within the space of our Journal which is left unoccupied.

The four volumes of which the work consists, are preceded by an introduction, containing some mystification respecting the authorship of the Scotch novels; but this is a *hors d'œuvre*, which, at present, we do not intend to touch. There are in this publication, two tales, each of which occupies two volumes. The title of the first is **The Betrothed.**

The scene is laid in the borders of Wales, in the latter part of the twelfth century, when Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by Geraldus de Barri, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, instigated the Norman Barons and Welsh Chieftains to take part in the Crusade. There was at this time something like peace between the Welsh Princes and their neighbours, the Norman Barons, the Lords Marchers, which led to some intercourse. In this moment of short-lived repose, Gwenwyn, the sovereign of Powys Land, visits Raymond Berenger, the Norman lord of the frontier Castle of Garde Doloureuse, and falls in love with the only daughter of his host, Eveline. On his return to his mountain territory, Gwenwyn sends a messenger to Raymond Berenger, with a formal proposal of marriage with his daughter. The Norman Castellane has however other views, and refuses the offered alliance. The scene in which the result of this negotiation is disclosed, is one in which the author's masterly art of description is felt. Wishing to remove the objections of his principal followers to his intended match with a Norman lady, Gwenwyn has invited them to his castle, and amidst their rude feasting, which is finely painted, the messenger returns with a dispatch from Garde Doloureuse; but none of the company can read, except the ancient bard, Cadwallon, and Latin, the language in which the letter is written, is beyond his reach. A priest must therefore be sent for. In the mean time, a young ambitious bard having supplied the place of Cadwallon, whose harp refused to celebrate the alliance of his chief with a foreign bride, flatters Gwenwyn, by mingling his praises with those of the Norman beauty.

"As the lion (sang he) can only be led by the hand of a chaste and beautiful maiden, so a chief can only acknowledge the empire of the most lovely of her sex. Who asks of the noon-day sun, in what quarter of the world he was born! and who shall ask of such charms as hers, to what country they owe their birth?"

Father Hugo, who is sent for to interpret the Latin dispatch, is employed in ecclesiastical duties; and until he arrives, Gwenwyn endures an anxious suspense, which the young bard endeavours to relieve by another Celtic strain. He thus apostrophizes the letter:

"And what, though thou, O Scroll, doest speak with the tongue of the stranger! Hath not the cuckow a harsh note, and yet she tells us of of green buds and springing flowers! What, if thy language be that of the stoled priest, is it not the same which binds hearts and hands together at the altar! And what, though thou delayest to render up thy treasures, are not all pleasures most sweet when enhanced by expectation! What were the chace, if the deer dropped at our feet the instant he started from the cover! or what value were there in the love of the maiden, were it yielded without coy delay!"

Gwenwyn, indignant at the rejection of his offer, collects a numerous force, and marches against Raymond Berenger, who is defeated and killed. The next object of the Welsh Prince, is to take the castle and the lady by force; but he is baffled by the prudent management of the governor, Wilkin Flammock, a cool steady Fleming. This man and his daughter Rose, the confidant of Eveline, are principal characters in the story. The daughter is one of those faithful, open-hearted females, which the author often delights to draw. The Welsh are soon defeated, and the castle relieved by Hugo de Lacy, the Constable of Chester, who commissions his nephew, Damian de Lacy, to greet Eveline on the success of his enterprize, as he is himself bound by a vow, not to enter under a roof, until he embark for the Holy Land. It soon appears, that a mutual passion subsists, almost unconsciously to themselves,

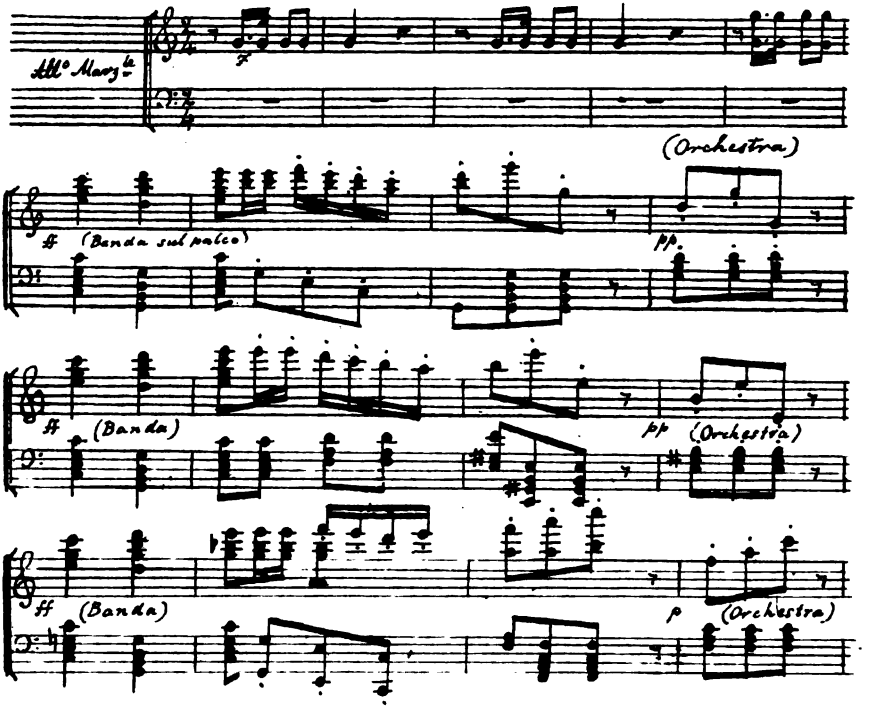
between the handsome Damian and Eveline. But the deceased Berenger had, unknown to his daughter, promised her hand to Hugo de Lacy. This promise, on which the subsequent interest of the story turns, is soon communicated to her by the Constable, who urges its fulfilment. Eveline tells him that she wishes to consult her aunt, the Abbess of the Benedictine Nunnery at Gloucester, and thither she proceeds next morning, with her attendants, and a strong escort of Norman cavaliers. On her way, she visits her aunt Ermengarde, a Saxon lady, who insists on her undergoing the ordeal of sleeping in a chamber haunted by a Bahr-geist, into which it was customary for the females of the family to lodge during one night, and there to learn their destiny. The whole legend, which is, perhaps, borrowed from the German, cannot be told here. It is sufficient to say, that Eveline, consistently enough with the superstition of the age, sees an apparition. On retiring to the haunted chamber, she, in compliance with the direction given her, fastens the door inside. Rose, alarmed for the safety of her mistress, resolves to sleep in an adjoining apartment. She looks out at a window, to see whether any of the Norman patrols are at hand, and observes, beside an oak, a soldier wrapped in his white military cloak, leaning on his lance, and looking anxiously to the side of the castle in which she is. This soldier is the young Damian. Rose beckons to him, tells him that the next window is that of the Lady Eveline's chamber, and desires him to be ready, in case of danger. In the midst of the night, Rose hears a loud scream, followed by a deep groan from Eveline. She rushes to the window, gives a hasty direction to the soldier, who soon mounts to the window, enters the chamber, breaks open the door of communication, comes out with the half-dressed and apparently lifeless Eveline in his arms, and delivers her into the hands of Rose. This is no sooner done, than he retreats through the window by which he had entered, without being recognized.

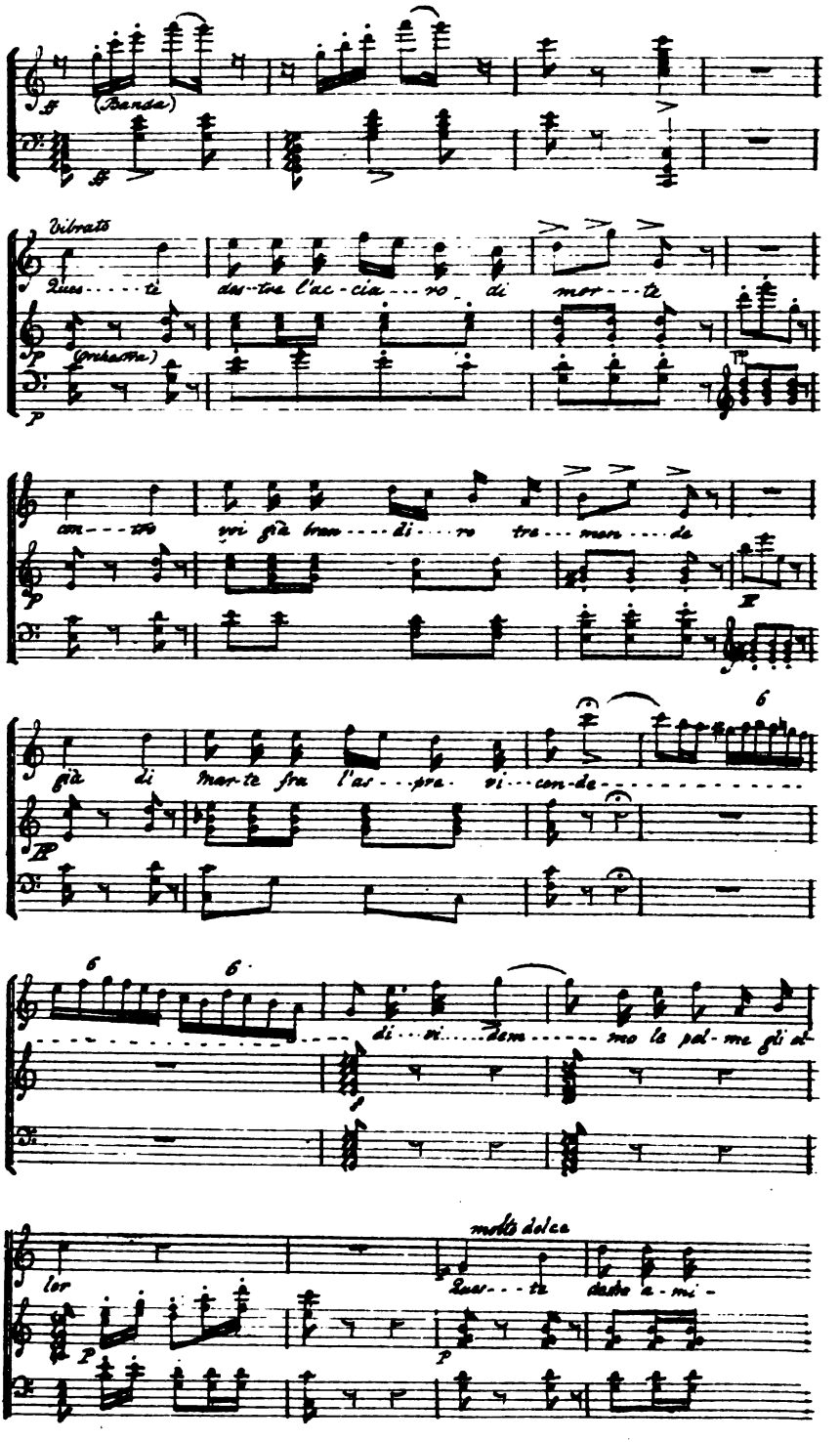
We must be brief with what follows. Eveline repairs to the Benedictine Nunnery, of which her aunt is Abbess, and there a contract of marriage is concluded between her and Hugo de Lacy. But Archbishop Baldwin denounces the vengeance of Heaven on de Lacy, if he do not immediately direct his arms against the Saracens; and farther progress in the espousals is prohibited. Passing over a variety of romantic events, we shall conclude by stating that the tale ends, as the reader doubtless will have anticipated, by the union of Damian and Eveline. The Constable returns from the Crusades, relinquishes his claim, and surrenders the lady to his nephew.

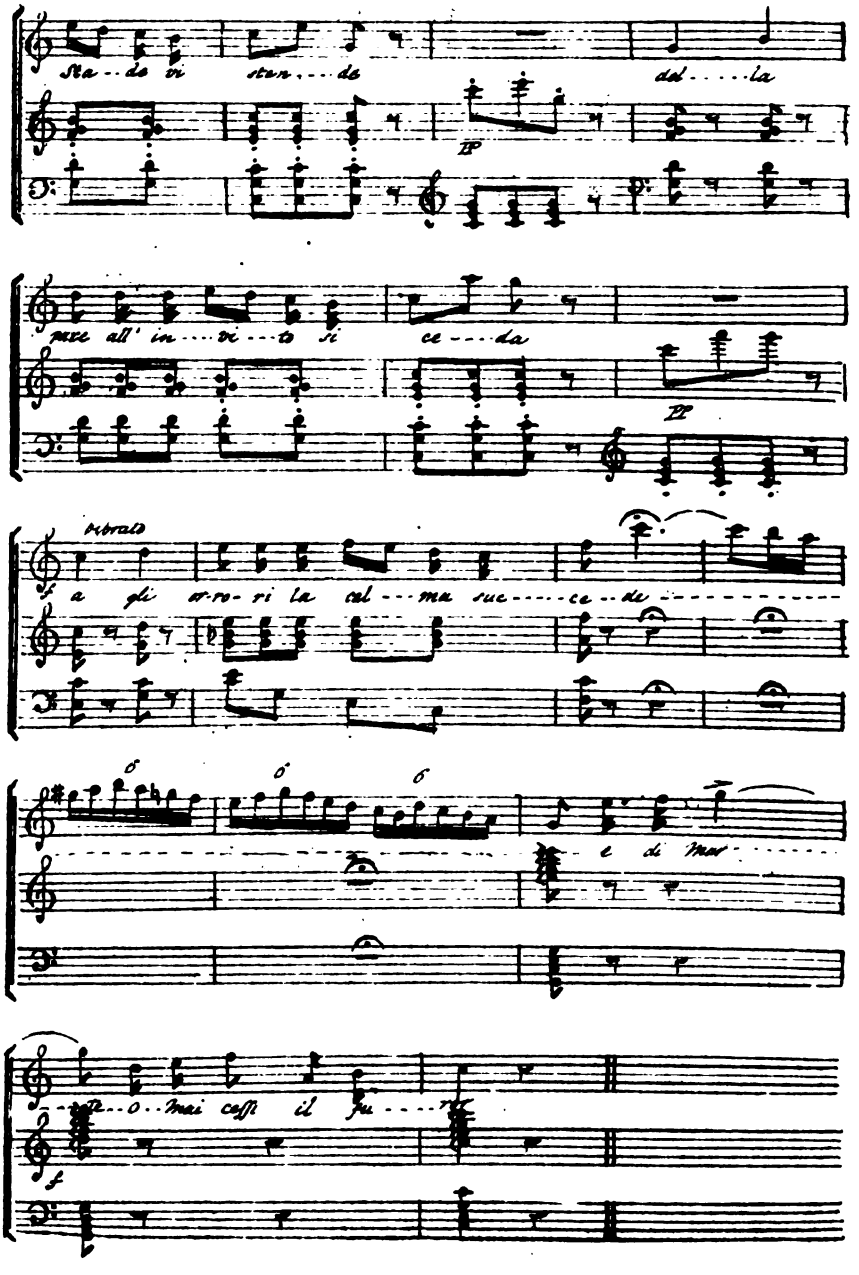
There is in this story, much of the author's happy manner, but there occasionally occur weak parts, and some tedious details, amidst which the interest flags. The second story, named The Talisman, if we may judge from the little we have had time to read of it, is likely to prove the more attractive of the two. Having received an early copy of the Crusaders, we intended to have made several extracts from both stories; but finding that the work will be in general circulation before the time for publishing the Parthenon arrive, we stop here, to avoid occupying room with passages from a book which, it is probable, most of our readers already possess.

IL CROCIATO IN EGITTO.

Passing from the Novelist to the Musician, the subject is again the Crusades. Mayerbeer's *Il Crociato in Egitto*, announced for representation in the King's Theatre, was brought out at Venice, and has been performed with the highest success at all the principal operatic theatres of Europe. The music is remarkable for beauty and originality of melody, happily blended with rich and appropriate accompaniments. The parts of the opera in which the talent of the composer is most strikingly manifested, are the Introduction, and Chorus of Slaves, *Patria amatu Patria*, and the scena which ensues on the entrance of the *prima donna;* but above all, that part commencing with the words — *Solve immagine.* The beautiful terzett—*Giovinetto Cavalier*, has already been in part published in London. The following cavatina was, on the original performance of the opera, sung by Velutti, in the character of the hero Armando. When the piece was brought out at the Grand Opera at Paris, this cavatina was assigned to the character of Adriano; but we presume the original arrangement will be observed on the representation of the opera on our stage.




(Banda)
Vibrato
Ques - te das - tre l'ac - cia - no di mor - te
(Orchestra)
con - tro vi già tran - di - ro tre - men - da
già di Mar-te fra l'as - pra vi - con - de
di - vi - dem - mo le pal - me gli al
lor
molto dolce
Ques - te dasto a - mi -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THE PARTHENON.

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SKETCHES,

Historical and Pictorial,

OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

ANDREA TAFI is mentioned by Vasari and Baldinucci, as having excelled in the execution of Mosaic. They scarcely notice his having painted, except for the sake of stating that his ill success with the pencil induced him to turn his attention to Mosaic-work, which was at that period held in high estimation, on account of its durability. Yet they both agree that he had pupils, who afterwards distinguished themselves as painters, a circumstance which is of itself sufficient to prove that Tafi not only professed painting, but that he must have distinguished himself in that art. He was born in 1213; yet Baldinucci pretends that he was a pupil of Cimabue, who was not born till twenty-seven years after him, and who could hardly have given lessons before his thirtieth year, at which time his pupil must have been fifty-seven—a very promising age to commence the study of painting! While we are

upon the subject of Baldinucci's mistatements, it may be as well to mention another very glaring one. He mentions Frà Mino da Turrita, a Mosaic painter, as the pupil of Tafi, and states that he died about the year 1306. But he takes care not to inform his readers that Mino flourished in 1225, when Tafi was but twelve years old, as is evident from the following inscription, placed in large letters on his Mosaic of St. John, at Florence:

"Vigiuti quinque Christi cum mille ducentis."

But Tafi worked in distemper as well as Mosaic. One of his pictures is given in the "Etruria Pittrice;" and the author of "Considérations sur l'état de la Peinture," &c. mentions three which were in his own possession. Among these was a representation of the Virgin and Child, with a St. John, a St. Peter, and two Angels, one playing on the violin, and the other on the mandoline. It was usual at this period, for individual artists to combine the practice of all the three branches of the Fine Arts—Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; and many of them worked in Mosaic, as well as in Fresco and Distemper.

A whimsical story is related of Tafi, in one of Sacchetti's tales. It was customary with that painter, and indeed with most of the artists of that period, when the nights were long, to rise early in the morning, before sun-rise, and proceed with their work, after having roused their *garzoni*, or pupils. Buonamico Buffalmaco, the humorous friend of Bruno and Calandrino, so celebrated in Boccacio, happened to be one of those; and, as he was by no means fond of being called out of bed in the middle of his night's rest, he set his wits to work, to discover some expedient for putting a stop to this practice. Tafi's character possessed a tolerable portion of the weakness and superstition of the age. Buonamico knew this, and he soon hit upon a stratagem to avail himself of it. He went to the cellar, and raked together thirty enormous black beetles, and, by means of small pins, attached to the back of each a little taper. Just as Tafi's usual hour for rising had arrived, he lighted the tapers, and put the insects, one by one, through a chink of the door of his master's bedroom. Poor Tafi, wakening at the moment, and terrified to death at the sight of these crawling lights, began to recommend himself to the Virgin, and saying his prayers as softly as he could, hid his head under the bed-clothes. In this situation he remained till day-light, never once thinking of troubling his pupils. At length, however, he ventured to rise, and going to Buffalmaco's bed-side, asked him whether he had seen any thing of the thousand devils who had paid him a visit during the night. Buffalmaco replied that he had not, but that he was surprised he had not been called up as usual. "Ah!" said Tafi, "I had something else to think of besides painting, and I am determined not to remain in this house much longer." The following night Buonamico repeated his experiment, though on a smaller scale, putting only three beetles into his master's room. This was quite enough, however, added to the fright he had already had, to prevent Tafi from enjoying a wink of sleep; and as soon as it was day, he rose and left the house, with a determination never to enter it again. After some difficulty, however, Buffalmaco prevailed on him to return, and, in concert with the parish-priest, exerted himself to console the afflicted artist. Aided by his spiritual auxiliary, Messer Buffalmaco succeeded in persuading his master that demons must necessarily feel a very great antipathy to painters, not only because these evil spirits were always represented by artists in hideous and deformed shapes, but because they must be continually offended by the innumerable pictures of Saints and Angels which were painted. "So," continued he, "it is very natural they should feel a spite against us; and as they are more powerful in the night than in the day, they will go on playing these pranks; aye, and even worse, if this practice of getting up in the night-time is not done away with." Tafi was

by no means inclined to dispute this point; he lay quietly in his bed for the future, and was never more disturbed by the demons.

The following outline of one of Tafi's paintings, furnishes an example of the admission of figures of different proportions into the same composition; a practice which was not unusual among the early painters. It represents the Virgin and Child, with some Saints and Angels.

The above design is stiff and dry, and altogether inferior to that of the Guido da Siena, inserted in our first article. There is something rather graceful in the turn of the Virgin's head, but her attitude is awkward, and that of the Child is extremely cramped. The feet of the Virgin seem here to be studiously concealed; while in the picture we have just alluded to, they are boldly and successfully shewn.

ITALY DESCRIBED BY GOETHE.

From the Brenner, Sept. 8, Evening.

Near Zirl, the road descends into the valley of the Inn. It would be difficult to describe the extreme beauty of this spot, which was greatly increased by the magnificence and varied hues of the sunny clouds. The postilion drove much faster than I could have wished. As he had not yet heard mass, he was eager to reach Inspruck, and the feast of the Virgin served as a stimulus to his devotion. The carriage therefore went at full speed, and the slope of the roads between the Inn and the hill of Saint-Martin, served only to increase its velocity. This hill is an enormous mass of calcareous stones. The rock is steep, and of prodigious height.

The situation of Inspruck, in a fine and broad valley, enclosed with high rocks and mountains, is very picturesque. At first I felt inclined to stay here; but I soon determined to proceed. Every body had dressed themselves in their best for the festival. The people, who are as pious as they are gay, go in pilgrimage to Wilden, a place of devotion half a league from the town, towards the mountains. At two o'clock we passed through the midst of this multitude. The pilgrims were pouring in from all quarters.

After leaving Inspruck, the country becomes mountainous, and improves in beauty at every step. No description could give an adequate idea of it. I proceeded to a considerable height, along a perfectly smooth road, by the side of cascades, the waters of which, directing their course towards the Inn, present the most varied aspects in their fall. The road is in some places cut into the rock itself, and is bordered on one side by steep declivities, and on the other by an open country in fine cultivation. The distant villages, straggling houses, and cottages with carefully whitened walls, appearing here and there among the fields and the woods, vary and enliven the prospect. The scene soon changes, however; the land is every where converted into meadows, and the road proceeds by an almost insensible descent.

The sun had just set; his last rays had tinged the horizon with red, and the usual signs announced the gradual approach of darkness. The eye ceased to distinguish individual objects, and the masses, which had before been defined with such grandeur and magnificence, now produced only confused impressions on my mind. But the moon suddenly appeared, and lighted up with new splendour the snow-clad summits of the mountains. I must now wait until the beams of the rising sun penetrate into the narrow passes, among which I am, as it were, enclosed within the limits which separate the south from the north.

The inhabitants of this country are active and frank in their manners. The countenances of the natives have nearly a uniform character. The women are distinguished by large eyes, surmounted by beautifully arched eye-brows. The men, on their part, have fair and bushy eye-brows. They wear green hats, which harmonize well with the grey colour of the mountains, and give a certain air of smartness to their costume. Their hats are decorated with ribands, or with broad pieces of fringed taffety, tied in an elegant bow, which serves to fasten in a flower or feather. The women, on the contraty, disfigure themselves by wearing large caps of white cotton, trimmed with fringe, which in form resemble men's night-caps. This singular head-dress has a most unbecoming effect. However, when they travel, the women wear green hats like those of the men, in which they look uncommonly well.

I remarked that the people here are very fond of peacock's feathers, and indeed of all kinds of variegated feathers. Travellers who visit this country, would do well to provide

themselves with a stock of feathers; for one given at the right moment, is often a more acceptable present than money.

While I collect these sheets together for the sake of communicating to my friends the sentiments and ideas that occupy me, and acquainting them with all that occurs to me on my journey, I now and then cast an anxious glance on the manuscripts which I have brought with me, for the purpose of finishing and arranging them for the edition of my works which Goeschen is about to publish. Among the number is *Iphigenia*, which Herder has so warmly recommended to me. It is as yet merely a sort of sketch in poetic prose; but the praise which Herder has bestowed on the work, has inspired me with a regard for it. I have not hinted to him, or to my other friends, the plan of my journey. He supposes that my intention is merely to make an excursion among the Alps. He attaches no importance to mineralogy and geology, of which he always speaks with derision. He tells me I should do better to devote attention to my tragedy, than to amuse myself in collecting stones. These exhortations turn my thoughts to literary occupations; to which, however, I have not had an opportunity of applying myself since my departure. To-day I looked out *Iphigenia*, and I intend to make it my travelling companion in the fine countries which I am about to visit. The days are long: I run no risk of having my attention diverted from the object I have in view. The magnificent scenery of Nature will excite my imagination, while the fresh air and fine climate will inspire me with activity.

Trent, September 11.

I arrived here about eight o'clock yesterday evening, after a journey of fifty hours. I immediately retired to rest, and I arose this morning just in the right mind for continuing my narrative. The evening before last, I closed my journal, and went out to sketch the post inn on the Brenner; but I could not succeed, and I returned out of humour to my lodgings. My landlord advised me to continue my journey, assuring me that I should have a fine moonlight night, and an excellent road. I knew that he wanted the use of his horses on the following morning to get in his hay, and therefore the proposition was made from interested motives; however, as it happened to accord with my own intentions, I readily acceded to it. I packed up my luggage, and set out. The wind had dispersed the clouds, and the evening was delightful.

The postilion fell asleep, and the horses descended the hill rapidly, for they were well acquainted with the road. They slackened their pace when they came to the plain; but the whip of the postilion, who was by this time awake, drove them on speedily, and, after crossing several high hills, we arrived near the Adige. The moon shone brightly on every surrounding object. Through clusters of old pines I occasionally observed some water-mills, which had a very beautiful effect.

At nine o'clock I reached Sterzingen, whence, however, I departed immediately. It was midnight when we entered Mittelwald; every body was asleep except the postilion. We proceeded onwards to Brixen, where we did not stop; and by daylight we reached Colman. I was vexed at having passed through this magnificent country during the night, and at a pace which resembled a forced flight, rather than a journey of pleasure. I however found consolation in comparing my situation with that of the sailor who is wafted by a favourable breeze to the destined port. At daybreak I perceived the first hill planted with vines; and pursuing my course further to the north, I distinguished the valley of Botzen. The town is nearly surrounded with steep hills, which are cultivated to a certain height. It is open only on the south side. The Tyrolean mountains shelter it on the north. I was immediately sensible of the mild temperature of this country. Here the Adige takes its direction towards

the south. The vine decorates the little hills at the foot of the mountains; the stocks rise above the tufted foliage, and the purple grapes droop in elegant clusters to the ground, the heat of which promotes their maturity. In the valleys, which are generally covered with meadows, the vine is occasionally planted in lines, interspersed with stalks of maize, which rival it in height. I have seen some ten feet high. The vines are not yet divested of their male flowers, which are usually removed shortly after the fecundation.

I reached Botzen, still favoured by fair weather. Here I found assembled dealers in all sorts of merchandize. They had come to attend the fair, and their animated countenances indicated the enjoyment of an active and contented life. In the market-place, quantities of pears and peaches were elegantly ranged in round flat baskets, so that they might not be injured by pressing against each other. Here I was reminded of some lines which I saw written on the window of an inn in Ratisbon.

Comme les pêches et les mélons
Sont pour la bouche d'un bâron
Ainsi les verges et les bâtons,
Sont pour les fous, dit Salomon.

This had certainly been written by some northern baron; and it is no less certain that he would have changed his opinion, had he travelled to these southern regions.

A great trade in silks is carried on at the fair of Botzen. Here is also a considerable traffic in cloths and skins, which are brought from the mountain. The dealers were all busily engaged in collecting their money, booking orders, and opening credits. I should have felt great interest in inspecting the various articles of merchandize that were collected here, but my anxiety to see Italy impelled me onward; and besides, in this statistical age, one can always derive sufficient information on these subjects from books. My object now is to awaken in my mind all the sentiments that interest me, to exercise my observing faculties, to calculate the extent of my knowledge, the correctness of my ideas, and the rapidity of my conceptions; and finally, to banish all the erroneous impressions I have imbibed. The necessity of acting for myself, and maintaining continual presence of mind, has within these few days imparted fresh vigour to my intellectual faculties. Formerly I had only to reflect, to dictate, and to give orders; but now, I am obliged to make myself acquainted with the value of the current money, to make payments, to keep notes, and to write for myself: in short, I feel myself quite another being.

From Botzen to Treat the road runs for the space of eight leagues through a valley, the fertility of which seems to increase at every step. All kinds of vegetation are most vigorous and flourishing on the heights. The influence of the sun is exceedingly powerful, and every thing tends to impress the mind with a sublime idea of the bounty of Heaven.

On the road a poor woman begged that I would take into the carriage with me her child, who was disabled from walking by the scorching heat of the ground. I performed this act of charity in homage to the power of the climate. The child was very well dressed, but I could not get him to speak a word.

The current of the Adige is less rapid here than in other parts. Along the banks of the river, in the valley and on the hills, the plantations are so thickly crowded together, that they seem to have scarcely sufficient room for fair growth. Vines and maize, mulberry, apple, pear, quince, and nut-trees, seem to dispute for the possession of the soil. The elder overtops the walls, the green ivy spreads its branches over the rocks, in the clefts of which the lizard is seen gliding. In short, every object in these delightful regions calls to mind some of the finest productions of art. The braided hair of the village girls, the light dresses of the

peasants, the vigorous oxen returning from their labours, the ass bearing his burden—all revive the recollection of those rural scenes which have been so vividly pourtrayed by the pencils of Claude Lorraine or Salvator Rosa. During the mild temperature of the evening, only a few clouds overhang the mountains, and these seem to be almost immoveable in the air. Immediately after sun-set, the buzzing and chirping of the insects begin to be heard; and then the traveller feels himself quite at home. As for myself, a pleasing illusion almost persuades me that I was born and have lived here, and that I have just returned from a whale-fishing excursion in Greenland.

An inhabitant of the south would, doubtless, regard my enthusiasm as childish. But I have long anticipated all that I now feel and express: I had a presentiment of all this while I was dragging out my existence in a rigorous climate.

EXHIBITIONS OF PAINTING, &c.

We have already mentioned, that portraits form a very distinguishing feature of the Exhibition at Somerset-house. The vast annual production of works of this class is really astonishing, and to many affords matter of deep regret. Year after year a fresh outcry has been raised against the prevailing rage for portrait-painting, yet the disorder seems rather to have extended than diminished. So truly epidemic indeed does it appear to be, that if its effects be in reality as baneful as it is pretended they are to the vital energy of art, foreign academies would do well to close their gates upon our artists, and make them perform quarantine before they enter.—We are among the number of those, however, who think by no means so meanly of portraiture as it has become the fashion among critics to do. Not but that we deplore as much as any of them, the excess to which the system is at present carried, and the indiscriminating spirit with which it seems to be pursued; but we are of opinion that, with all its disadvantages (and we feel that they are many), portrait-painting is, on the whole, one of the most interesting branches of art, and one too with which we would the least willingly part. Were we to speak as painters, indeed, we should say that the comparative merits of historical painting are infinitely beyond those of portraiture; that the laborious course of studies and intense application required to form an historical painter, bear no proportion whatever with the preparative labours of a mere portrait painter. But, speaking more impartially, with the feelings of men accustomed to estimate the value of things by their good effects, we should be inclined to draw a very different conclusion. We will readily admit that the great mass of portraits, those which are mere transcripts of individual features, mere *maps* of the countenance, destitute of character and unanimated by expression, are a real degradation to the art, and fit only to gratify the tasteless ignorance of those who are unaccustomed to examine seriously even the surface of things, much less to go beyond it, and whose eyes are easily satisfied by the most partial resemblance. But the genuine style of portraiture—that which makes us acquainted with the mind as well as the countenance of the individual—which brings us in contact with his thoughts, his feelings, his manners, his habits—the portraiture of Titian, of Vandyke, of Reynolds, of Lawrence—what can be more interesting, what more instructive than this? Events may be recorded in the page of history—the imaged fiction of romance may be sung by the poet—but who is there, like the painter, that can bring at once before us, "in form as palpable" as Nature's own, the object of our esteem, our admiration, or our hatred—that can condense, as it were, into a single focus of

intensity, the philanthropic virtues of a Howard, the mental energies of a Ximenes, or the cold heartlessness and brutal passions of a Borgia?

We have been led into this train of reflections, through a visit which we paid the other day to an exhibition of portraits lately opened to the public in Leicester-square. Here, surrounded by all the beauty, wit, and valour of the three last centuries, the spectator is furnished with a rare intellectual treat. His eye can scarcely stray over the walls, without falling upon some object which recalls an interesting period of history. Here he finds the fierce warrior by the side of his deadly foe—the ambitious monarch in close contact with his powerful rival —eyes which once divided the hearts of princes, still contesting for the prize of beauty; and heads which have made equal schisms among the minds of men, still looking as intense and thoughtful as when engaged in the midst of their learned controversies. Here too he finds, brought as it were into social conference, all whom the page of history has recorded as great, generous, and good; and, to borrow the fine thought of a celebrated author of antiquity, his spirit seems to mingle with those around him, and to commune with the mighty dead.

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

In the latter part of the reign of Louis the 15th of France, masquerades were an entertainment in high estimation, and public ones were often given, at immense cost, on court days, and such occasions of rejoicing. As persons of all ranks might gain admission to these last spectacles, provided they could afford the purchase of the ticket, very strange *rencontres* frequently took place at them, and exhibitions almost as curious, in the way of disguise, or assumption of character.

On one occasion, a niece of the Duke de Nemours, Madame La Vallere, a woman of high rank and fashion, being separated from her company upon a very crowded staircase, was assisted by a stranger of marked activity and address. The gallant was masked, and cloaked to the teeth; but he possessed a handsome figure, and a gentlemanly bearing; and, after extricating Madame La V. by main strength, from a situation of considerable difficulty, he surprized her something by addressing her by name.

"You know me, then?" said Madame La V., starting.

The stranger assented.

"But, perhaps, it is by name only?"

That was not the case; for the respondent, though he persevered in refusing to unmask, led at once to details which could scarcely be within the knowledge even of a common acquaintance.

"This is astonishing!" exclaimed the lady.—"And you will not tell me to whom I am indebted?"

"Instantly, if you command it: but, if I have been so fortunate as to be useful to you, grant me the favour not to ask. And see—you are looked for—the party you came here with is approaching."

"At least," said Madame La V., whose curiosity, as well as her gratitude, was now awakened, "promise that I shall see you to-morrow at my house at dinner. I have just four friends to be with me."

"They are relatives."

"True, they are so—but I shall be glad to introduce you.—Will you promise?"

"I do promise," replied the stranger, turning to a beaufet, "that I will present you with a glass of the same wine to-morrow, at your own table, as this which I now offer, on condition that you will drink it with me."

The lady touched the goblet; her friends appeared; the stranger bowed profoundly, and was lost in the multitude.

Madame La V. never slept a wink all night; and, next morning, was perfectly in a fever.—"That she should not have been able even to guess at him!"—"which of her acquaintance could it be?"—But dinner-time approached—the servants had orders to admit a stranger—one hour more, and the mystery would be at an end.

But the dinner-hour came, and the stranger did not come. Madame La V. had announced to her friends (though without going through the details), that she expected a visitor who was not known to them; but the last remnant of Monsieur the Chef's patience was exhausted, and still he did not appear.

"Are you certain, Louis," said the lady to her servant in waiting, "that no gentleman has called?"

It was impossible that he could have called without Louis having seen him.

Dinner commenced, and Madame La V. was absent and fretful. The first course, however, was got through, and she called, according to her custom, for a glass of wine.

The valet who was in attendance presented a glass of St. Perage.

"How stupid!" cried Madame La V. "Do you not know that it is Bordeaux—the *other* wine—always that I take?"

"Your ladyship's pardon!" said Louis, "but it was *this*, which your ladyship, last night, permitted that I should present to you."

Little chance adventures of this character were not at all uncommon at this period. And, now and then, strange groups and characters were purposely concerted by the directors of the entertainment. Some of these were in a taste which modern refinement would not endure—almost as liberal, indeed, as that of the still earlier day of Louis the 11th; at whose entry into Paris, we are told that "*plusieurs belles filles, en role de Sirennes,*" exhibited themselves in a fountain "*toutes nues—la fontaine de Pouceau;*" at other times, feats of legerdemain were performed, or activity: and, on one occasion, a Genoese (the Ducrow of his day) walked upon a tight rope, surrounded with fireworks (which made him apparent to all Paris), from the top of a tower of *Notre Dame*, into the window of a house near the *Pont au Change*. But perhaps the most whimsical among the genuine surprises recorded at any of these spectacles, was that which occurred in Paris the 15th of October, on the day when the Dauphin (son of Louis the 15th) attained the age of one-and-twenty.

At this fête, which was of a peculiarly glittering character—so much so, that the details of it are given at great length by the historians of the day—the strange demeanour of a man in a yellow domino, early in the evening, excited attention. This mask, who shewed nothing remarkable as to figure—though tall rather, and of robust proportion—seemed to be gifted with an *appetite*, not merely past human conception, but passing the fancies even of romance.

> "The Dragon of old, who churches ate
> (He used to come on a Sunday)
> Whole congregations were to him
> But a dish of salmagundi,"—

he was but a nibbler—a mere diddler—to this stranger of the yellow domino. He passed from chamber to chamber—from table to table of refreshments—not tasting, but devouring—

devastating—all before him. At one board, he dispatched you a fowl, two-thirds of a ham, and half a dozen bottles of champagne; and, the very next moment, he was found seated in another apartment, performing the same feat, with a stomach better than at first. This strange course went on, until the company (who at first had been amused by it) became alarmed and tumultuous.

"Is it the same mask—or are there several dressed alike?" demanded an officer of guards, as the yellow domino rose from a seat opposite to him, and quitted the apartment.

"I have seen but one—and, by Heaven, here he is again!" exclaimed the party to whom the query was addressed.

The yellow domino spoke not a word, but proceeded straight to the vacant seat which he had just left, and again commenced supping, as though he had fasted for the half of a campaign.

At length, the confusion which this proceeding creates, becomes universal; and the cause reaches the ear of the Dauphin.

"He is the very devil, your Highness!" exclaimed an old nobleman—(saving your Highness's royal presence)—"or wants but a tail, to be so!"

"Say, rather, he should be some famished poet, by his appetite," replied the Prince, laughing. "But there must be some juggling;—he spills all this wine, and hides the provisions under his robe."

Even while they speak, the yellow domino enters the room in which they are talking; and, as usual, proceeds to the table of refreshments.

"See here, my lord!" cried one—"I have seen him do this thrice!"

"I, twice!"—"I, five times!"—"And I, fifteen!"

This becomes too much. The master of the ceremonies is questioned. He knows nothing—and the yellow domino is interrupted as he is carrying a bumper of claret to his lips.

"The Prince's desire is, that Monsieur who wears the yellow domino should unmask."—The stranger hesitated.

"The command with which his Highness honours Monsieur, is perfectly absolute."

Against that which is absolute, there is no contending. The yellow man throws off his mask and domino;—and it is a private trooper of the Irish dragoons!

"And in the name of gluttony, my good friend, (not to ask how you gained admission), how have you contrived," said the Prince, "to sup to-night so many times?"

"Sire, I was but beginning to sup—with reverence be it said—when your royal message interrupted me."

"Beginning!" exclaimed the Dauphin in amazement—"then what is it that I have heard and seen? Where are the herds of oxen which have disappeared, and the hampers of Burgundy? I insist upon knowing how this is!"

"It is, Sire," returned the soldier—"may it please your Grace—that the troop to which I belong is to-day on guard. We have purchased one ticket among us, and provided this yellow domino, which fits us all. By which means the whole of the front rank—myself being the last man—have supped, if the truth must be told, at discretion; and the leader of the rear rank—saving your Highness's commands—is now waiting outside the door, to take his turn!" (1)

HORATIAN EMBLEMS.

HORATIUS.

THE *Horatian Emblems* of Otho Van Veen (or, according to his more Horatian name, Ottovenius), the distinguished master of the great Rubens, display as much classical erudition and correct feeling as poetical invention or pictorial skill. His pencil and graving-tool have thus become the guides of life, and his workshop the school of wisdom. We shall therefore make no apology for introducing a short notice of his work, which, though deserving of the study and admiration of artists and men of taste, is not now so much known or praised as it ought to be.

"An emblem" is described by one who wrote a book of them, to be "a silent parable." It is an external resemblance of some abstract idea or moral sentiment, brought forward rather for the purpose of impressing the heart than of instructing the mind. Thus the course of the year is said to be an emblem of human life; and thus poetry has in all ages appropriated the flowers of spring, and the variations of the seasons, to represent the brevity and changeableness of our moral existence. But, in the use of emblems, both by Ottovenius and others, the term has a more general meaning, and includes the personification of a quality or the representation of an action, as well as a comparison or resemblance. In this sense, the greatest abstractions may be pourtrayed to the eye under the name of emblems. A book of proverbs may be converted into a collection of prints; and a system of ethics may become a gallery of paintings.

The ingenuity of Ottovenius, in embodying under this title the passions and interests of human life, the dictates of truth, and the counsels of wisdom, is truly surprising. His Horatian Emblems consist of 103 prints, founded each on one or more passages of Horace, containing an historical or mythological allusion—a moral sentiment, or a rule of conduct; the Roman ethical poet being, no doubt, chosen for this species of illustration, because his works contain a juster appreciation of human pleasures and pursuits, a finer perception of individual and professional character, and a greater portion of condensed good sense, applied to the direction of life and the formation of maxims, than any book of antiquity. These prints are of various kinds, and of unequal merit. Some of them are merely the personifications of the virtues or vices to which poetry and the arts have given a "local habitation," represented without much preparation of scene or novelty of action. But even in the less difficult task, the freedom and vigour of the Flemish artist's pencil, his skill in

drawing and composition, are so conspicuous, that his work appears more like an original inspiration of a great painter than a copy of Horace; and in looking at the letter-press and the engraving, it would frequently be impossible to say whether the print was suggested by the poetry or the poetry was a description of the print. Others again are of a much bolder and ambitious style. In the latter, the poet has only given the hint to the fancy of the artist, or struck the key-note of a piece which the invention of the latter has continued and completed. Thus, in the illustrating the maxim of *Festina lente*, or "the more haste the less speed," he gives a striking representation of a scene described in the life of Sartorius, in which that general, being unable to prevail upon the Lusitanians to abstain from a general engagement with the Romans, and to cut off these invaders in detail, ordered two horses of different degrees of strength to be brought forth, and set a young man to pull away the tail of the weaker by a single effort, while an old man was directed to demolish that of the stronger by picking it hair by hair. It would be needless to mention the result, or to point out how forcibly it illustrates the passage whose truth it was brought to establish.

——ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.

He takes a similar advantage of another anecdote in ancient history, to establish that most intractable aphorism, that "custom is a second nature;" or to illustrate the Horatian text,

——Te ipsum
Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inseverit olim
Natura, aut etiam consuetudo mala.

Lycurgus, endeavouring to bring his fellow-citizens to an alteration of their mode of life, and to convince them that habit would reconcile them to the change, is said to have brought up two dogs of different kinds, a greyhound and a mastiff; teaching the latter to pursue game like the former, and the former to feed like the latter. He then called a meeting of the people into the Forum, and having laid down the accustomed food of the one, and let loose a hare for the pursuit of the other, proved their change of instincts amid the acclamations of those whose moral conviction he wished to command. This scene, in which the philosophic legislator is represented in an attitude of triumphant persuasion, with one hand leaning on his table of laws, and the other stretched out in the act of demonstration, displays great vigour of conception, and is executed with singular taste and judgment. The keen interest which the assembled multitude, composed of persons of all ages and sexes, take in the experiment which is presented to them, is finely contrasted with the dignified satisfaction of the law-giver, who feels no curiosity because he had no doubt; but who appears pleased that he has so successfully settled the premises of the important conclusion which he was anxious to inculcate. The Spartan *Forum* of Ottovenius is, however, we suspect, surrounded with finer edifices than that in which Lycurgus harangued, and would certainly in our days not be built with waggon-loads of iron or copper coin.

Another instance of this digressive faculty of the artist, is found in the illustration of the passage—

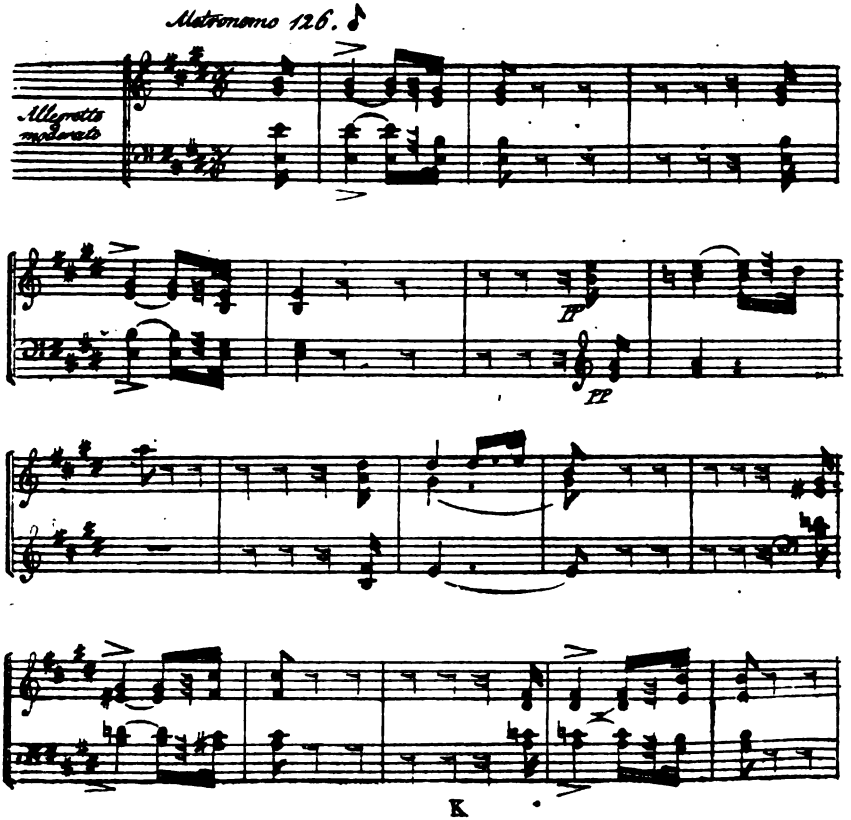
Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas. Navita Bosphorum
Pœnus perhorrescit, neque ultra
Cæca timet aliunde fata.
Miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi; catenas Parthus, et Italum
Robur; sed improvisa letbi
Vis rapuit, rapietque gentes.

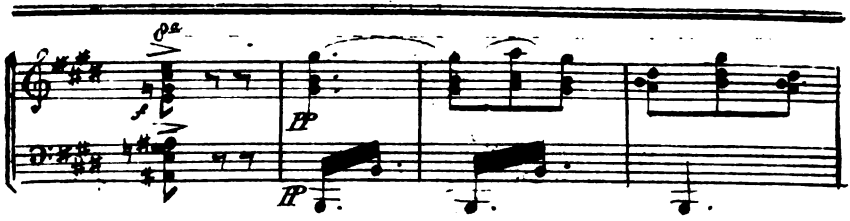
None of these examples of the inutility of precaution, or ignorance of the source of danger, is so striking as that which is presented in the reported fate of the tragic poet Æschylus, who left the city, that he might not die by the fall of a house, as had been predicted, and who was killed in the fields, by the fall of a tortoise which an eagle dropt on his head. The artist represents this scene with great fidelity and effect. By the way, his tortoise is very much like a West India turtle, and if the Greek citizens of that day had been as much addicted to green fat as to unjust persecutions, we might have regretted that the bird of Jove did not more appropriately select the thick polished cranium of the Athenian alderman who moved the poet's banishment, rather than that of the poet himself, to break its shell upon.

We shall give the conclusion of this article, with an example of the plates, in a future Number.

ITALIAN OPERA.

As the printing of the last pages of the PARTHENON commences early on friday morning, our brief notice of Signor Velluti's appearance at the Opera House on thursday, must be in M.S. He chose to make his début as Armando, in that charming piece Il Crociato in Egitto, which formed the subject of an article in our last number. We have only room to say that the impression produced by Velluti was of a very singular kind. — His voice — like himself — seems something out of the ordinary course of nature. His tones are often shrill and harsh, but there is a magical effect in his style and execution. He was most succesful in the last scene. We insert the following solo in which he was greatly applauded. It is the motivo of several succeeding concerted passages consisting of a duo, a quartetto and a quintetto.

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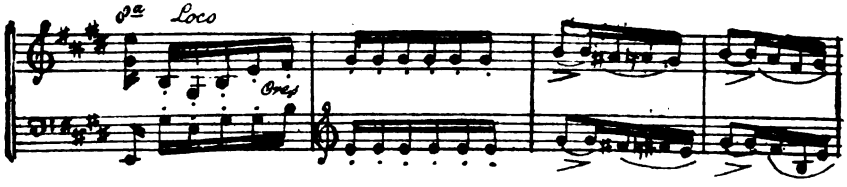
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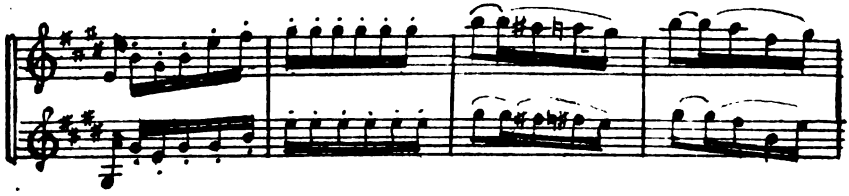

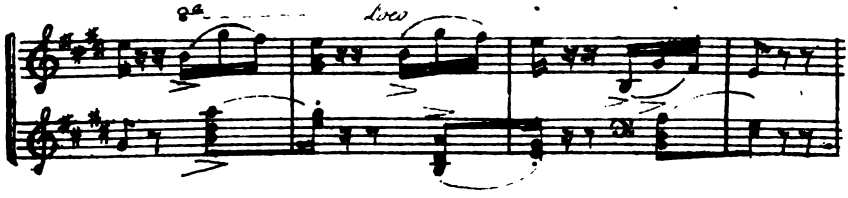
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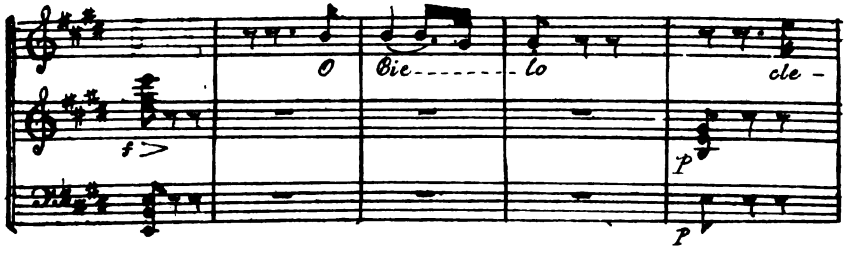
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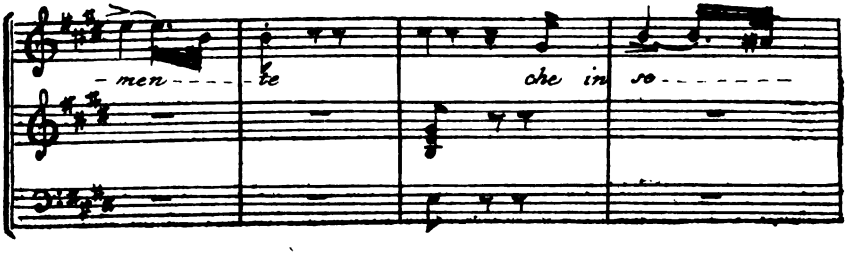
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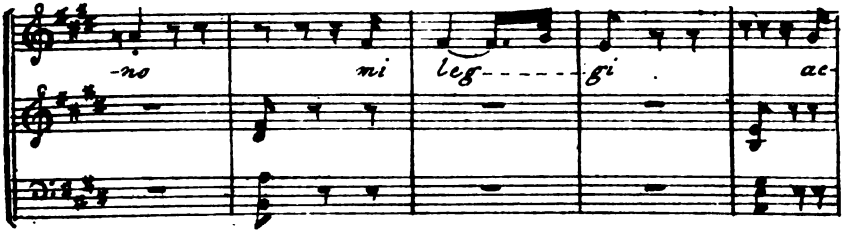
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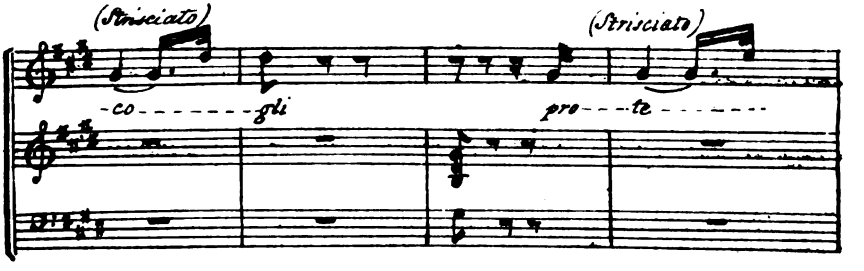
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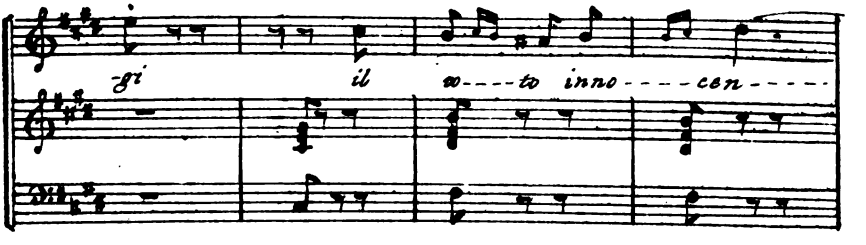
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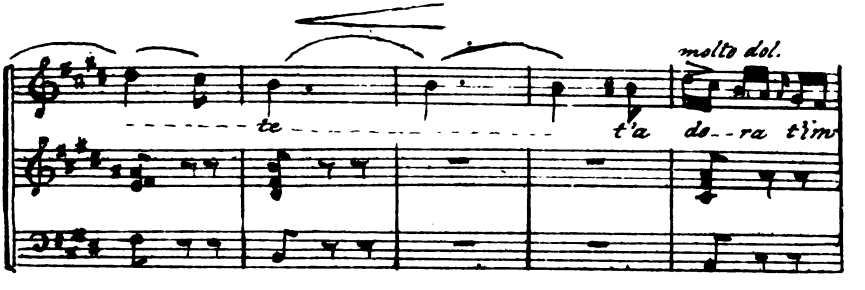
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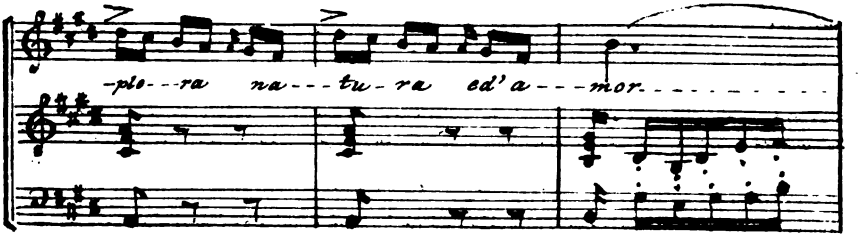
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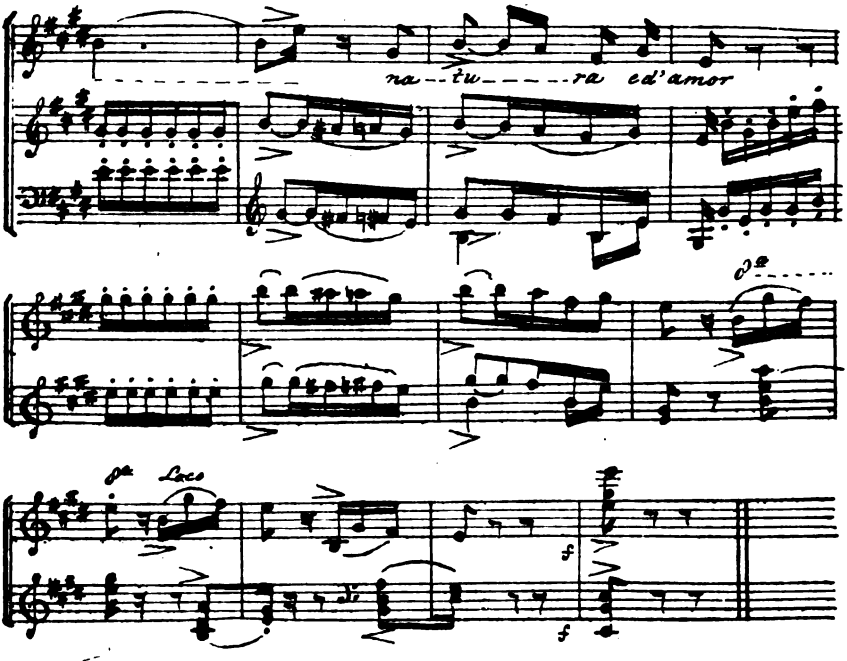


The whole scena from which the above solo is extracted, is one of the most beautiful in the Opera, and is only rivalled by the exquisite Romance, Giovanetto Cavalier:— We have selected it in preference to the latter because it has not before been printed in London.

THE PARTHENON.

No. 5.] *SATURDAY, JULY* 9, 1825. [*Price* 1*s*.

SKETCHES,

Historical and Pictorial.

OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

THE object of these Essays has hitherto been to adduce a few of the most striking examples of Italian Painters in fresco and distemper, before the time of Cimabue. We have now brought our remarks down to about the period at which he lived, and in entering upon our notice of that celebrated man, we are forced to acknowledge that, though the fact of the existence of Italian Painters, previous to his time is established beyond a doubt, yet the works of Cimabue are of so superior a character to any thing that had preceded them, as almost to justify the partiality of those who would attribute to him the merit of having been the restorer of the Art of Painting. Cimabue laboured more successfully than any of his contemporaries, to remove the old dry manner, introduced by the Greeks, and gave something more like grace to

his figures. The most celebrated of his pictures is the Virgin and Child, in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence.

There is an anecdote related of this picture, which shows in a most striking point of view, the prodigiously high estimation in which the talents of Cimabue were held by his countrymen. Charles of Anjou, the brother of St. Louis, after having been crowned King of Sicily and Jerusalem, by Pope Clement IV., on his arrival at Florence, was conducted by the authorities of that city, who were anxious to pay him every respect, and show him all that was worthy to be seen, to the house of Cimabue, who was then occupied on the picture we have just mentioned. The King proceeded thither in great pomp and splendour, with all Florence at his heels, and so great was the enthusiasm and delight of the Florentines on that memorable occasion, that the little suburb in which the painter dwelt, received that day, and ever after retained, the appellation of the "Borgo Allegro." When this picture was completed, the people again visited him with the most extraordinary demonstrations of joy, and carrying the precious work in procession to the sound of trumpets, deposited it in the place which was destined to receive it.

Giotto was the pupil of Cimabue, whom, however, he soon surpassed, as well as all his contemporaries. He was the friend of Dante and of Petrarch. The former has paid a compliment to his genius in the 11th Canto of his *Purgatorio* ——

> Credette Cimabue nella Pittura
> Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido,
> Sì che la fama di colui è scura.

and the following extract from Petrarch's Will * proves in what high estimation he held the talents of his countryman:—" I proceed to the disposal of other things. And to the aforesaid Noble (Francesco di Carraria, prince of Padua), since by the Grace of God he is not in want, and I have nothing else worthy his acceptance, I bequeath my picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the work of that excellent painter Giotto, which was sent to me from Florence, by my friend Michele Navis, and whose beauties, though they are incomprehensible to ignorant observers, are truly marvellous to those who are skilled in art."

Giotto obtained the appellation of the " Pupil of Nature," to which the power he possessed of seizing the general principles of natural form and action well entitled him. His less gifted, though not less laborious, disciple, Stefano da Firenze, was sirnamed the " Ape of Nature," a title which well expresses the attention he bestowed on the imitation of individual rather than general character. Landino, in the introduction to his Commentary on the " Divina Commedia," says—" Stefano da tutti è nominato scimia della Natura; tanto espresse qualunque cosa volle."

Modern art was indebted to Giotto for the introduction of a more natural style in the folding of the draperies, and for a greater degree of expression and grace in the figures; but

* "Transeo ad dispositionem aliarum rerum. Et prædicto igitur magnifico Domino meo Paduano quia ipse per Dei gratiam non eget, et ego nihil habeo dignum se, dimitto tabulam meam sive Iconem Beatæ Virginis Mariæ, operis Joctii pictoris egregii quæ mihi ab amico meo Michaele Navis de Florentia missa est, cujus pulchritudinem ignorantes non intelligunt, magistri autem artis stupent; hanc Iconem ipsi magnifico Domino lego, &c." Petr. Op. Basil. 1581.

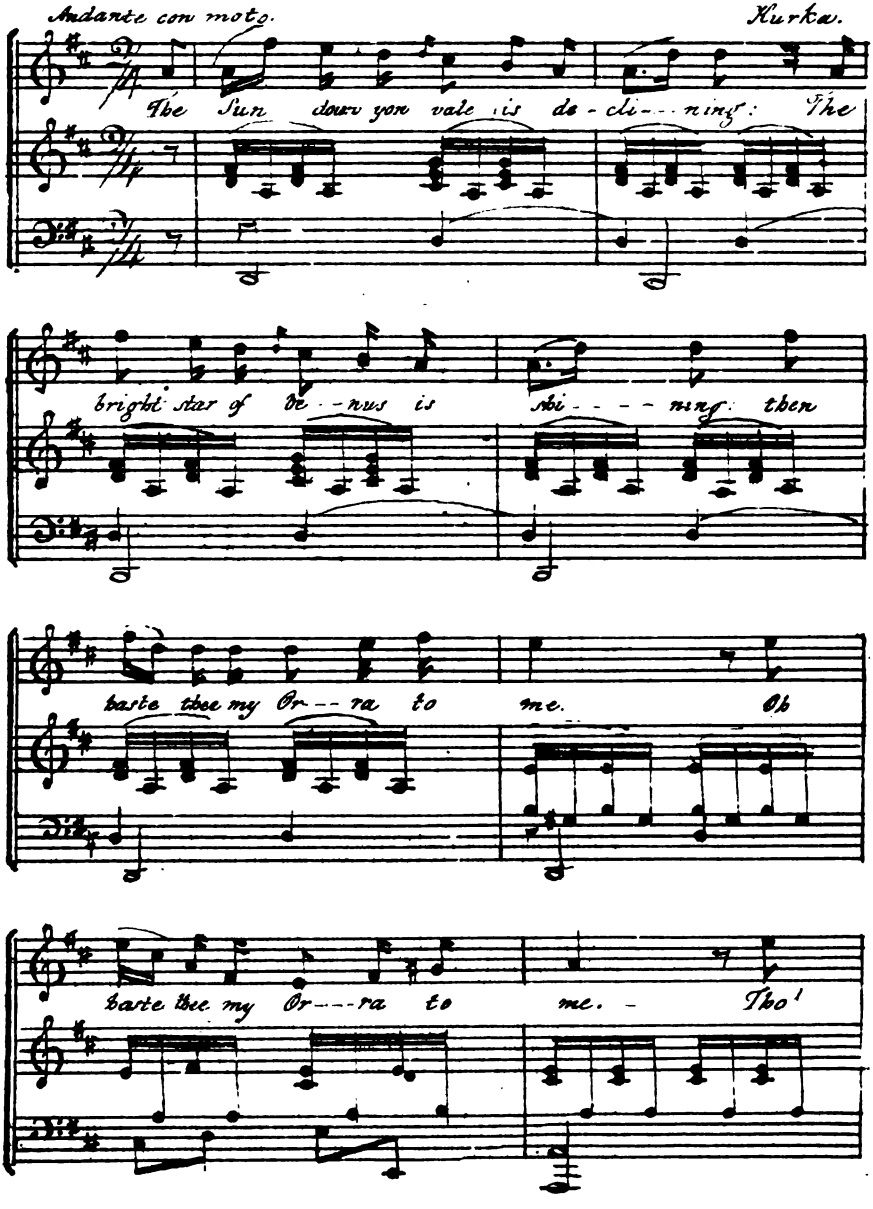
above all for his having been the first to employ the artifice of fore-shortening, which Paolo Ucello afterwards brought to perfection by the application of the rules of Perspective.

The following is an extract from the upper part of a small picture by Giotto, representing the burial of the Virgin, and the reception of her soul in Heaven.

The whole picture is distinguished by a beautiful variety of heads, attitudes, and expressions, and by a natural and graceful cast of the draperies. Vasari says that it was the admiration of Michael Angelo. The following are his words :—" In the middle aisle of that church (the Frati Humiliati, at Florence) there was, when this book was printed, a small picture in distemper, painted by Giotto with infinite care, representing the death of the Virgin, with the Apostles around her, and Christ receiving her soul into his arms. This work was much praised by Artists, and particularly by Michel Buonaroti, who gave it as his opinion, that the subject could not have been treated with greater truth or propriety."

SWEDISH AIR,

HAVING extracted the following pretty Air from a Collection of Melodies by Swedish Composers, we print it, accompanied by a translation of the words of the original song.



Sa--ges may boast yet thy Lo---ver, Thro'

heav--en's wide arch can dis------cov--er, no

star that is e---qual to thee---------- no

star that is e--qual to thee.

Oh haste thee, while Nature invites us.
One heart and one spirit unites us.
Oh why does my Orra delay!
We'll glide over valley and mountain,
The ice-covered lake and the fountain,
So speed my rein deer speed away.

ITALY DESCRIBED BY GOETHE.

Trent, Sept. 10. *Evening.*

I HAVE wandered through the town. It bears the aspect of antiquity; but there are several modern and well-constructed houses in some of the streets. In one of the churches I observed a picture representing the general of the Jesuits preaching before the council. The front of this church is decorated with columns of red marble. A thick curtain is hung within the entrance to exclude the dust. I raised this curtain and entered into a kind of porch, from which the church is separated by an iron grating, through which the whole of the interior may be seen. Silence and solitude reigned there; for, since the expulsion of the Jesuits, divine service has never been celebrated in this edifice. The outward gate only is opened at vespers, as is the case with all the other churches.

While I was examining the building, which appeared in its construction similar to all other churches of the Jesuits, an old man entered. From his black and threadbare dress, it was easy to conjecture that he was a poor ecclesiastic. This supposition soon became certain; he kneeled before the grating, and rose after a short prayer. As he was going away I heard him mutter in a suppressed voice, "They have driven away the Jesuits from their own church: they should at least have paid them what it cost. I know very well what it cost, and also what the seminary cost. I know how many thousand florins they laid out!" While thus talking to himself he let the curtain fall behind him. I lifted it softly, and observed that he stopped on the first step, where he continued his soliloquy. "It was not the Emperor that drove them away; it was the Pope. The Spaniards began it, we followed their example, and the French have done like the rest.—The blood of Abel cries out against his brother Cain." He then went down the steps, still muttering. I have no doubt that he is an old disciple of the Jesuits, whose head has been turned by the destruction of the order, and who daily visits the widowed church of his old masters; and, after a short prayer, pronounces maledictions against their enemies.

I asked a man who was passing by to shew me the curiosities of the city. He directed my attention to a building called the Devil's house, because, according to popular tradition, the great enemy of the human race had built it in one night. My worthy Cicerone, while relating this miracle, forgot what is really remarkable in the edifice; which is, that it is in fact the only one built with taste in Trent. It was, probably, erected at a remote period by some Italian architect.

Sept. 11. *Evening.*

I am now in Roveredeo, which is the real boundary between the two tongues. Along the road which I have travelled, the German gradually declines towards the Italian; but here my postillion is an Italian, my landlord cannot speak German; and, for the first time, I am obliged to have recourse to my learning. I am delighted to find that I can speak this beautiful language, and employ it in all the business of life.

Torbole, Sept. 12. *Afternoon.*

How I wish to have my friends beside me, to share the fine prospect which I now enjoy! I might have arrived yesterday evening at Verona; but I was near a magnificent work o nature, a superb spectacle—the lake of Garda. I could not pass onward without seeing it; and I have been well rewarded for the circuit I made. I left Roveredeo about five o'clock, and crossed a lateral valley, the waters of which flow into the Adige. On ascending the height, an enormous rock presents itself, which must be passed in order to descend to the

lake. In descending, the appearance of the calcareous rocks has a most picturesque effect. At the bottom of these rocks, and at the northern extremity of the lake, there is a small village with a little harbour:—this is Torbole. On the road I had observed many figs; but I found the first olives bearing fruit on the amphitheatre formed by the rocks. Here I also saw for the first time, as a common fruit, little white figs which the Countess de Lanthiere told me I should meet with.

A door of my apartment looks into the court-yard, where I have got a table set up, and employ myself in sketching the surrounding landscape. The view embraces the whole length of the lake, except the left extremity, which cannot be seen: the banks on both sides are crowned with hillocks and mountains, interspersed with small villages.

The north wind springs up after midnight, and it is necessary to wait for it, to sail down the lake. For a few hours before sunrise, the wind veers round to the south. This afternoon I had it in my face, and it diffused an agreeable freshness through the air. According to Volkmann, the lake of Garda is the *Benacus* of the ancients.

Flactibus et fremitu resonans Benace marino.

This verse of Virgil which Volkmann quotes, alludes to the lake. This was the first accent of the Latin muse that I had in any way the opportunity of applying to an existing natural object; and at this moment, when the wind, blowing with violence, agitates the waves of the lake, and impels them towards the harbour; the verse of Virgil is as just in its application as it was two thousand years ago. While so many other things have changed, the tempest still rages on this lake, the characteristic feature of which Virgil has for ever ennobled.

I am writing in the latitude of 45° or 50°. I walk out in the cool of the evening. The country and all surrounding objects are quite new to me. The habits of the people exhibit an almost savage carelessness. In the first place, there are no locks to the doors; but the landlord assured me that I might sleep tranquilly, though I had a chest full of diamonds. In the second place, the panes of the windows are made of oil-paper instead of glass. Finally, there are no water-closets, nor domestic conveniences of any kind. Every where there appears a want of care and attention, and yet there is sufficient activity. The tongues of the women never cease to clatter. They appear always to have something to do; and I have not seen a woman whom I can call idle.

The landlord informs me, with perfect Italian pomposity, that he is happy to have it in his power to place upon my table an excellent trout. These trouts are taken near Torbole, at the spot where the lake receives the mountain streams, which the fish endeavour to ascend. This fishery produces a thousand florins to the Emperor. The trouts are large, some of them weighing 50lb. This is not the common trout; it is what is called the salmon trout, and the flavour is delicious. But what I chiefly regale myself with are the figs, pears, &c. How delightful are the fruits gathered in the land where citrons grow.

Sept. 13. *Evening.*

At three o'clock in the morning I embarked at Torbole in a two-oared boat. The wind was at first favourable, and we hoisted our sail. The morning was beautiful though cloudy. While this state of the sky continued, the lake was tranquil. We passed Limona. Its gardens laid out in terraces on the heights, and lined with citrons, had a rich and beautiful effect. All the gardens seemed to be formed by rows of white pilastres, standing at certain distances from each other, and different degrees of height along the side of the mountain. Over these pillars long poles are extended, which serve in winter as the groundwork of a covering to protect the trees against the rigour of that season. As we sailed gently along, we had abundant leisure to contemplate the varied spectacle which charmed our eyes. We proceeded thus

until we passed Malsesina, when the wind suddenly changed, and came round, as usual, to the north. The rowers struggled in vain against the force of the waves, and we were obliged to land at Malsesina. To occupy my time I made a drawing of the castle which stands on the water's edge.

(To be continued.)

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, BY CORREGIO.

This beautiful little picture has lately been purchased by Government, for the sum of 3800 guineas, as an addition to the valuable collection now forming for the intended National Gallery. It formerly belonged to the King of Spain, and is spoken of in very high terms of praise by Raphael Mengs, in his "Memorie concernenti la vita e le opere di Antonio Allegri." That able critic, after stating that the King of Spain possessed two small pictures by Corregio, and describing the first of them, which is the very "Christ in the Garden," now in the collection of the Duke of Wellington, and of which there is a duplicate also in the National Gallery, he proceeds to say, that "the second picture, representing the Virgin dressing the infant Christ, though in a less finished style, is very beautiful, and that it is astonishingly well *imposted*, and tenderly executed. In the distance is seen Joseph planing a table, painted with such an admirable degradation in the outlines, as completely proves that Corregio understood, better than any other Master, that department of painting called Aërial Perspective." To so judicious a criticism much cannot be added; yet, we think, we should have been inclined to have dwelt a little on the exquisite grace and delicacy of the Virgin and child, which

form altogether one of the sweetest groupes imaginable. The colouring of the picture is of itself a master-work of Art. Most of our readers must be acquainted with that peculiar charm of Corregio's pictures,—that *morbidezza* of colouring, which gives his works so great an air of truth, and leaves so little of that *painty* look which is to be found in the pictures of others. The Virgin and child possesses this quality in a high degree.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

MEYERBEER.

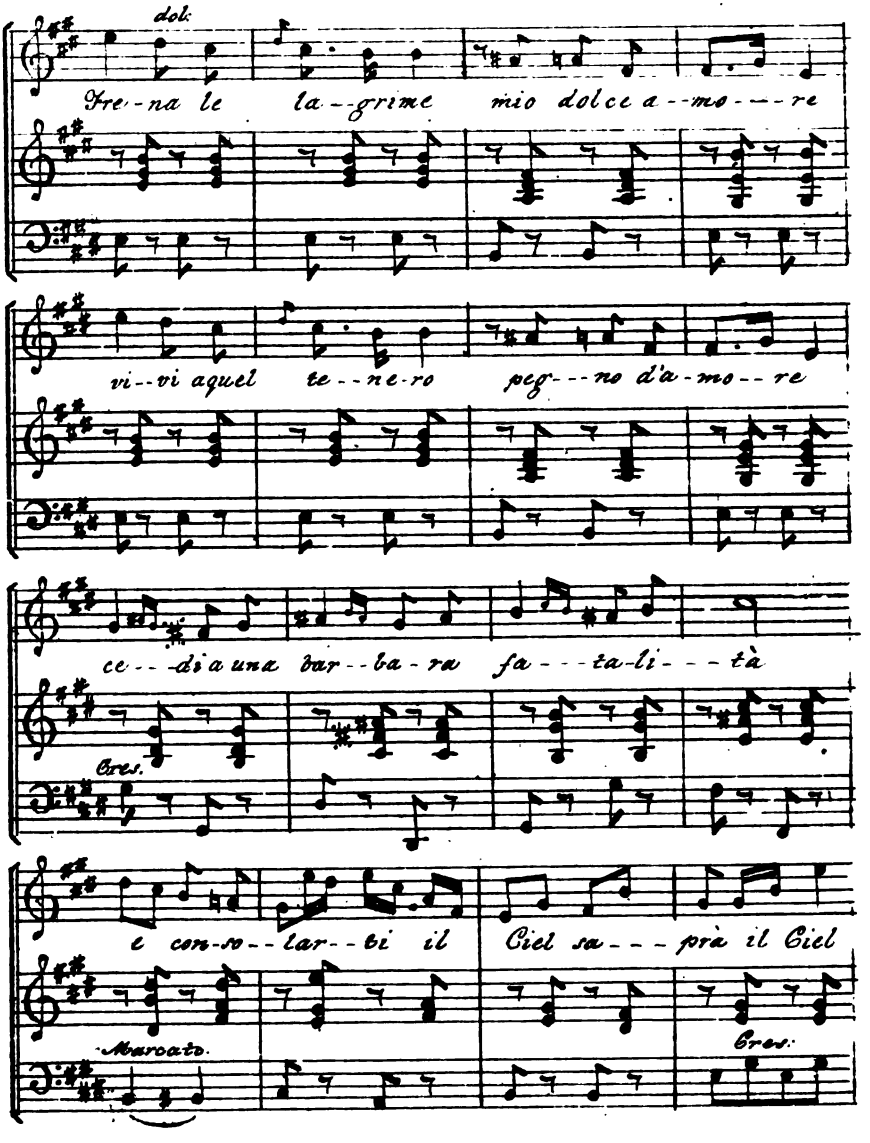
In the short notice we inserted in our last of the performance of *Il Crociato in Egitto*, we could do no more than give a specimen of the music, and briefly mention the first appearance of Velluti. The story of the Opera, for which we then had not room, must now be familiar

to most of our readers; and we shall therefore be excused from detailing it minutely. It seems only necessary to say, that its basis is a romantic tale of a Knight of Rhodes, who, being accidentally preserved while his fellow crusaders are killed by the Mussulmans, becomes a favourite of Aladin, the Sultan of Egypt (Signor Remorini), and secretly marries his daughter Palmida (Madame Caradori). The conflicts between religious faith and love, which the hero has to endure—the recollection of a former engagement with a Lady, Felicia (Signora Garcia), who comes in search of him, disguised as a Knight of Rhodes—and the reproaches of the Grand Master of his order, Adriano (Signor Curioni), who has come on an Embassy to Aladin, afford interesting dramatic situations, and produce in the different characters emotions sufficiently marked and varied for a composer of the genius of Meyerbeer, to work on with success. The name of this knight of Rhodes is Armando, and the character is performed by Velluti.

The Opera was originally performed at Venice, and there also Velluti was the Armando. We presume, therefore, that the music of this character was written for him. Here, however, we must in the outset, object to the employment of voices of that peculiar kind under which Velluti's must be classed, in such parts as this. It appears, to us, indeed, that male Soprani, are, generally speaking, not available for the stage. We do not say that suitable parts might not be made for them; but we think they are totally unfit for any of those characters which are usually assigned to first-rate singers. Though there is at first much to astonish, and in the end not a little to admire in the vocal powers of Velluti, we cannot help regarding his performance of Armando as wholly at variance with nature, and consequently subversive of dramatic effect. His voice never can impart a just expression to the sentiments of a hero or a lover, and when placed in such characters, however correct may be his conception of the effects which ought to be produced, his execution must, inevitably, be unsatisfactory, if not displeasing. How can a proper musical expression be attained, or, if attained, recognized, and felt by an audience, when there is a preposterous incongruity between the voice of the singer and the idea invariably formed of the kind of character he undertakes to represent? While, however, we make this general objection to the employment of such unnatural voices in the execution of dramatic musical composition, we must own that Velluti's scientific and powerful execution affords an excuse for the experiment Meyerbeer has made. But the experiment would be better justified, were the character assigned to Velluti one within the region of the supernatural—one representing a being come from another world to tell a tale to this;—to the awful accents of such a being, music like that of which the bold genius of Weber has recently afforded an example, might be expected to give a suitable expression. And it may perhaps be regarded as some confirmation of this view of the subject that in Italy such singers as Velluti are chiefly employed in the churches, and that their voices are considered very appropriate to the ecclesiastical style. Those who have heard them in the Sistina Chapel acknowledge the impressive effect they produce in the performance of the *Miserere*, sung as it is by nine unseen singers, three of whom are male Soprani—an effect which is greatly heightened in Passion Week by an artificial obscurity, from which the service is called by the Italians *Le Tenebre*.—The religious ceremonies, the darkness, the singular solemnity of the scene, are circumstances which may easily be supposed to contribute greatly to the extraordinary sensation which is experienced when the solemn sound bursts at once on the ear from an invisible choir.

The extreme effort which Velluti appears sometimes to make in singing, and which is

probably only the visible sign of his struggle to overcome the defects of his voice, adds not a little to the painful sensation excited by his unnatural tones. However after a time the ear, if not perfectly satisfied, is, as it were subdued—becomes gradually less and less offended, until at length art seems to obtain a conquest over nature. Let any one who hears this singular person for the first time in *Il Crociato*, compare the impression, made, on his entrance, by his execution of the recitative, *Popolo d'Egitto*, with the effect he produces towards the end of the Opera in the following passage of a masterly sestetto, and his success will be acknowledged.



sa - prà e con - so - - lar - ti il Ciel sa - prà il

Ciel sa - prà e con - so - - - lar - ti il Ciel sa -

prà - - - - - - - - - - - - - - sa - - prà - - - - - - - - - - - - - - sa

Cres.

prà il Ciel sa - - - prà

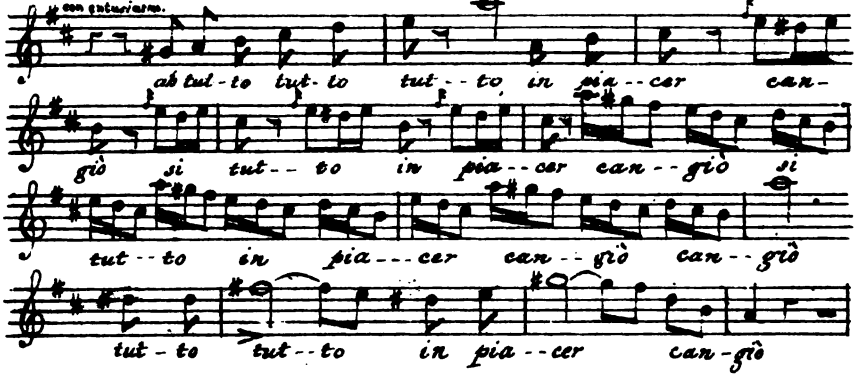
loco.

Male Soprani, we believe, have never been much celebrated for brilliancy of execution. In the accounts we have read of them, we find their adagios often eulogized, and but little said of their allegros and bravuras. Velluti, however, in several parts of this Opera, shewed that he can execute rapid intervals with great facility and delicacy. He gave an example of his power in this respect in the Duet *Il tenero affetto*.

Velluti's voice is very unequal in quality. Its middle tones are harsh and discordant—but in its upper tones it very nearly resembles the mellifluous sweetness of a fine female so-

prano. Velluti successfully sustained a trying comparison with the delicate tones of Madame Caradori, in several duos, in which the same passages are executed by both voices alternately—We more than once observed him singing rather flat; but this fault, when it occurs, is only of momentary duration, his delicacy of ear enabling him immediately to correct it. With regard to time, he does not strictly confine himself to that marked by the composer; and he shews great earnestness in communicating to the orchestra the particular time in which he wishes his accompaniments to be performed. In the Duo *O Cielo clemente*, a portion of which we published in our number of last week, the semiquavers commencing in the 23d bar of the symphony were performed *accelerando*, and a similar change of time took place whenever the same passage occurs in the accompaniments. We think the effect was decidedly improved by this slight alteration.

In the representation of Meyerbeer's Opera, Velluti is of course the centre of attraction, yet it would be unjust to allow him to throw the merits of the other singers entirely into the shade. Above all, we must not omit noticing the brilliant performance of the Lady whose name we have just mentioned. In the part of Palmida, Madame Caradori evinced powers, which we before scarcely believed her to possess. In many passages of the recitative, she displayed admirable talent, both as a dramatic and a vocal artist. When tempted by Armando and his friends to abandon her father, there was a world of expression in her manner of delivering these few words:—*Ma vi lascio mio padre—ed infelice io lo lascio.* But her most effective effort was her execution of the air *D'una Madre disperata*, where she makes her child kneel to the Sultan, as the mediator for her husband. When her pathetic appeal has wrought upon the feelings of her father, and he stoops to embrace her child, nothing could be more perfect than her sudden burst of joy in the few subjoined bars. The time is somewhat quicker than the concerted piece which precedes it, and which is marked *Allegro Moderato*. We give only the line for the voice



The Opera has been greatly, and in some instances, we think, very injudiciously curtailed. We cannot help regretting the omission of some beautiful and highly effective *morceaux*, among others the brilliant chorus in the first Act, *Urridi vezzose*. But there is one alteration against which we cannot too strongly remonstrate, and that is, Miss Garcia's omission of the air *Ah! ch'io l'adoro ancor*, and her substitution of another in its stead, which is utterly at variance with the tender and melancholy character of the music which Meyerbeer has judiciously assigned to the part of *Felicia*. This is an instance of bad taste, which we should scarcely have expected from Signora Garcia. We trust she will no longer persevere in obtruding this

offensive interpolation upon the audience, especially as the liberty she has taken has already been received with marked disapprobation.

The following sketch made from Velluti in the character of Armando, after he assumes the dress of a Knight of Rhodes, represents one of the most favourable views of his countenance :—

To what has already been said on the subject of Velluti, we venture to add an article written immediately after seeing him on the night of his début. It was impossible to make room for it in our last; but we insert it now, as, though some of the expressions may perhaps be considered exaggerated, it records the first impressions of a person who has a very lively feeling for the beauties of music :—

"I attended the other evening to witness the first appearance of Velluti, at the Italian Opera of London. I went with feelings of a mixed nature, but I think that the expectation

of something at least extraordinary, and a sort of half anticipation of something not quite pleasing, were the uppermost sensations in my mind. To say that those around me seemed, like myself, curious even to anxiety on the subject of the approaching entertainment, is to express but half the interest which I am sure we shared on the occasion. For nearly an hour before the drawing of the curtain, every seat in the pit was occupied, and every third person was to be seen running over the leaves of the Opera book, and calculating to a nicety the exact period at which their curiosity was to be gratified by the entrance of Velluti. Others were busy gathering information from passing friends. One had heard him at the Rehearsal, and assured his neighbour that his voice was more like the scream of a peacock, or the yell of a savage, than a human sound. Another stoutly denied that there was any thing like music in his whole composition, and a third insisted that his singing was the most disagreeable thing he had ever heard, and he never wished to hear it again. I thought the last of these might as well have saved himself the pain of attending, and endeavoured to divest myself as much as possible of the prejudice which these and similar observations were calculated to excite. At length the well-known signal of the leader announced the overture which was listened to with the profoundest attention, and in the midst of it, as if in obedience to the anxiety of the audience, the curtain rose. After two or three short scenes, which, in spite of the exquisite singing of Caradori, and an attempt at splendid decoration, quite unusual on the stage of the Italian Opera, seemed as many ages, the object of interest at length presented himself to the audience, amidst overwhelming shouts of applause. His first appearance in a boat at the farther end of the stage was uncommonly striking. His tall figure and picturesque attitude distinguished him from those around him, and there was something in his whole appearance, his every look, and every motion, which gave him, to my imagination at least, a preternatural effect. He looked like a being of another world. As he advanced, the applause continued, and a few hisses were heard. His agitation was extreme, he was seen to tremble, and his cheeks, even through the rouge, were plainly of a death-like hue. A nearer inspection of him only increased the feeling which the first impression had excited. His features are rather finely formed, particularly his eyes and mouth, and his skin, which is of the most delicate texture, is perfectly free from the slightest indication of beard of any sort. A settled melancholy seems stamped upon his countenance—an expression of hopelessness—a dreary look of despair. He seems an outcast from his fellow beings—or rather, like one moving through the world without a fellow—joyless, solitary, and forlorn. But if such was the impression produced upon me by his appearance alone, how shall I attempt to describe the effect of his singing. The first tones he uttered fell upon the ear with a death-like peal. His opening recitative, "Popolo d'Egitto, ecco a voi ritorno," seemed like the announcement of a return from the tomb. There was something so awfully preter-human in the sound—too harsh to be entirely pleasing, yet too strangely overpowering to leave room for disgust, and withal so mixed up with tender expression, and intense feeling, as to give rise to an indescribable mixture of emotions between pleasure and pain, terror and admiration;—a sort of thrilling sensation of almost awful interest, which, if it were to continue for any length of time without interruption must lead to the very borders of delirium. The recitative, however, as it usually falls on the most defective part of his voice, is least adapted to display his powers. It is only in the execution of airs that his extraordinary qualities can be truly appreciated. His soul seems to mingle in the sound he utters—his very existence to hang quivering upon the thread of his modulation. His cadences are not mere effusions of elegant combinations—they are spells which work the feelings up to a pitch of frantic delight—the overflowings of a soul seeking relief from its anguish, and venting itself in an agony of enjoyment."

THE PARTHENON.

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SKETCHES,
Historical and Pictorial.

OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

SIMONE MEMMI was also contemporary with Petrarch, and owes to the praises of the enthusiastic Poet an immortality which he never would have obtained from the merits of his own works. Simone was more famous for his portraits than his historical pictures, and he won the affection and admiration of Petrarch by painting the portrait of his beloved Laura. Vasari informs us that Simone was sent to Avignon by Signor Pandolfo Malatesta, to paint the portrait of "Messer Francesco Petrarca," who was then attending the Court at that place, and who took that opportunity to engage Simone to execute a picture of "Madonna Laura." The enamoured Poet has made this production of Simone's pencil the subject of

two of his Sonnets, the 57th and 58th. In the first of these he insists that the painter of his Laura must have visited Paradise, and brought from thence the image of her beauties:—

> " Ma certo il mio Simon fu in Paradiso,
> Onde questa gentil Donna si parte,
> Ivi la vide, e la ritrasse in carte,
> Per far fede quaggiu del suo bel viso."

And then in the fervor of his impassioned strains, he goes on to pay the most flattering compliment to the talents of the artist, attributing to his work the charms of a creation made in Heaven, and not on Earth,—

> ——— " non qui fra noi,
> Ove le membre fanno all'alma velo."

In the beautiful edition of the " Rime del Petrarca, Venezia presso Ant. Zatta, 1756," are two small portraits of Petrarch and Laura, copied from a mezzo-relievo in marble, at that time in the possession of Bindo Peruzzi, who attempts to shew, in a letter inserted in the same work, that his marble portrait of Laura is the one to which Petrarch alludes in the two Sonnets above mentioned, and that Petrarch's praises were bestowed on Simone not as a painter, but as a sculptor. The following are the portraits we speak of:—

Peruzzi's opinion, however, rests on a very shallow foundation. His only reasons for the supposition are, first, the use of the word " stile," in the 58th Sonnet, which he takes to signify chisel; and next the mention of the names of Polycletus and Pygmalion in both the Sonnets, rather than those of any *painter* of antiquity. But it seems to be altogether a very improbable and a very forced conjecture. The expression " la ritrasse in *carte*," is surely unequivocal; and as for the word " stile," nothing is more common than to use it to express a pencil, or any other instrument employed in drawing. Thus Michel Angelo, in a Sonnet in praise of Vasari, says—

> " Se con lo *stile* e co'colori avete, &c.

Nothing can be more absurd than to pick out the names of Pygmalion and Polycletus in sup-

port of his idea; for the first is only mentioned by the Poet, in expressing a wish that his Laura's portrait could be animated like the statues of that famed sculptor of antiquity; and the second is very naturally introduced amidst his praises of his mistress's beauty of form, the rules of which are as necessary to the painter as to the sculptor. But the most complete answer to the learned Commentator's opinion is to be found in one of Petrarch's Latin letters *, in which he mentions Simone, not as a sculptor, but as one of the greatest painters; so that there is every reason to believe that Peruzzi's marble was not the work of Simone Memmi himself, but a copy from his pictures.

Simone Memmi also introduced the portraits of Petrarch and Laura into a picture, which he painted for the church of Santa Maria Novella, and which contained portraits of the Pope, several Kings, Princes, Cardinals, and other distinguished personages. He was occupied on this picture at the time when Petrarch received the crown of laurel in the capitol of Rome. Among the pictures which Simone painted for that church, was one relating to the history of St. Rainerius, in which he represented the Holy Father driving away the Devil, who had come to tempt him. To get over the difficulty of expressing the shame and confusion which his Satanic Majesty no doubt felt on this occasion, Memmi had recourse to the ingenious stratagem, authorised by Timanthes, of hiding his face with his hands; but to make up for the deficiency, he painted a large scroll issuing from his mouth, and bearing the words "Ohime! non posso più!" Labels of this kind, which were introduced at the earliest period of the restoration of art, were by no means uncommon even at a later date than that of Simone Memmi.

ANTIQUITIES.

SYRACUSAN MEDALS.

ANTIQUARIAN discoveries will never cease, as long as rust and ruins remain. This solemn truth has been forced upon our attention, by the work (now before us) of a learned Sicilian, who, from the edges of an old coin, has lately established the existence, and determined the reign of two kings of Syracuse, unnoticed in the works of any ancient historian extant.

In the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, we have the following verses:—

> Non ego te novi Menæchmum, Moscho prognatum patre?
> Qui Syracusis perhibere natus esse in Sicilia,
> Ubi rex Agathocles regnator fuit, et iterum Pinthia:
> Tertium Liparo, qui in morte regnum Hieroni tradidit;
> Nunc Hiero est.———

Agathocles is well known both to Greek and Roman history. Hiero is likewise well known, but the names of the two other personages in the catalogue represented as kings of Syracuse, form an interpolation which history does not acknowledge. The only proof of their existence has hitherto rested on this passage of Plautus, and consequently the only witness summoned to establish their royal claims, is the courtesan Erotium. Whether the authority of a comic verse, and the testimony of a dame, who, from her profession, would be considered in our days, to "have no more faith in her than a stewed prune;" were sufficient to establish the reign of two unknown kings, has long been questioned. Most of the learned

* Famil. Epist. L. V. Ep. 17. "Duos ego novi pictores egregios, ac formosos, Jottum Florentinum civem, cujus inter modernos ingens fama est, et Simonem Senensem, &c.

accordingly, were disposed to give up this Pinthia and Liparo as theatrical usurpers, instead of the real sovereigns, when the discovery of the following two coins or medals was adduced to confirm them both to the throne:—

The first which represents a head of Diana inscribed Σωτειρα and having on the reverse a wild boar, with the words Φιντια and Βασιλιος, has been known for two centuries, but was supposed to belong to Pinthias, tyrant of Agrigentum, who is mentioned in Diodorus Siculus as having carried on a war with Icetas of Syracuse, and having founded a city to which he gave the name, Pentiada, after his own. The second, which has on the front a laurelled head, inscribed Λιπαρου, and on the reverse a Pegasus, was discovered by our Sicilian Author, the Chevalier Calcagni, in 1803, and proved to his satisfaction, six years afterwards, to be the coin of the identical Pinthia, mentioned by the comic poet. Hear with what self congratulation the Chevalier speaks of this great discovery: "All that could be desired by historians, philologers and medalists, after the discovery of the coin of Pinthia, was that of his successor Liparo. This—Oh how delighted I am to repeat it—has at last been recovered, and will remain extant for ages with his countenance and his name. And I must reckon myself most fortunate in being the discoverer—I who delight in this most elegant study—I who am myself a Sicilian, who have discovered the coin and settled the reign of his predecessor."

It may seem cruel to disturb such innocent and learned complacency, but we cannot help making a remark or two on this supposed discovery. In the first place it did not appear at all necessary before the reappearance of these coins to find out two Syracusan kings, corresponding to those mentioned in Plautus. Consider the circumstances in which their names occur. Menæchmus Sosicles, one of the twin brothers, had first arrived at Epidamnus, a town on the eastern shore of the Adriatic in search of his brother, and had been mistaken by Erotium for the other Menæchmus, who frequented her house. He denies her acquaintance, and declares that she never saw him before, while she in reply, tries to convince him that she knew him by mentioning her knowledge of his parentage and country. Now it was surely not necessary for the purposes of the comedy that the courtesan should repeat the annals of foreign dynasties, and show herself a faithful historian of foreign kings. The person to whom she thought she was addressing herself had left Syracuse young, and could not be supposed to care much about intermediate events or reigns. If, therefore, she could babble out three or four names, being correct in that of Agathocles and Hiero, both of whom were celebrated in surrounding countries, and one of whom was reigning at the time, she answered the purpose sufficiently of identifying the city of Syracuse, which indeed scarcely required any identification, and being, one would suppose, less liable to be mistaken when mentioned by name than described as under the dominion of any of the tyrants who had oppressed it. To show her im-

mense learning, however, respecting distant countries, and to recal to the remembrance of her lover, topics about which they had often conversed, she introduces all the Sicilian names with which she was acquainted, the most prominent of them being connected with the government of Syracuse. Nor is it any objection to this hypothesis, that Sosicles Menæchmus, who had first arrived from Syracuse, allows the accuracy of her information, and is supported in his admission, by his servant Messanio.

MEN. Haud falso, mulier, prædicas.

MESS. Num isthæc mulier illinc venit, quæ te novit tam cate?

MEN. Hercle opinor, pernegari non potest.

As the identity of the city was established by two notorious names, the interpolation of two others at random, which were likewise Sicilian, could excite no suspicion. Besides the remark of the stranger implies rather an acknowledgment of the courtesan's accuracy of information respecting his birth-place, than a suffrage in favour of her chronological correctness. Suppose that on one of the Parisian stages, a similar occurrence were to be represented, and that some French *Erotium* were to say to some English *Menæchmus*—

"Do not I know you well, your birth and lineage?
"Are you not son to Bulcalf, of Old London?
"Where Wood was twice Lord Mayor, where Greenfat ruled?
"Where late John Gilpin filled the civic throne?
"And Garrat now maintains his turtle reign?

would not both the Londoner and the audience, hearing the names of Wood and Garrat, give the courtesan credit for her knowledge of London, or at least allow that she had sufficiently identified it by its civic dynasties, though no such persons as Alderman Greenfat or Gilpin had ever occupied the civic chair?

In the second place, we see no reason to believe that any tyrant or sovereign of Syracuse whatever intervened between Agathocles and Hiero. The interval of time is not much more than twenty years. By the death of Agathocles, the Republican form of Government was re-established about the year 288, before Christ; and by the accession of Hiero II. the tyranny was restored about 268. It is not presuming too much on the turbulent or democratic disposition of the Syracusans, to suppose that during this short interval they enjoyed a kind of political saturnalia, interrupted only by the ambitious attempts of their own generals, and the dangerous pretensions of Pyrrhus, whose protection they had invoked against the Carthaginians. Hiero, we know, rose by slow degrees from being a soldier and a general of the Republic, to be its lord and master. Had Pinthia or Liparo sat on the throne of Syracuse during this short and turbulent period, which comes so expressly within the verge of authentic history, they must have shewn more ingenuity in concealing their names, and withholding the events of their reigns, than other monarchs in emblazoning them.

In the third place, allowing that the coins are genuine, do they really support the historical edifice which they are brought to prop? It is allowed by history that a king of the name of Pinthia reigned over Agrigentum, and that he had a dream about being gored by a wild boar, which accounts for the figure of this animal on his coin. May not, therefore, the first of these medals commemorate the name and power of an Agrigentine, instead of a Syracusan king?

It is more difficult certainly to get rid of king Liparo, but we would rather place him any where in Sicily, or in the Lipari islands, than on the throne of Syracuse. King Liparus, the successor of Æolus, who first colonized and reigned over the islands north of Sicily, is

celebrated in history. Our author proves satisfactorily, that the coin, of which we have given the representation above, could not have been coeval with that primitive Liparus; but he has not so satisfactorily established the point, that at a subsequent period a medal might not have been struck with the name of some ancient chief. This is a controversy, however, into which we have not room further to enter; and as it might lead us into the Æolian region—into the cave of storms—we the more willingly surrender it to the Society of Antiquarians, who occupy that

Nimborum patriam, loca fœta furentibus Austris.

Another supposition may still be hazarded respecting this medal of Liparus. May the piece not have been struck to commemorate some victory of the Grecian power, rather than to pay a reckoning as money? May not Liparus have been a conqueror in the Isthmian, or other games of Greece? May he not have been a Corinthian jockey, as Mr. Addison calls some of the persons who, as victors at these games, appear on medals. He is not called *king* like the other. He may have been only a Syracusan wrestler. The Pegasus merely shews that he was by origin a Corinthian, or belonging to a Corinthian colony, and settles nothing in respect to his rank or power.

ITALY DESCRIBED BY GOETHE.

Verona, Sept. 15.

In consequence of being detained yesterday at Malsesina, I was involved in a dangerous adventure. I extricated myself, however, pleasantly enough; and the recollection of the affair is amusing. Early in the morning I repaired to the old castle, which has neither gate, garrison, nor sentinel; and which is, of course, open to any one. I sat down in the court in front of a tower built on the rock, having found the situation very convenient for drawing. The seat I occupied was formed of stone, attached to the wall near a door elevated three or four steps; such as often occurs in old buildings.

I had not been long at work when I observed several persons enter the court and look at me as they passed. The number of these observers increased every moment; at last they ceased to pass and repass, and assembled and gathered round me. I clearly saw that my drawing had excited their attention; but I continued to employ my pencil quietly, without taking notice of them. At last an ill-looking fellow came up to me, and with an air of pertness asked what I was doing there. I told him I was drawing the old tower, because I wished to have a memorandum of Malsesina. He told me I was doing what was not allowable, and that I must discontinue. As he spoke in the common Venetian dialect, which I with difficulty comprehended, I informed him that I did not clearly understand him. With all the haughty Italian coolness he then seized my paper, and tore and cast the pieces on the ground. I observed that this act of violence was displeasing to the spectators, and I heard an old woman remonstrate against it. She said the Podesta, who is the proper judge in such case, should be sent for. I stood up on the seat with my back against the door, and surveyed the constantly increasing crowd. Every one looked at me eagerly; but there was an expression of good-nature in most of their countenances; and upon the whole, the characteristic appearance of this mob was to me a very amusing spectacle. I could not help comparing it in my own mind to the chorus of the birds in the play of Aristophanes, which had made me laugh so

heartily at the theatre of Ettersburgh. I was, therefore, in very good humour; so that when the Podesta arrived with his secretary, I saluted him with frankness and civility. He asked me why I had attempted to make a drawing of the castle. I replied, that I had not observed any thing that could induce me to consider it a fortress. I further observed, that the tower and the walls were falling to pieces; that there were no gates; that there was nothing to be seen about this old edifice that belonged to a place of defence; and that my only object was to draw a ruin, as it appeared to be.

"But if it be a ruin," said some one, "what is there remarkable about it that you should wish to draw it?" I wished to gain time, and conciliate the favour of my audience. I therefore replied at some length, that they could not be ignorant that many travellers visited Italy merely to see its ruins; that Rome, the capital of the world, was full of ruins ever since it had been ravaged by the barbarians; that those wrecks of antiquity had been drawn over and over, hundreds of times; and that no monument of those remote ages had better resisted the efforts both of time and the barbarians, than the Amphitheatre of Verona, the sight of which I hoped soon to enjoy.

The Podesta, who stood before me, was a tall and not very thin man, of about thirty years of age. His inexpressive and spiritless countenance was in perfect harmony with the dull and drawling tones of his voice. His secretary, who was a smaller man, though apparently more active, appeared nevertheless much embarrassed by the novelty of so uncommon an occurrence. While I spoke, I appeared to be listened to favourably; and I read in some countenances, especially in those of the females, an expression of kindly assent to the propriety of my statement.

What I had said respecting the Amphitheatre of Verona, which is known in the country by the name of the Arena, suggested to the secretary the observation, that my excuse applied very well to it, as the Circus certainly was a very celebrated Roman monument. With respect to the old castle, however, there was nothing remarkable about it, except that it marked the boundary between the Venetian and Austrian territory; which was precisely the circumstance which attached suspicion to any one who examined it so closely. I then endeavoured to explain, that Greek and Roman ruins were not the only things worthy of attention, and that those of the middle ages also excited curiosity. Long habit had rendered them indifferent to these ruins; but they could not be displeased that I discovered some picturesque beauties, which escaped their observation. Fortunately, at this very moment the rays of the sun exhibited in the most brilliant light the tower, the rocks, and the walls. With enthusiasm I called their attention to this beautiful spectacle. The spectators had the objects of my admiration behind them. They did not wish to lose sight of me entirely; but contented themselves with turning round their heads, like those birds which constantly incline the neck to the wing, and thus examined with their eyes what I described. The Podesta himself turned a little, but with a decorous air, towards the objects I had pointed out. This scene appeared so ridiculous that I felt my confidence redouble; and I did not spare them even the description of the ivy, which for centuries had adorned with its ample verdure the old walls and the rocks.

The secretary observed that all I said was very fine; but the Emperor Joseph was a restless sovereign, who had not the best intentions towards the Republic of Venice. He signified that it was probable I might be one of his subjects sent thither to explore the frontier.

I immediately exclaimed, "I am no subject of the Emperor. Like you, I am proud of being the citizen of a Republic. In power and greatness, it is true, it cannot be compared with the celebrated Republic of Venice. It is, however, governed by its own laws; and in industry and wealth, as well as in the wisdom of its administration, it yields to no city of

Germany. I am a native of Frankfort on the Maine; a city, the name and renown of which cannot surely be unknown to you."

"Frankfort on the Maine," said a young and pretty woman. "Seignor Podesta, you can soon learn who this stranger is; who, I dare say, is a gentleman. You have only to send for Gregorio; he lived long at Frankfort, and will soon clear up the affair."

I perceived that the crowd began to be more and more disposed in my favour. My first adversary had disappeared, and the arrival of Gregorio completed my triumph. He was a man about fifty, of a brown Italian complexion. He mentioned several persons whom he had served in Frankfort. I proved to him that they were known to me. I reminded him of some details relative to Italian families settled in my native city, which were also known to him. All my statements accorded with his recollections. After our colloquy, he addressed the magistrate, and said—"Seignor Podesta, I am convinced that this gentleman is a man of talents and of good family, who is travelling for his improvement. Let him go at liberty, in order that when he returns to his own country he may speak well of us, and induce others to visit Malsesina, the fine situation of which cannot fail to be agreeable to foreigners." I supported this amicable advice by praising the country, the site of the town, and the character of the inhabitants, not forgetting to applaud the wisdom and vigilance of the magistrates.

Gregorio's proposition was adopted, and I was allowed to walk about with him wherever I pleased. I received the congratulations of my landlord; he appeared very inquisitive, respecting a pair of pocket pistols I had with me, and the carrying of which was prohibited to the inhabitants of the country under severe penalties. I rid myself of his importunity as quickly as possible, and hastened to express my gratitude to my deliverer. "You owe me no obligation," said this worthy man. "If the Podesta understood his business; and if his secretary were not one of the most greedy fellows in the world, you perhaps would not have got off so easily. But the former was as much embarrassed as you were; and the other considered that he could gain nothing by having you arrested and sent to Verona. You may be certain, then, that it was determined to set you free before we terminated our conversation."

In the evening I went with Gregorio to his vineyard, where he treated me with fruit. His son, a lad of fifteen, who accompanied us, climbed up the trees and cast down the fruit; while his father selected the ripest, which he presented to me. In this society, and recollecting the adventure of the morning, I could not help reflecting on the eccentricity of the human character. When one can tranquilly enjoy at home, and in the midst of his friends, all the advantages of life, is it not a singular caprice to run over the world, encountering privations and perils, for the sake of gratifying curiosity?

About midnight my landlord conducted me to the boat, and carried a basket of fruit, of which Gregorio had made me a present; and I willingly quitted a shore where I had nearly experienced the reception given to the companions of Ulysses by the Læstrygones. My voyage was favourable. The lake, like a magnificent mirror, reflected the verdant banks of the Brescian territory. This charming spectacle delighted and soothed my mind.

The inhabitants of this part of Italy afford few remarks, and those are not very agreeable. I had scarcely descended the Brenner, at daybreak, when I perceived a striking change of countenance. I was painfully struck with the complexion of the women, who had all a pale-brown tint. Their meagre forms indicated great distress. The appearance of the men was a little better. Upon the whole, however, the features appear to preserve their regularity along with an expression of benevolence. I attribute the bad health of the people to their food, and in particular to the great use they make of maize and buckwheat. They

live almost exclusively on a pottage made with the flour of these two grains. The German Tyrolese make cakes, with butter, of the same flour. In the Italian Tyrol they make cheese-cakes of it, and there no butchers' meat is eaten. This kind of nutriment may be expected to attach itself like a kind of viscus to the sides of the stomach, and to obstruct the passages. It is doubtless this food which destroys the complexion of the women and children, and gives them a sickly appearance. They also eat fruits and pease, which they prepare with oil and garlic. I asked whether there were no rich peasants. "Yes, there are." "Do they live no better?" "No, they are accustomed to this diet." "Then what do they do with their money?" "Oh! their superiors know how to disencumber them of it." This is the brief substance of my conversation with my landlord's daughter at Botzen. I afterwards learned from her, that the vine masters, who appeared to be most comfortable, are really no better off; for they are at the mercy of the merchants of the town, who, in bad years, advance them money, and in good seasons take their wine for almost nothing. It is much the same everywhere.

PETRARCH'S TOUR IN GERMANY.

Petrarch spent eight months of the year 1333 in making a tour through France and Germany. Most of his biographers, in alluding to this tour, declare that he undertook it for the express purpose of conquering by absence, the violent passion with which Laura had inspired him. Unfortunately for this declaration, which is made by Tiraboschi and Ginguené, and repeated on their authority, by all who forget that Petrarch was a lover of literature as well as of Laura: it is in direct opposition to three distinct statements made by Petrarch himself, at three distinct periods of his life. In his "Epistle to Posterity," which is written after he had ceased to be a young man, and which differs from most other epistles so directed, in having had the good fortune to reach its address, he says *, "that the eagerness of youth induced him to travel through Gaul and Germany;" and confesses that, "though he urged other reasons to his patrons to obtain their consent to his departure, his true reason was a strong desire to see many things worth seeing in foreign countries." He repeats this assertion in a letter which he sent a few years before his death to the Archbishop of Genoa, (*Rerum Senilium lib. X. Epist. II.*) and refers to the letters, which he wrote during his travels, in confirmation of the truth of it, Those letters, which are the third, fourth, and fifth of the second book of his familiar epistles, give him the confirmation he requires, and contain besides a brief record of the most remarkable things which he saw and heard in the course of his peregrination. It appears from them, that, after traversing the south of France, he went to Paris, which he describes as a nasty, stinking town, greatly inferior to the reputation which he had heard of it; that from Paris he went to Ghent, where he made some stay amongst its artizans and weavers; that he then

* "Juvenilis me impulit appetitus, ut et Gallias et Germaniam peragrarem; et licet aliæ causæ fingerentur, ut profectionem meam meis majoribus approbarem, vera tamen causa erat multa videndi ardor et studium." Fr. Petrac. Ep. ad Poster. Edit. Basil.

visited the most important towns in Flanders and Brabant, and among other places, Lieges, where he found two orations of Cicero, but had great difficulty in procuring ink to copy them; that he then sailed down the Rhine to Cologne, a city which he describes as remarkable for the beauty of its buildings, the grave deportment of its men, and the singular cleanliness of its women, considering its situation in a land of savages *(in terrâ barbaricâ)*—that, whilst there, he visited the tombs of the three Magi, which, he informs us, were brought from the East at three leaps *(tribus saltibus)*, and viewed with veneration the hallowed relics which they inclosed; that on leaving Cologne he returned through the forest of Ardennes to Lyons—that he there embarked—and that after a voyage down the Rhone, he arrived in safety at Avignon, a place which, though it was the habitation of demons rather than of men, was rendered dear to him by the presence of Laura. If our readers should wish to contrast the account of Germany in the fourteenth century, by one of the first poets of Italy, with the account of Italy by one of the first poets of Germany, which we are now publishing, they will be able to do so, by referring to the letters we have mentioned above. They are much too long for insertion in our Journal, but as they contain a legend of some interest, respecting Charlemagne, which is not, we believe, generally known, we shall make no apology for extracting it.

THE MAGIC RING.

"I visited the palace of Charles at Aquæ (Aix la Chapelle). In the marble Cathedral of that town, I saw his tomb, which, to this day, is much venerated by the barbarians. Some clergymen, belonging to the cathedral, told me an amusing story about the place, and afterwards shewed it to me in an ancient manuscript. I have since found it detailed with greater accuracy in some modern writers, and now feel inclined to send it for your perusal. I request, however, that you will not let the credibility of it rest upon me, but will leave it, as is fitting, with the original authors. They relate, that king Charles, whom they impudently place on a level with Pompey and Alexander, by tacking the epithet of Great to his name, was in love to distraction with a very beautiful little woman—that he was so fascinated by her charms, that he abandoned the pursuit of glory, which, up to that time, had been the darling pursuit of his soul, and ceased to take any share in the administration of his kingdoms;—that he so far forgot every other interest, nay, that at last he so far forgot himself, as not to be able to fix his mind for any length of time upon any other theme than upon her society. This infatuation gave rise to a mingled feeling of grief and indignation in the hearts of his subjects. At last, when they had begun to despair of his recovery to right reason, (for his mad passion rendered him deaf to the salutary advice of his wisest counsellors) the woman, who had created all this confusion, suddenly died. Great but secret joy prevailed in consequence at court, but it was converted into a bitter wailing, as soon as it was discovered that the mind of the king was more disgracefully diseased than it had been during the woman's lifetime. His passion was so far from being mitigated by her death, that it was transferred to her lifeless and disgusting corpse. He embalmed it in aromatic spices, adorned it with jewels, clothed it in purple, and bestowed upon it day and night, numerous attentions, which seemed to emanate from desire more than from regret. Words cannot describe how discordant the condition of a lover is with that of a king. They are so opposite to each other in their natures, that they cannot be united except with difficulty. For in what does the distinction of a king consist, save in exercising a just and glorious dominion? and on what does that of a lover depend, save in submit-

ting to an unjust and disgraceful slavery? It so happened, that, whilst the king was thus attacked by lunacy—for it was more lunacy than love—the ambassadors of foreign nation and the prefects and governors of his own states, came to consult him on affairs of the most urgent importance to the welfare of his kingdom. Instead of meeting them in counsel, he locked himself up in his chamber, clasped in his arms the corpse of his mistress, frequently addressed it by the most tender names, as if it were animated and able to reply to them, confided to it his cares and vexations, whispered into its ear soothing murmurs and gentle sighs, and shed upon it those scalding tears, which are always the sure concomitants of love. Dreadful as this consolation must have been to his feelings, it was the consolation which Charles, though in other respects deemed the wisest of men, selected above all others. The stories add, what, in my opinion, never could have happened, and what I am therefore very reluctant to repeat. There was, at that time, at Court, a priest of Cologne, remarkable for wisdom and sanctity, who was a Count of the Empire, and the president of the King's Counsel. This pious priest, pitying the wretched condition of his Sovereign, and perceiving that human remedies were of no avail in relieving it, prayed, day after day, to God for assistance in effecting his master's cure. After he had persisted in his prayer for a length of time, and there appeared no probability that he would desist from them, he was one day encouraged and rewarded by a singular miracle. He was performing mass according to his custom, and, after the most fervent prayers, was filling his bosom and the altar with tears, when a voice from heaven was heard to say, "Under the tongue of the dead woman lies the cause of the king's infatuation." Gratified at this intelligence, he hurried, as soon as he had finished mass, to the chamber where her body lay; and having obtained entrance into it, owing to the influence which he was known to enjoy with the king, carried away from it, in great haste, a gem in closed in a very small ring, which he found, by probing with his finger, under the cold and rigid tongue of this unfortunate woman. Charles, returning to the chamber shortly afterwards, hastened, according to his custom, to embrace the dead woman; but shocked by the sight of a dry and withered carcass, recoiled from it with disgust, and ordered it to be removed and buried forthwith. From that moment his affection was bestowed entirely upon the priest. He conferred upon him honour after honour, took no measures except by his advice, and would not be separated from him by day or by night. As soon as the priest, who was a virtuous and prudent man, discovered the magic power belonging to the ring he had found under the woman's tongue, he determined to get rid of a talisman, which, though it might be desirable to many, was to him an intolerable burden; but fearing lest danger should betide his sovereign if he were either to give it to a third person, or to destroy it by fire himself, he flung it into a deep pool in a neighbouring marsh. This happened at Aquæ, where the king was then residing with his Court. From that time the king preferred Aquæ to all other cities; he considered the marsh, near which it was situated the most lovely lake in his dominions; he would sit for hours together in extacies on its banks, and would appear as much delighted by the stench of its waters, as if they had been the sweetest in the world. At last he transferred his own residence there; and in the middle of a muddy marsh, at enormous expence, built on piles a magnificent palace and cathedral, with the intention of not being allured from them by any business, either divine or human. In a word, there he spent the remainder of his life, and there he was buried, having first enacted, that the successors to his crown should be crowned at Aquæ—a custom which is observed to this day, and will be observed so long as a Teutonic hand shall be permitted to direct the reins of the Roman Empire."

I MARMI DEL DONI.

In turning over the leaves of this book, we meet, about the middle of the first part, with the following singular but vigorous sketch:—

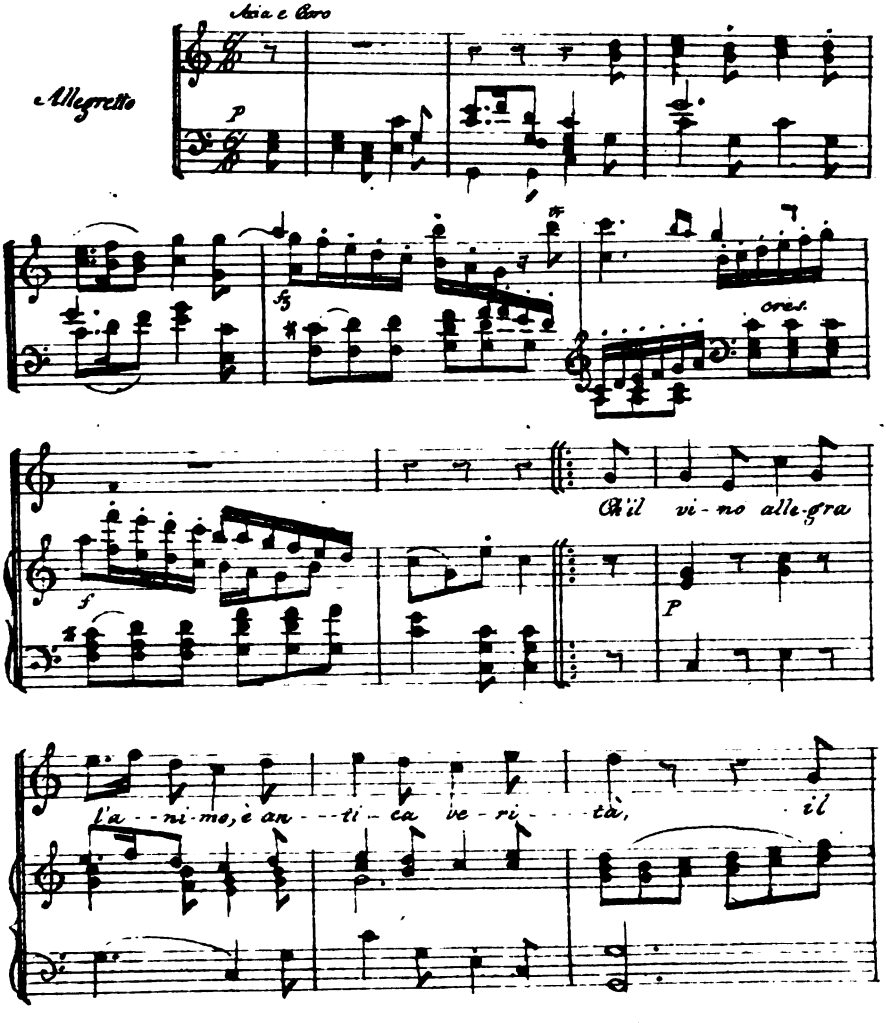
It is called "the Lame Pilgrim-Academician," and seems to have been a subject, suggested by some crippled soldier, reduced by the "fortune of war" to a wandering subsistence on the precarious charity which mutilated limbs, and tattered habiliments, and premature old age, might extort from the humanity of strangers. Underneath is a notice of Florence, as it existed in the days of its greatness, which we have translated.

"A wonderful city Florence unquestionably is; and the gentlemen are wonderfully amorous and courteous. And, oh! what a beautiful building that of the new market is. But, indeed, what buildings are wanting here? In every quarter there are palaces; every where there are piazzas; and in all directions, monasteries built to the glory of God; so that this appears to me the most beautiful place in all the world. There is more capital marble statues than in any other city (excepting Rome), and every class of society encourage painting and architecture, until they depict, even to the hospitals, the loveliness of charity. One must needs confess that what was said by certain sage Prelates at the creation of the Pope Boniface the Eighth may be true; namely, "that the Florentines are the Fifth Element," (as Landino upon Dante has written, since this is a place where so much is to be seen, and where so many blossoms of genius have produced divine poets.) If I have been so long coming here, I must have patience: certainly I might have arrived six days ago, whereas I have been here only two; but in these two days, desperately lame as I am, I have seen all the principal sights. And now I want to betake me to "the marbles," for it is the time; and there I am sure of being delighted, and of finding some rare and wonderful consolation; for ah! *such* people resort there!

SPOHR'S FAUST.

THIS Opera, though as yet little known, except in Germany, is not new. It is some years since it was brought out; but it is only recently that its adaptation to the piano forte has given the amateurs of every country the opportunity of participating to a certain extent in the pleasure it is capable of affording, and of forming some judgment on the merits of a composition which has been highly extolled by those who have heard it in the German theatres. The work is imported from Germany by Boosey, and is entitled "—— FAUST, romantische Oper. in 2 Aufzügen, componirt von Louis Spohr, im Klavierauszuge, von P. Pixis."

Our wish to extract some complete Piece, for the gratification of our Musical Readers, prevents us from entering into any critical details on the music of this Opera, or on the story which forms its subject. We must at present confine ourselves to this very general observation, that the music appears well suited to the romantic and terrific nature of the Legend of Faust. The part which we here insert, detached as it is from the whole, is not however given in justification of this remark. It is merely a Bacchanalian song; but it is a very fine air. composed in the genuine stile of the old German *Trinklied.*



vi - no invoglia a giu - bi - lo, e mastro il ser - vo

fà; on - de uso anti - co se - giu - tiam. e'l

so a - ve net - tare as - sag - giam, il vi - no il vi - no il

Tutti.

vin. On - de u - so anti - co se - gui - tiam e'l

On - de uso anti - co se - gui - tiam e'l

f

so a - ve net - ta - re as - sag - giam il vi - no il vi - no il

so a - ve net - ta - re as sag - giam il vi - no il vi - no il

fz

-vin.

-vin.

cres:

f

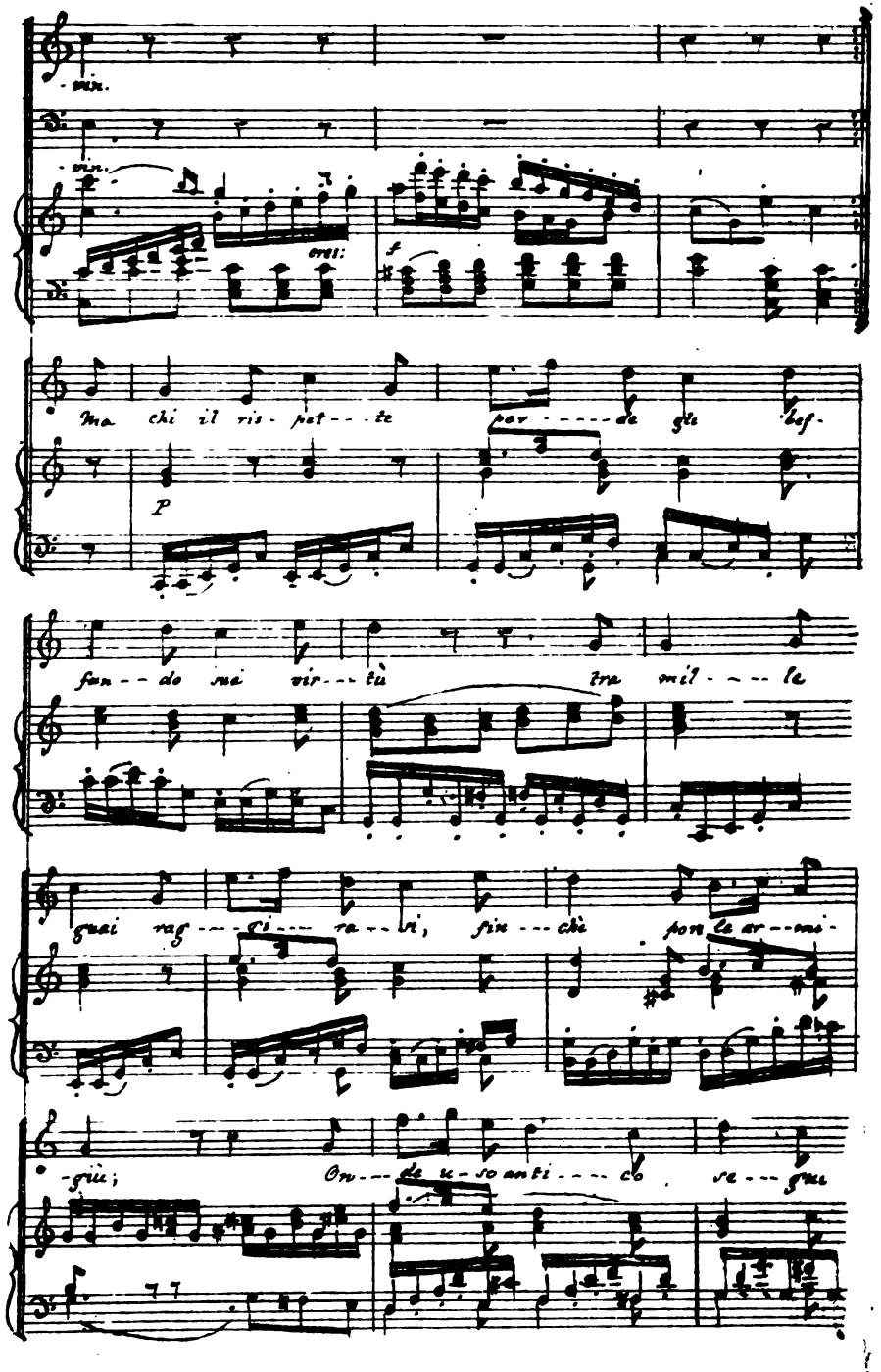
Ma chi il ris - pet - - - te per - - - - - de gli bef-

p

fun - - do sua vir - - - tù tra mil - - - - le

guai rag - - - gi - - - ra - - si, fin - - - chè pon le ar - - mi-

-giù; On - - - de u - so anti - - - co se - - - gui



-tiam e'l soa - - ve net - - - - ta - - re as - - sag-giam, il

vi - - no il vi - - no il vin. Tutti On - - de u - - - so an-

On - de uso an-

-ti - - - - co se - - - - giu-tiam e'l soa - ve net - - - ta-

-ti - - - - - co se - - - - giu-tiam e'l soa - - - - ve net - - - - ta-

-re as - - sa - - giam, il vi - - - no il vi - no il vin.

-re as - sa - - giam il vi - - - no il vi - no il vin.

THE PARTHENON.

No. 7.] *SATURDAY, JULY* 23, 1825. [*Price* 1*s.*

SKETCHES,
Historical and Pictorial.

OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

ANDREA ORGAGNA DI CIONE, was born at Florence, in 1329. He seems to have adopted a higher walk of art than any of his predecessors, and painted a number of large compositions in fresco. Of these the most celebrated is that of the Last Judgment, in the Campo Santo of Pisa. Mr. Ottley, in his very interesting and well-selected "Series of Plates, intended to illustrate the gradual advancement of the Arts of Design," gives an extract from this picture, which would lead us to form a very high opinion of Orgagna's powers. We take the liberty of transferring, from Mr. Ottley's plate to our pages, the figure of an Angel, who

may be supposed to be looking out with a feeling of awe and anxiety at the assembled myriads of mortals awaiting the last decree of Heaven. It is unnecessary to point out to our readers the sublime character of this figure. It is completely removed from the dry insipidity of the period to which it belongs, and bears a striking resemblance to the grand conceptions of Michel Angelo, who, however, did not appear until 150 years after Andrea Orgagna. Vasari gives a curious account of this picture, which he says the artist painted "con alcune fantasie a suo capriccio."—However that may be, the description he gives of it certainly conveys the idea of a work of no ordinary magnitude, and of no little difficulty of execution.

The following is the substance of the greater part of Vasari's observations on this picture of Orgagna :—

On one side Orgagna has represented all the great temporal Lords of every rank, absorbed in the enjoyment of worldly pleasures. Some of them are seated on a flowery meadow, and others under the shade of a number of orange-trees, which form a most agreeable grove, and on the branches of which are some Cupids, several of whom are also represented flying about, and shooting their arrows at the hearts of a number of young persons of both sexes, all evidently painted from Ladies of rank and Noblemen of the period, while these in their turn are engaged in singing, playing, and dancing, or in "telling o'er their tales of love." Among others, Orgagna has introduced a portrait of Castruccio *, Lord of Lucca, with a blue hood over his head, and a hawk on his wrist. In another part of this picture, he has painted a mountain inhabited by holy men, who, repenting of their sins, and eager for salvation, have retired thither from the world. Of these some are busy reading, others praying, and others again actively employed in labouring for their subsistence. Among the rest is a Hermit milking a goat; and nothing can be more naturally expressed than the action of this figure. Lower down is St. Macharius pointing out to the three Kings who were going a-hunting with their Ladies, the miseries of human life, by showing them the dead bodies of three other Kings, lying in a sepulchre, in a half corrupted state. One of the Kings, who are represented in a variety of fine attitudes, and seem to be considering within themselves how soon they may be brought to a similar condition, is a portrait of Uguccione della Faggiuola, who is painted holding his nose with one of his hands, to keep off the disagreeable odour arising from the tomb.

In the middle of the picture is a figure of death, dressed in black, and flying through the air with a scythe in her † hand, while her victims of both sexes, and of every age and condition, are lying around her. Besides these, there are a number of Devils and Angels, drawing forth the souls from the mouths of the dead; the Devils depositing them in gulphs of fire at the top of a very high mountain, and the Angels flying off with them to Paradise. Finally, Orgagna has placed Christ in the Clouds, surrounded by his twelve Apostles, and in the act of passing judgment on the living and the dead. Showing with great skill and expression, on one side, the miseries of the condemned, and on the other, the joy and happiness of the righteous. It is certainly much to be lamented, adds Vasari, that out of the numbers of distinguished personages represented in this picture, the names of so very few are preserved.

* The famous Ghibeline Prince, who supplanted Uggucione in the Government of Lucca, and who, having entered into an alliance with the Emperor Louis, of Bavaria, against Pope John XXII., Robert, King of Naples, and the Florentines, was excommunicated by the Pope's Legate in Italy. Castruccio died in 1328, consequently Orgagna could not have painted his portrait from the life, whatever Vasari may have thought on the subject.

† Our artists paint death under the form of a man, while the Italians and others, in conformity with the feminine gender of the appellative noun, represent the inexorable Minister of Fate under the figure of a female.

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HORATIAN EMBLEMS.

We now give an example of the plates in Otto Van Veen's Horatian Emblems, and resume the article on the subject of that work, which want of room obliged us to leave unfinished in the fourth Number of the Parthenon.

The following is a sketch of the 52d plate, intended to illustrate the insatiable nature of Avarice. The idea is taken from the comparison of Diogenes, that misers are like men afflicted with dropsy; the former being full of money, the latter of water, and yet both desiring more. We give only the outline of the plate, which in the original is a finished engraving.

In his more obvious and direct translation of the sentiments and imagery of Horace into emblematic representations, the Flemish artist often strikes us with the ease and vigour of his execution. Allegorical costume, and the attributes of the personified qualities of poetry, had long been fixed. Ottovenius had therefore no more hand in creating them than in establishing the Greek orders of architecture. But though Dame Fortune, Father Time, Virtue, Justice, Wisdom, and the other personages who share the wardrobe of allegory, are as determined in

their external habits as the characters of a Pantomime; their figures may be represented with more or less judgment, and their action may exhibit more or less animation and variety. No artist ever succeeded better than our author in infusing this variety, spirit, and life, into his representations. Some of the prints depend upon this alone for their merit. In others we detect a depth of thought, and a comprehensiveness of design, which place the genius of the Artist far above the reach of the Poet. Of this kind is the sixth engraving, intended to illustrate the text.

Virtus est medium vitiorum, et utrinque reductum.

Liberality, with her horn of plenty, is here placed in the middle of a circle between Avarice and Prodigality. The figures, the look, and the costume of the personifications, which represent the opposite vices, are extremely befitting; and the passage in question might have been sufficiently explained and impressed by them alone. But this did not satisfy the mind of the Artist. He has represented his three figures on the borders of the sea-shore, with ships in the distance, and given us the same lesson in the sky as upon the earth, by representing the flight of Dædalus and his son Icarus, from Crete to Italy. The latter, according to the fable, by approaching too near the sun, and having the wax which attached his wings to his shoulders melted by that luminary, is in the act of falling from his "high estate," while the former, steering his course in "middle air," holds on in a steady undeviating career, and suggests the idea of his speedy and certain arrival on the Hesperian shore. Could any thing add to the richness of this double image of the benefits resulting from a course equally remote from the extremes of prodigality and meanness, and of the dangers attendant on a too ambitious display of wealth and power?

In the print, which is framed to illustrate the following verses,

Sic, qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
Libertate caret, dominum vehet improbus atque
Servlet æternum, quia parvo nesciet uti.

there is an equal, if not a greater display of poetical imagination and philosophical reflection. Here we see not only the immediate evils of too eager a desire for wealth, in a dastardly mean-spirited youth surrendering his cap of liberty for a purse of gold, with which fortune is rather about to scourge than to honour him; and in an old miser converted into a beast of burden, and ridden by his heir, who is prodigally adorned with magnificence and loaded with treasure; but we witness the toil, labour, and misery which preside at the birth and attend the progress of riches. In the distance we have the barren country, which generally surrounds mines; the sheds of the miserable labourers; the barrows in which they carry their ores; the mouths of the pits into which they descend; the smoke arising from the smelting furnaces and the house of correction in which refractory slaves are punished. In short, this single representation gives us the history of gold, and of all those connected with it, from the miner to the miser—from

"The slave that digs it, to the slave that hoards,"

exhibiting at every stage the evils which it occasions in its acquisition and possession, till it is lavished on the follies, or vanishes from the view of the spendthrift.

We might point out many more instances of this richness of design—of this far-sightedness into human nature—of this power of varied combination, but without either exact copies, or too minute descriptions, we could not make ourselves understood. We shall only, there-

fore, beg leave to refer to print 21, representing the independence which a good man evinces of wealth, grandeur, and power; to print 30, which is intended to illustrate the maxim

Dulce est desipere in loco;

and which represents Opportunity presenting a little Harlequin figure to Minerva; to prin- 49, which again represents with a prodigality of fancy, and a profusion of details, the evils of avarice; and to print 60, which tells, in a most striking and pointed manner, the story of Danae, and the irresistible force of the Golden Shower. In the latter part of this work, the fable of the attempts and overthrow of the Giants in their war with the Gods, and the havoc of Death, are worthy of the pencil of Rubens.

After passing this high encomium on the majority of the prints, it may appear hypercritical to say that several of the designs appear to us too simple in their execution, and too much like a literal copy of the original. We may cite as examples the illustration of the passage

Paulùm sepultæ distat inertiæ,
Celata virtus.———

in which we have a figure of Virtue in repose in one cave, and of Sloth reclining in another, with only a wall between them—that which represents the consciousness of virtue, in which literally a *brazen wall* only divides the man of integrity from an invading host of vices; and that which represents the superior safety of deriving the comforts of life from a small rather than a large fortune, under the image of a man drinking securely from a spring with a cup, while another is plunging incautiously into a river, in order to slake his thirst.

We have only one other observation respecting these emblems. It has been already remarked that they are in general designed with spirit and executed with accuracy and fidelity. Nothing more, therefore, is necessary to show how very inadequate a painting, (which, from its very nature, can only represent a scene under one particular aspect, and at one particular moment), is to tell a story or to express an abstract idea, than to state that several of these emblems would be perfectly unintelligible without the accompanying text. Probably one of the best images in Horace, or in any other author, to represent the folly of procrastination, is that in which a clown is described as waiting on the banks of the river for an opportunity of crossing when the stream shall have run by. The Flemish artist, in painting this idea, has skilfully enough presented us with a river, on one side of which we find a peasant actively ploughing his field, and another diligently building his house, while on the other bank, we see a third doing nothing at all but gazing into the flood. Let us get the hint that the latter is waiting *dum defluat amnis* (till the river runs by) and the whole picture becomes as intelligible and consistent as the moral is striking; but without this key-word the whole is a riddle. If it were necessary to prove a truth so plain we might extract other examples from the able and ingenious illustrations before us. In conclusion, we cannot help remarking how superior this work of Van Veen appears to any thing which has hitherto been published in England on the same plan. The bald tone and disjointed representations which are introduced to illustrate Quarles "Emblems," and "School of the Heart," are as far inferior to the prints of the Flemish artists, as the taste of the Roman poet is superior to that of the English mystic.

A Sketch from another Plate of this work is postponed to a future Number.

SALIERI.

THE eminent composer Antonio Salieri, first Chapel Master to the Emperor of Austria, died recently at Vienna, at an advanced age.

Salieri was born in the year 1750, at Legnano, a Venetian fortress, where his father was a wealthy merchant. He at first applied himself to the study of music, merely as a source of amusement; but family reverses ultimately obliged him to embrace it as a profession. He became a pupil of the celebrated Gasman, from whom he received lessons on the harpsichord and singing. The affection which he conceived for his master, and his wish to benefit by his instructions in the art of composition, induced him to follow Gasman from Venice to Vienna. Salieri repaired to the latter city in the Spring of 1766, and he continued for eight years under the tuition of his able master. Gasman died about the year 1774, and Gluck, then residing at Vienna, became the friend and instructor of Salieri, who, in the year 1775, was appointed Chapel Master to the Emperor Joseph II.

The directors of the Parisian Opera having derived great profit from the increasing success of Gluck's works, urged him to set about the composition of a new Opera, and sent him the poem of the *Danaides*. Gluck, who felt himself, through age and infirmity, incompetent to satisfy the expectations of the Parisian public, and who was unwilling, by the production of an inferior work, to incur the hazard of compromising his well earned reputation, requested Salieri to compose the Opera, under his direction and superintendence. In Paris, however, it was given out that Salieri had composed only the third Act of the piece, and that the rest was the production of Gluck. The artifice succeeded. In 1784, Salieri proceeded to Paris with his Opera, which was several times represented privately before the Royal Family, with the highest approbation; the Queen herself performing a part in it. At length the Opera was brought out at the grand theatre of the French capital, with extraordinary success. It was not until after the thirteenth representation that Gluck declared Salieri to be the sole composer of the Danaides; and the critics then affirmed that they had observed some marked peculiarities in the composition—that the style was not exactly like that of Gluck, but possessed more of Italian melody than is to be found in the works of that master. In this they were perfectly right, for Salieri's Operas are all distinguished by a decided peculiarity of style.

On his return to Vienna, Salieri composed the Opera of *Axur Rè d'Ormus*, which was a great favourite of the Emperor Joseph, who, in token of his admiration of the composer's talent, presented him with the sum of 200 ducats, and settled on him a handsome pension. Besides the two already mentioned, the most celebrated among his numerous Operas, are, *Tarare, Il Talismano, la Grotta di Trofonio, la Ciffra, Palmira,* and *Cesare in Farmacusa.*

His ecclesiastical compositions, which were written exclusively for the Imperial Court Chapel of Vienna, are not so well known as they deserve to be. In spirit and in style they strongly resemble Hayden's earlier productions, though much more feeble in the instrumental parts; a circumstance which is doubtless attributable to the limited size of the chapel in which they were intended to be performed.

Salieri was a Member of the French National Institute, and of the Parisian Conservatory of Music. In his last will he directed that his mortal remains should be interred on the fourth day after his death. He bequeathed all his musical property to the Musical Society of Vienna. Among his manuscript compositions there is a new *requiem* with the following title:—Messa funebre piccola, da me, piciolissimo, Antonio Salieri. This work was performed for the first time at Salieri's funeral, and it was executed by singers, male and female, who had formerly been pupils of the composer.

It is said that Salieri has deposited in the hands of a confidential friend some manuscript papers, containing an account of his life.

VERONA,

FROM GOETHE'S ITALY.

Verona, Sept. 16.

The amphitheatre, the first important monument of antiquity I have met with, is the more interesting too on account of its good state of preservation. On my entrance, and particularly as I proceeded along the inner gallery, I experienced the singular effect of two contrary impressions. I enjoyed the sight of a magnificent monument, while at the same time, I seemed to behold nothing. This vast edifice should not be viewed in a state of emptiness, but filled with spectators, as it was on one occasion, in honour of Joseph I. and Pius V. The grandeur of the spectacle astonished these sovereigns, accustomed as they were to behold assembled multitudes. The effect, however, could only be complete in the ages of antiquity, in those times when the people were more a people than they now are; for, in the construction of those immense edifices, the essential object was that the people should form a spectacle to themselves, and be perfectly well accommodated.

When a crowd assembles on a level space of ground to witness any festival or exhibition, those who happen to be stationed behind the rest contrive means of raising themselves above the spectators who are in front. They get upon waggons, mount on benches and casks, occupy all the neighbouring heights; and the whole forms as it were, the crater of a volcano.

If exhibitions are to be repeated on the same spot, scaffoldings are erected for those who are able to pay for places; and the rest take their stations as advantageously as they can. But to satisfy the general want in buildings like this, destined for the amusement of a numerous multitude, is the task of the architect. He constructs by art, but with all possible simplicity, one of those craters of which the people are the chief ornament. To find themselves thus collected together, must at first excite a feeling of astonishment in the multitude; for the many-headed monster, usually actuated by so many various passions, and wandering about in different directions without any particular order or object, becomes here all at once, a huge compact body, reduced to unity like an individual, moulded into one mass, and animated by one mind. The simplicity of the oval form is gratifying to every eye, and each head contributes to heighten the effect of the mass, however vast it may be. But when such a place is empty, we have no measure for its magnitude.

The care that is bestowed on the preservation of this monument is very creditable to the people of Verona. The building is constructed of a kind of red marble, which suffers from the weather; but the steps, when they sustain any injury, are immediately repaired, and thus are consequently in such good condition that it might be supposed they appear as if newly finished. An inscription honourably records the great efforts made by Hieronymus Maurigenus for the preservation of this edifice. Only a fragment of the outer wall is now standing, and I doubt whether it was ever finished. The lower arcades, which lead out to the Bra, are let to artizans whose activity imparts an air of cheerfulness to these gloomy regions.

Verona, Sept. 17.

The finest gate of this city is the Porta-Stupa, or the Corta del Pallio. It is always kept closed, and when viewed from a distance does not produce a good effect. It is necessary to have a near view of it, in order to form an estimate of its merits.

Different reasons are assigned for keeping this gate constantly closed. The following is

my conjecture: the object of the architect who constructed this gate, evidently was to give a new direction to the Corso; for its present situation is exceedingly faulty. On the left, there are only some barracks, and the right line from the centre of the gate, falls upon a convent, which it would have been necessary to pull down. This must have been well understood; but on the other hand, it is probable that persons of rank were not very eager to take up their residence at a distance from the centre of the town. Perhaps the architect died, and the gate was shut up to put an end to all difficulty.

The front of the Theatre, which is adorned with six Ionic pillars, has a very good effect. A bust of the Marquis Maffei, the size of life, decorated with a huge wig, is placed above the portico; it is in front of a coloured niche, supported by two Corinthian columns. The bust has but a very mean effect: it is appropriately placed; but it should be of colossal size to be in unison with the grandeur and solidity of the columns.

The gallery that runs round the vestibule has also an insignificant effect, and the little fluted Doric pillars are too trivial in comparison with the gigantic columns of the front. But the valuable objects which this gallery contains, amply compensate for the faults of the colonnade. I here saw a collection of antiquities, most of which have been found in the city of Verona and its neighbourhood. Some, indeed, were discovered in the amphitheatre. They are chiefly fragments of Etruscan, Greek, and Roman art; but some are the productions of the middle ages. They all bear the numbers which Maffei has assigned to them in his *Verona illustrata.* There are also some altars, columns, &c. One of the most remarkable is a beautiful tripod of white marble, surmounted by little genii with the attributes of deities. The magical pencil of Raphael has transferred them to the walls of the Farnesi palace.

It may truly be said that the air one breathes near the tombs of the ancients, passes over beds of roses, and is impregnated with their perfume. All these funereal monuments appear powerfully to the heart, because they represent scenes of real life, the sentiments of which they were intended to perpetuate.

ATHENS,

A SKETCH FOR A PICTURE.

It was at the close of a fine Summer's day that Phidias and Alcamenes strolled out along the banks of the Ilissus. The sun descending in majestic splendour behind the fair city of Athens, enveloped her Acropolis in a broad mass of shadow. The river glided silently on, and reflected the golden lines of the setting sun from its glassy surface. In the distance, the shipping of the Piræus was dimly seen, and clusters of luxuriant olive trees enriched the foreground. Alcamenes stopped to gaze on the beautiful scene before him. "What an effect for the pencil of a Painter!" he exclaimed, "Oh! Phidias, how happy you should be, to be able to call up at pleasure, all the beauties of both those delightful Arts in which you excel! If I could paint like you, Athens should be my subject, and this is the countenance she should wear."

"It is indeed a beautiful subject," said Phidias, "yet, to me, I know not why, there

is more of melancholy than of pleasure in the prospect. The fading splendour of the sun, and the broken appearance of that massy pile which rises dark and dismal above the brow of the Acropolis, convey to me, involuntarily, a presentiment of my own departing glory, and of some distant period when the monuments that are now but starting into existence, shall lie in heaps of fragments. I have gazed on the evening sky, and those unfinished walls, till my imagination has converted the Parthenon into a ruin, and Athens into a place of desolation. I have gazed on them till my imagination has pictured to me my beloved city overrun by barbarians—our Statues overthrown—our Temples destroyed! Yes, Alcamenes, such has been the fate of others; such must be ours. Our Liberty and our Arts, which it has been the work of ages to complete, must, sooner or later, become a prey to tyranny and barbarism."

"But why," cried Alcamenes, "why thus torment yourself with useless forebodings? The glory you have acquired can never be extinguished. If the frail productions of your pencil be not calculated to resist the ravages of time, surely your sculptures are formed of more durable materials. The works you are now engaged upon—your Theseus—your Ilissus—will endure for ages, and ensure you the approbation of generations to come."

The last workman had descended from the unfinished walls of the Parthenon,—a dark form still lingered over the works,—'twas that of Pericles. "See," exclaimed Phidias, "our Pericles, as anxious as myself for the glory of Athens, is inspecting the progress of the Temple of Minerva. Amidst the toils of ambition and the arduous labours of the State, ever mindful of his country's greatness, he forgets not that to encourage the arts, is to afford the only indelible records of her genius. But come, he will next direct his steps towards my study. Let us hasten to meet him."

Thus spoke Phidias, and he knew not how truly he spoke. He knew not that the spirit of Liberty, which then diffused its radiance over the States of Greece, was destined so soon to be stifled by the ambitious views of a rapacious despot. He knew not that a warlike race was afterwards to take a lesson from the pure models of Grecian art, or that these were at still later periods to be spurned and dishonoured by more than one spirit of religious fanaticism. Nor did he know with what pious care future ages were destined to gather the scattered fragments of his divine productions; or with what reverence and awe the Gods of Greece were to be restored to nearly all their pristine dignities, in regions then unknown.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition at Somerset House has closed, before we have been able to do any thing like justice to its contents. Indeed, the variety of matter to which our pages are devoted renders it at times extremely difficult to compress into a limited space those detailed observations which any particular subject may seem to demand. Thus we are often compelled to draw the attention of our readers in a mere general way to works of art, leaving it to their own taste and reflection to discover the principles on which they are to be valued or condemned. Another excuse for the brevity of our notices may be found in this, that we always endeavour, as far as we conveniently can, to disengage our remarks from those technicalities of criticism, which are frequently employed rather to turn a period than to express a thought, and which are seldom productive of any distinct idea in the mind of the general reader.

Portraits, as we have already stated, formed, as usual, a distinguished feature in the late Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The best beyond all comparison, it is scarcely necessary to mention, were those by Sir Thomas Lawrence. We wish to make no invidious comparisons between the talents of that Artist and those of his brother Academicians; but really it is matter of very great surprise with us, that the latter should still go on, year after year, labouring at so immeasurable a distance from the sphere of their great President, without seeming to make any visible approach towards a competition with him. In what does this great pre-eminence consist? Is it in his colouring? No: for Phillips is incontestibly his superior there. Is it in his drawing? No; for in any thing beyond the head, his drawing is, generally speaking, notoriously negligent. Is it in the management of his chiaro-scuro, or in the composition of his pictures? Certainly not: for in each of these departments he is surpassed by many. How then is this excellence to be accounted for, which seems to be founded on no particular superiority in any of the separate elements of art? This is rather a difficult question to answer. Perhaps it may be partly attributable to a happy combination of all in a moderate degree. Perhaps it may be partly the result of a peculiar delicacy of taste, not only in perceiving and relishing the beautiful, the graceful, and the expressive, but in dwelling on, and enjoying all the little evanescent varieties of beauty, grace, and expression—all those little *accidents* of Nature, which, like the sporting of the ripples on the fair bosom of the lake, stay but for a moment, and change with every impulse. This is the very summit of a Portrait-painter's skill. The Historical Painter should represent men by classes or species, while the Painter of Portraits should delineate the individual; and the more the works of the former partake of *specific*, and those of the latter of *individual* character, the more nearly will each approach towards excellence in his particular branch. But to return to Sir Thomas Lawrence; it is evidently much easier to determine what *is not*, than to explain what *is*, the great cause of his extraordinary merit. We all feel it—we all admire it—but none knows how to analyze it. It is like the charm of beauty, which delights the eye, and warms the heart;—but who shall define its cause? Or like the power of light, which animates Nature, and gladdens the soul of man;—but who shall say what it is?

The best of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits this year were those of the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Canning, and Master Lambton. The two former possessed all that could be desired with regard to resemblance and characteristic expression; and the latter presented a very model of youthful intelligence. Seated with unaffected negligence upon a rocky bank, his head resting on his hand, and his expressive eyes thrown upwards, with a look of mute abstraction, the youthful subject of this picture seemed not to be of paint, but to live, to breathe, to think,

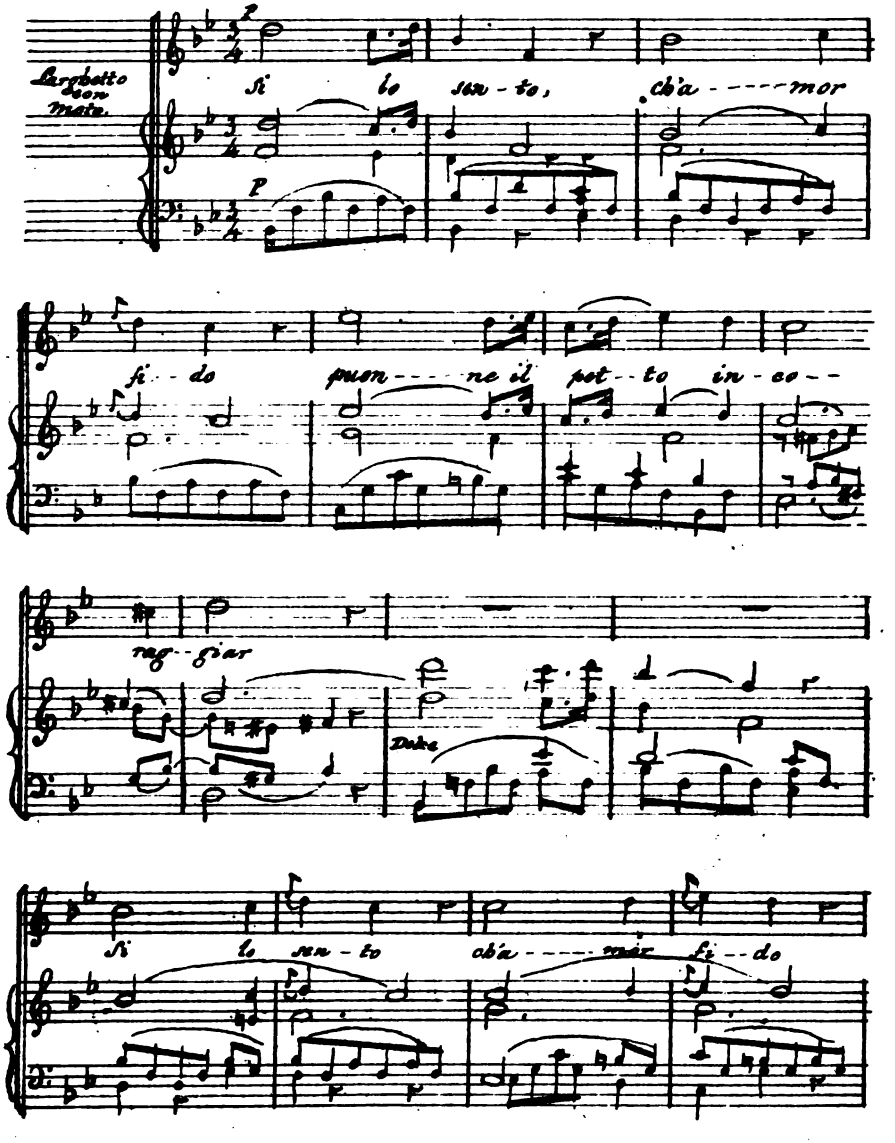
THE TALISMAN.

Though to give original sketches from new works is one of the objects embraced by the plan of the Parthenon, we cannot notice in so peculiar a manner every Novel or Tale, to which Publishers or Authors may wish to call our attention. When, however, a work which excites much interest, in consequence either of its own intrinsic merits, or the reputation of its Author, does appear, we shall not hesitate to employ that kind of pictorial illustration for which our Journal is peculiarly adapted, and which, from its general popularity, we presume will not be unacceptable to our readers. Accordingly, on the arrival in town of "Tales of the Crusaders, by the Author of Waverley," we followed this course, and incorporated in the brief and hasty account we gave of that work, a sketch from the first Tale, "The Betrothed." We wished to insert more;—at least one, from the Talisman, but we could not then spare room for it; and the manner in which our pages have since been occupied, must excuse its postponement to the present Number.

The subject of the Sketch, which we now insert, will be easily recognized by those who have read the story; for those who have not, we shall state that it represents a scene in the tent of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in Palestine. His Queen, Berengaria, has just entered to plead for the life of a Knight, condemned to die, and respecting whose decapitation the executioner is in attendance, to receive the orders of the King. The Queen is stated to be accompanied by several Ladies, but they are not taken into the view, and it may be supposed have not yet passed into the inner division of the tent.

ARIA.

FROM SPOHR'S FAUST.



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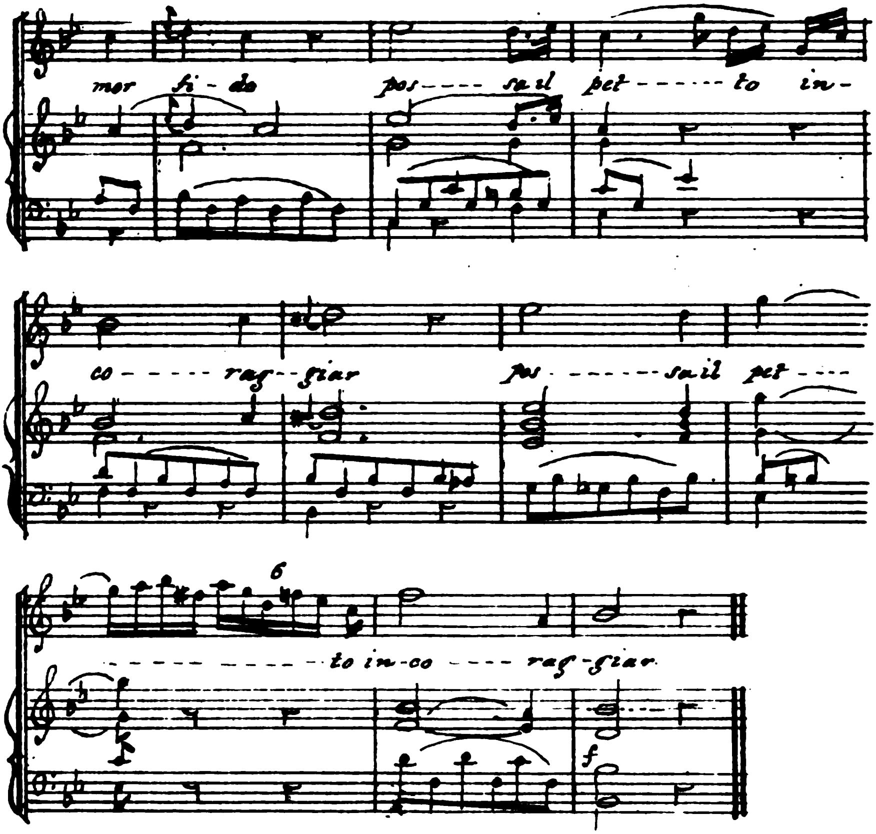
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THE PARTHENON.

No. 8.] *SATURDAY, JULY* 30, 1825. [*Price* 1*s.*

SKETCHES,

Historical and Pictorial.

OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

FRA GIOVANNI DA FIESOLE was a monk of the order of the "Frati predicatori." He was born in 1389, the same year in which the subject of our last article died. "He was not only," says Vasari, "an excellent Painter, both in large and in miniature, but a very worthy priest, and deserves an honourable mention for both reasons." "Would to God," adds his admiring biographer, "that all holy men spent their time like this truly angelic Priest, whose life was devoted to the service of God, and the good of his fellow-creatures." Vasari's praise of this artist was by no means more than he deserved.

If all that is related of him may be relied upon as true, he was certainly one of the most amiable, generous, and modest of men. Of his talents as a Painter, Mr. Ottley has given, in the valuable work to which we referred in our last, two admirable examples, from one of which we make the following extract.

This figure, so full of natural action and expression, forms part of a groupe in a fresco-painting, of St. Lawrence distributing alms to the poor. This is one of a set of pictures which Pope Nicolas V. called Giovanni to Rome to paint in his private chapel in the Vatican. Nor was the employment of his pencil the only honour which that excellent Pontiff, and liberal encourager of all the Arts which tend to humanize society, wished to have bestowed on the Painter. So high an opinion had he formed of his character, that he would even have raised him to the dignity of an Archbishop, had not Giovanni, with that modesty which is ever the accompaniment of real merit, declined an office, for which he thought himself unqualified. Let us hear Vasari's own words. "And the Pope considering Fra Giovanni, as indeed he really was, a person of a very holy, mild, and modest character, fixed upon him as worthy to hold the Archbishopric of Florence, which was then vacant. But, on learning his intentions, the good Father entreated his Holiness to provide another; stating that he did not feel himself qualified for such a charge, and adding, that there was a Priest belonging to his Order, distinguished for his kindness to the poor, his learning, his discretion, and his piety, on whom such a dignity would be better bestowed than on himself." Giovanni's generous recommendation obtained the high office for his friend, and Fra Antonio, of the order of the "Predicatori, was forthwith created Archbishop of Florence. Vasari's article on this Painter is curious, and in parts very amusing. He tells us that Fra Giovanni was so simple in his mode of living, and so punctiliously attentive to the regulations of his convent, that one day, when the Pope begged him to stay and dine with him, he hesitated whether he ought to eat meat without the consent of his superior, forgetting the still greater authority of his Pontifical host. This character for devotion seems to have been altogether unrivalled, and is described by his simple biographer with a degree of respect bordering on veneration. One of his customs was never to retouch or alter any of his pictures, but to leave them always as they were first painted, under the idea that it was the will of God that they should remain so. He never took up a pencil without having first said his prayers, nor ever painted a Crucifix without shedding a deluge of tears. "Whence," says Vasari, and the inference is droll enough, "one may always recognize in the countenances and attitudes of his figures, his goodness of heart and sincere faith."

THE RIDDLE READ.

In a public *Bottegá*, or wine house, of Florence, kept by a Venetian named Fabio Martelli, there were seated by chance one evening, drinking care away, two companions, named Giraldi Gasparo, and Antonio Baldini. The chimes from the *campanile* of the "Duomo" had rung three quarters after nine, and the lattices of the house were being cautiously closed, for the order of the police, although evaded, was peremptory, that all tippling in wine houses should cease at ten o'clock. But—

"Fasten not the door Fabio," cried the worthy Giraldi, as the landlord would have drawn his bolt, "for *I* must e'en depart. And yet it is early;" continued he, with a deep sigh. "I know not how I have sinned"—pouring out the last two glasses from a third bottle—"Antonio, my friend, here's to thee!—to be made thus the most unhappy man in all the world!"

"Give me another cup of lachrymæ, Signor Fabio; and look that it be of the right vintage! And who is this that is the most unhappy man in all the world?" exclaimed a strange voice, rather in a contemptuous tone, from forth the chimney corner.

"Nay, that should be me I think, if it be any here," said Baldini, rising with a shrug, as he swallowed his wine; "or, at least, I have more title to complain than my companion."

"And I say that neither of you have any title—that no man has any title to complain," returned the stranger. "The remedy ever lies in your own hands, for all the evil that you whine about."

"Which is as much as to say that you will tell our fortunes," cried Gasparo, sneeringly, "if we will listen to you. Tut, heed him not," added he, "it is the juggler whom I saw to-day in the market place, conjuring with cups and balls to the boys for a penny."

"Now, that is two lies," replied the stranger, coolly, "for I used no cups, and took no penny. Nay, hold him not," pursued he, for Gasparo's hand was on his dagger, "he flies at game above his mark! I know you both—you Giraldi Gasparo, the goldsmith, of *the Piazzi de Mercanti;* and you, Antonio Baldini, the mercer, of *the Corso di Santa Croce,* I know you well; and shall I speak?—for I know the shoe that pinches each of you."

"What is it that you know of us, imposter?" demanded Gasparo, between scorn and resentment.

"That you believe in my knowledge, and fear, while you affect to despise it. And you do well—nay, keep your silver!" for Baldini was taking out his purse, "for you shall find me no trifler. But you are reasonable now—that is, you tremble.—I pardon your folly and your haste. Come, tell me both, what you fancy your grievances are? and if you seek no disguise, perchance you may depart hence wiser than you came."

There is more credulity about the mind of every one man, than any ten men care to acknowledge.—"You ask my grievance?" said Gasparo, sullenly, "does not your art, if you have any, tell you that I am a married man?"

"You are jealous, then, perhaps?" said the juggler.

"It is not that," replied Gasparo. "My wife is honest; but she will qualify me, nevertheless, for the Hospital for madmen within these six weeks. If I but ask a question at home, I am suspicious. If I look into the street—nay, stand at my shop door—I am seeking other women. I have spent now an hour in this tavern, and ten to one my own house is locked against me, and a hand-basin full of water in waiting at the window for my return. In short I have never, since my wedding day, got through one twenty-four

hours without a quarrel; and yet this very wife—for I maaried her a widow—in the life of her first husband. was the gentlest creature in the world."

"This is my neighbour's case to complain of," "then," said Baldini, "would to heaven that my misfortune were no worse! I am a draper, and I have a good custom, and I have no great establishment. I sell much, and at good profit; and yet, however it happens, I get no forwarder in the world I am in arrear always, and in debt; and if I were to count my stock, I should find that I am poorer to-day than I was yesterday. And yet I live at no charge, and shall die like a poor man, without the consolation of having lived like a rich one."

The conjurer made no answer to either of these tales, but drew a pen and brazen inkhorn from the breast of his doublet. "Here is your charge," said he, presenting a small note, curiously twisted, to Baldini, "and yours." giving another to Garparo.—"See you observe their contents rigidly, and prosper."

"Rise to-morrow morning two hours sooner than usual," this was the amount of Antonio's billet.

"Go at day-break to-morrow morning to the Porta San Gallo," was the sum of Gasparo's.

They looked round just in time to see the door close; for the stranger had departed.

"This is strange!" said both the friends at once.

"Why it means no ill, I dare say," remarked the landlord; "but for the spell, if Signor Geraldi were to rise the two hours too soon, and Signor Baldini to walk to the Porta San Gallo, I doubt the fortune to be gained, in either case, would fit one as well as the other."

"Now he says well," replied Gasparo, and lest there should be any evil design, let us exchange errands, we shall at least have this point of security to the advantage; they will count on my being abroad to-morrow at day-break, and I shall be at home."

On the morrow, while it was yet early, Baldini entered the Goldsmith's house, but the aspect of the latter had changed since the preceding night.

"This fortune teller is not quite an impostor," said Gasparo, rather uneasily; "in following *your* instructions, I have seen that which concerns you much."

"That concerns me," returned Antonio hastily, "is it possible! now tell me what, I conjure you, and this moment."

"It is said in a word. I rose this morning at five o'clock, and, standing at my window, which looks upon your back door, I saw your foreman, Pedrillo, deliver to Benhelek the Jew, more cloth and velvet in ten minutes, than you sell for profit in a week."

"The traitors," exclaimed Baldini. "Be pacified," returned the other. "We know our course; and will obtain a warrant to search the Jew's house presently. But tell me pray, for my mind misgives me that these spells were serious—what befell you at the Porta San Gallo?"

"Oh nothing at all," said Baldini, "absolutely nothing. I would we had been less hasty; for by the change, I doubt not your fortune is destroyed."

"Sinner that I was! and did you see nothing?" repeated Gasparo in agony.

Nothing, I changed no word with any one but when I quarrelled with a peasant who had his mule tied to a gate, and was beating her too lustily.

"Did you speak with no other person?" said Gasparo clenching his hand. in despair.

"Nay, it was but a word with him, and that was to chide him," continued the other; "for I could have threshed the rogue when I first spoke to him; but he pleased me with his answer. He said that his mule was strong

and active, but that for a long time she never would draw in the team on any day, until she had first overturned his cart, and received a sound whipping. For which reason Signor, said he, I now tie her up every morning to this gate as you see; and flog her here to her heart's content, where she can do no mischief, after which she goes all the day through as a lamb. And this bit of family discipline, pursued he, was taught me by my late master that's dead, Pietro Malafichi."

"Pietro Malafichi!" exclaimed Gasparo. "The spell has done its duty! Pietro Malafichi was the late husband of my present spouse."

AN ITALIAN CUSTOM.

Among the customs of the common people in Italy, there is one, founded, like our Christmas carols, in religious ideas, which seems to have escaped the observation of most travellers, but which, as it has some connexion with Music, may be described in the Parthenon.

Shepherds, or other country people round Rome, and some other cities, repair to town in the beginning of December, and continue to parade the streets in pairs, until New Year's Day. One plays a kind of bagpipe; the other, who carries a simple zampogna, or flageolet, alternately plays and sings. This practice is meant to be a commemoration of the shepherds' going to worship the new born Saviour. The custom is extremely old, and some inquiries respecting its origin have been made without success. It is supposed to be a ceremony descended from the time of the Romans, which has changed its name and object. Be this as it may, there is certainly in the physiognomy and general appearance of these men something of a patriarchal character. They wear a red cloak over a green or blue underdress, sandals with thick laces, and round hats, with coloured loops and knots, very much resembling in their whole costume the shepherds, as they appear in the act of worshipping the infant Christ, in some old paintings; and as they are represented in the wax figures, which, during Christmas, week are placed in front of the altar in Roman Catholic churches. It is a remarkable peculiarity of those street musicians, that they never ask money of the inhabitants of the houses or shops where they play; but, on the day after Twelfth Day, when their perambulations end, they silently, and with an air of modest reluctance, accept any trifle which may be offered them. As, however, their remuneration never exceeds a few *bajocchi*, and as they continue altogether nearly six weeks in Rome, it is difficult to conceive how they live. They seem neither to eat nor to sleep, for they play during the whole night as well as the day. The taste of these people is very rude, and they are altogether destitute of art, but they play in a bold brilliant style.

OBSERVATIONS ON PICTURES AT VERONA.

BY GOETHE.

The gallery of St. Giorgo is filled with fine pictures. They are all altar pieces, and though they do not present an equal degree of merit, none is unworthy of notice. But how I pity the poor artists by whom they were executed! What subjects have they had to paint, and for what purpose! The Shower of Manna, thirty feet long and twenty high; and the Miracle of the Five Loaves! What could a painter make of such subjects! He could only represent a crowd of hungry men disputing for something like grains of corn, a multitude eagerly watching for a distribution of bread. The artist has racked his ingenuity in order to give some interest to these untoward subjects; and genius, thus excited by difficulty, has produced beauties. The painter who chose for his subject St. Ursula with the eleven virgins has produced a work of merit. The triumphant Saint appears in the foreground of the picture, and seems to have just completed the conquest of the country. The artist has been anxious to pourtray dignity rather than grace, and he has made St. Ursula a young amazon. In the back ground the troop of virgins are seen landing and advancing in procession. Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, in the Cathedral, is very much discoloured by time; but the conception of the picture must always be admired. The Queen of Heaven, in her ascent, does not raise her eyes to the regions of glory; her looks are directed towards the earth, as if still eager to gaze on those who have loved her.

I saw, in the Gherardini Gallery, some very good pictures by Orbetto. I had not before seen any of the works of this esteemed artist. Far from the land of art, we seldom hear of any but the most celebrated painters, and even these are often known only by name; but on approaching the radiant sky of Italy, talents of the second and third order, the satellites of the great constellations appear in their proper lustre, and the empire of art is augmented and enriched. The idea of one of the pictures in the Gherardini Gallery appeared to me exceedingly happy. It represented only two figures. Samson is sleeping in the lap of Dalilah, who softly stretches her hand over the hero's head to reach a pair of scissars that are lying on a table, beside a lamp. The execution is perfect. In the gallery of the Canossa palace, a Danæ particularly attracted my notice.

The Beriliqua Palace contains some valuable pictures. There is one by Tinteretto, called a Paradise; but it is properly the coronation of the Virgin, as Queen of Heaven, in the presence of the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, saints, and angels. This subject afforded the artist an excellent opportunity for developing all the resources of genius. The lightness of the penciling, the spirit and variety of the expression—all are admirable. But to comprehend and enjoy the many beauties which this picture presents, it would be necessary to possess it, and to pass one's whole life in contemplating it. The artist has bestowed infinite labour upon it, and even the heads of the groupe of angels who are vanishing in the back ground, are full of character. The largest figures are perhaps about a foot high. The Virgin, and Christ, who is presenting the crown to her, do not exceed four inches. Eve is the most beautiful female figure in the whole picture; and to her features is given a certain expression of voluptuous longing, a craving inquisitiveness, not inconsistent with the character of our common mother.

There are here two portraits by Paul Véronese which have increased my admiration of that great master.

The Antique Gallery contains a fine collection. One of the sons of Niobe struck dead, is a valuable monument of art. Most of the busts, notwithstanding the repairs they have obviously undergone, are exceedingly interesting. I remarked an Augustus with the civic crown on his head; a Caligula, and many others. It is in my nature to experience the utmost pleasure in rendering homage to what is grand and beautiful. To contemplate every day, and every hour, the masterpieces of art which are collected in Verona, affords, therefore, to me, a high degree of pleasure.

EXHIBITIONS OF PICTURES, &c.

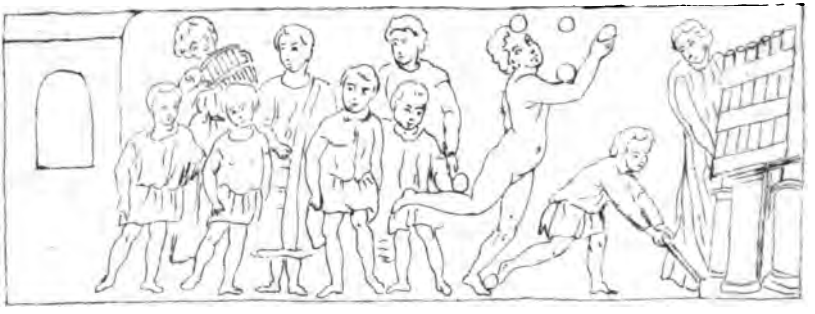
In the department of Landscape, or rather in that delightful combination of Landscape composition and animated Nature, which, when successfully treated, affords, perhaps, more genuine pleasure than any other class of Art, the works of Collins were conspicuous (though perhaps not quite so much so as usual) in the late Exhibition, at Somerset House. There were two or three beautiful Sea-side Views by him, all tinged with the freshness of morning, and enlivened with boats and fishermen, whose long shadows cast by the rising sun, streamed with a floating transparency across the fore-ground. Pictures such as these he has given us again and again, and admirable as they are, we must confess we get a little tired of their constant repetition.

Wilkie presented us with one of his little groupes of familiar life, in a subject taken, as his subjects generally are, from the domestic scenes of his native land. He showed us a Highlander just returned from grouse shooting, and welcomed home with the smiles of his wife and infant child, whom he is fondly receiving into his arms. Many have blamed the artist for so slender an exhibition of his powers, as, in their opinion, this picture affords; but to us, though small in size, and simple in incident, it seems imbued with the same magic which gives the charm to his larger compositions. It speaks the language of Nature and of Truth. Wilkie's countryman, Allan, has occasionally aimed at competition with him, but he has sadly mistaken the means. Not content with travelling the same road, he has inconsiderately attempted to tread in the very footsteps of that artist, and forgets the *object* in his anxiety about the *manner* of his journey. Wilkie's execution, which is frequently very bad, is easily forgiven, out of consideration for the innumerable beauties of a higher kind, of which he makes it but the medium; while Allan's is not only invariably bad, but, being unaccompanied by those valuable qualities which redeem the failures of his powerful antagonist, becomes the prominent feature of his work, and, as too often happens with bad properties in general, is always sure to be most conspicuous where it has the greatest

cause to be concealed. Leslie's, "Anne Page," though not quite, in our opinion, the "sweet Mistress Anne" of Shakspeare, was at least interesting in her coyness, but Master Slender, is certainly a caricature. In his manner of painting, this artist has made great advancement since last year. He has got rid of much of the heaviness of tint which was so predominant in his former works, and has enlivened his colouring by a considerable proportion of clear and transparent tones. Mr. Briggs's picture from the "Taming of a Shrew" we have already noticed. We close our article with a memorandum of its composition, and we are satisfied that those of our readers who did not overlook its modest merits will not object to any sketch, however imperfect, which may remind them of it.

We are glad to hear that the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and all the other exhibitions of Pictures have this year proved more than usually attractive. They have been, in general, crowded with visitors. This we hope may be regarded as a proof of an increased interest taken by the public in the Fine Arts.

MUSICAL ANTIQUITIES.

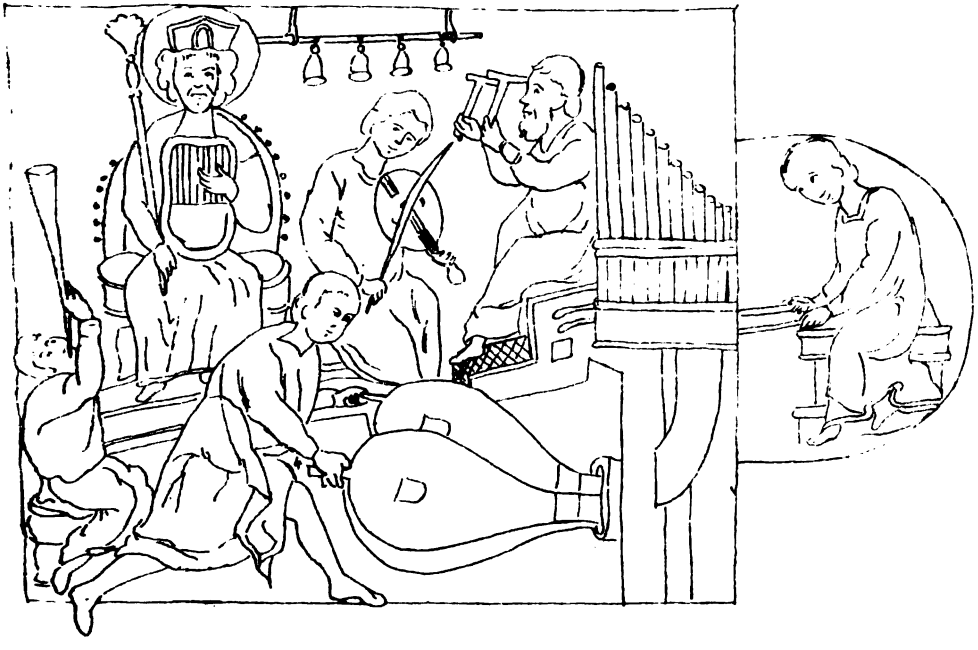


The above outline is extracted from a Diptych of the sixth century, inserted in Gori's Thesaurus Diptychorum. It represents one of the musical *certamina* of the Romans, and a game performed with seven balls, in the manner of the modern jugglers, of which the learned Commentator says he has no where found any account. He supposes the instrument on the right to be the hydraulic organ described by Vitruvius, and the man close by it, to be the *organarius* who plays it. The position and action of this figure seems to favour the idea so frequently advanced, and which, as Dr. Burney has observed, is so well supported by the words of Claudian *, that the hydraulic organ was played with the fingers, by means of levers or keys, in the manner of our modern wind organs. Dr. Burney mentions, however, at the same time, that in the collection of antiquities bequeathed by Christina, Queen of Sweden, to the Vatican, there is a large and beautiful medallion of Valentinian, on the reverse of which is represented a hydraulic organ, with two men, one on the right, and one on the left, who seem to pump the water which plays it, and to listen to its sound. He adds that it has only eight pipes, placed on a round pedestal, and that, as no keys or performer appears, it is probable that it was played by mechanism.—It is not unreasonable to suppose that the ancients had organs of both descriptions.

While we are on this subject, we cannot do better than lay before our readers another curious specimen of ancient musical instruments. It is extracted from the same interesting source as the former outline, and is quoted by the learned author of the Treasure of Diptychs, as an extract from a very

* Vel qui magna levi detrudens murmura tactu
Innumeras voces segetis moderator aënæ
Intonet *erranti digito*, penitusque trabali
Vecte laborantes in carmina concitet undas.

ancient manuscript. From the context we should suspect it to be about the date of Charlemagne, who is known to have paid so much attention to the improvement of the organ.



Here King David is represented sitting on a throne, striking a lyre with his left hand, and holding a sceptre in his right. This head is accompanied by two different kinds of ornaments. One is the glory, the emblem of sanctity and eternity, and the other a turreted crown, representing a city with a gate. This is, perhaps, the holy Jerusalem, or that happy Sion, "whose gates the Lord loveth," as David himself sings. He is probably engaged in singing psalms, assisted by four musical instruments; the wind organ, a sort of violin, a trumpet, and a set of bells. It is worth remarking, that the organ here represented has two small pins inserted into it, evidently equivalent to the *stops* used for varying the modulations of our organs. This is the earliest example of the kind.

THE BERGGEIST.

A new Opera, by Spohr—the composer of Zemire, Jessonda, and Faust, from the last of which we have given some extracts—is, unquestionably, a work of which our readers may expect that we should endeavour to procure an early notice. Nevertheless, until the dramatic compositions brought out on the Continental theatres are published, it is extremely difficult to obtain any distinct information respecting them, or anything more than a very general description, or some brief and indiscriminate eulogy or censure. Of the present Opera, however, we are enabled, by correspondence, and a detailed criticism in a German Musical Journal, to give a comprehensive, and, we believe, not uninteresting account.

The author of the text, a Mr Doring, of Frankfort, has founded his Drama on one of those legends of romantic superstition with which Germany abounds. The resemblance of the subject to that of a piece, which was brought out a few years ago at Covent-garden Theatre, under the title of *The Gnome King*, will not fail to strike those who may recollect that short-lived spectacle. It is evident that both plots have been derived from the same source. The idea of a supernatural agent inhabiting the interior of a mountain is the basis of the story. A belief in the existences of this kind was, perhaps is, very prevalent among miners in the Northern parts of Europe, where such an imaginary being is called a *Berggeist*, or Spirit of the Mountain.

On perusing the accounts before us, we are persuaded that the German critics are justified in the favourable opinion they give of this Opera, which they regard as Spohr's masterpiece. We therefore insert the substance of their observations, the better to prepare our readers for some extracts from the music, which we hope to have in our power soon to give.

The Overture, which commences with a spirited theme *à la marcia*, proceeds in a succession of fanciful passages, to represent the most striking incidents of the Opera, without any of those forced and sudden transitions which so frequently occur in modern compositions of this kind. A chorus of gnomes surrounded by all the pomp of their subterranean regions, opens the piece. Trall, a gnome who enjoys the particular favour of the supreme Berggeist, expresses himself dissatisfied with his abode in the interior of the earth, and describes to his companions the happiness enjoyed by man on the surface of the globe, which, on one occasion, he had obtained the privilege of visiting. In this scene, the recitative of Trall and the other spirits, who, by various interrogations endeavour to make themselves acquainted with the unknown world, is most happily managed; and the soprano voices of boys, which are introduced here, and in all the chorusses of spirits, produce a powerful and peculiar effect. An ariette by Trall, which succeeds this recitative, is full of beauty, and bears a trace of that pleasing archness which distinguishes all the music allotted to the character of the gnome. An animated and original chorus forms a fine close to this first scene. The next striking composition, is a rural chorus, sung by the attendants of Alma, the heroine of the piece, and the bride of Prince Oskar, who has just returned in triumph from the wars. The simplicity of this chorus forms a beautiful and striking contrast with the chorus of spirits in the first scene. An impassioned recitative, sung by Alma, is succeeded by a duet, full of graceful melody, between that Princess and her lover. Damaslav, the father of the bride enters, and his appearance on the scene with the youthful couple, gives occasion to the introduction of a most effective terzetto, which is partly unaccompanied, and which is remarkable for the fine arrangement of the vocal parts. This ter-

zetto is succeeded by a situation presenting the most powerful dramatic effect, and here the genius of the composer is developed in its fullest extent. Alma is alone, meditating on her approaching happiness, when she is suddenly roused from her reverie, and seized with an inexplicable feeling of horror at the approach of the subterranean spirits. In vain she endeavours to overcome her alarm. Her mind is oppressed by the influence of a supernatural power, from which she finds it impossible to escape. The intense expression of the air, "Holde Stätte, meiner Liebe Wiege," the appalling effect of the chorus of spirits, which is first heard at a distance, and then gradually nearer, and, finally, the grand entrance of the Berggeist himself, altogether produce an impression which it is impossible to describe. An inexhaustible fund of original melody and harmony, truth of expression, and powerful dramatic effect prevails throughout the whole of the finale of the first act; during which the Berggeist conveys Alma to his subterraneous dominions, while the bridegroom, her father, and friends, are subdued in a conflict with the spirits.

The commencement of the second act, discovers Alma in the palace of the Berggeist, who declares his passion for her, and urges her to requite his love. Finding herself in his power, and alarmed by the threats which occasionally escape from him amidst his professions of tenderness, she pretends to be resigned to the fate that awaits her, thus hoping to deceive the Berggeist, or at all events to relieve herself for a while from his hated importunities. The composer has represented these feelings in a novel and peculiar manner in the first duet in the second act, which may be pronounced to be one of the best compositions in the Opera. Alma expresses her eager desire to see and converse once again with the friends she has left behind her on the earth, and the Berggeist endows her with the power of converting flowers, which are brought to her by Trall, into any human forms she may wish to behold. She does not venture to conjure the forms of her father or her lover into the terrific abode in which she is herself held in captivity; but she summons Ludmille, her friend and companion, who brings her tidings of her father and her bridegroom. In the duet which ensues, the cold and unornamented strains which are assigned to the image of Ludmille, and which are accompanied by simple chords, are powerfully contrasted with the intense feeling and glowing tenderness of the part which is sung by Alma. This contrast is maintained, though not in so decided a way, in all the succeeding recitatives and choruses, which are executed by the figures transformed from flowers. A peculiar effect is produced in a duet, in which Trall declares his love to the image of Ludmille. The anger and impatience manifested by the Gnome at the coldness with which his professions of tenderness are received, and the utter insensibility of the supposed Ludmille, have furnished Spohr with rich materials for the development of his talent. In this duet, which is equally characterized for beauty of melody and ingenious arrangement of harmony, the composer has happily interwoven a portion of the ariette sung by Trall in the first act.

The next scene discovers Oskar, the unhappy lover of Alma, wandering in a wild, mountainous region in quest of his lost mistress. He sings an impassioned air, expressive of the various conflicting feelings which agitate his mind: tender complaints, bitter sorrow, despair and rage, are all represented in forcible contrast, and by the magical art of the composer, are, as it were, concentrated in one focus. A duet between Oskar and Damaslav possesses considerable beauty; though objectionable on the score of its length. A festival of the spirits of the Elements, which is given by the Berggeist in honour of Alma, forms the finale of the second act. The music here is not in the common ballet style; but maintains throughout an awfully impressive character. The melody which is sung by the figures, transformed

from flowers, again assumes a peculiarly novel character. The sudden fall of these figures when they approach the fire-spirits, and feel their withering influence; Alma's horror on beholding this phenomenon, and her excited curiosity, when Trall, who has conveyed the real Ludmille from the earth, promises to bring her tidings of her friends; the impatience of the Berggeist at the interruption of the festivities; all are finely represented in the accompanying music, and the charms of powerful melody and harmony combine to heighten the dramatic effect.

The third act is distinguished by an entirely novel stile of composition. It bears some remote resemblance to the music of Faust, but is wholly different from Jessonda and Zemire. The composer, who seems here to have resolved to snatch a grace "beyond the rules of art," has taken quite an unrestrained and lofty flight. Alma's recitative and air, with which the act commences, are perfect masterpieces of expression; but a terzetto and chorus, sung by Alma, Trall, the Berggeist, and the Gnomes, is the pearl of the whole Opera. In this concerted piece the individualities of the three principal characters are defined with wonderful truth, and the violin accompaniment, *con sordini* is singularly fine. When the Berggeist departs, at Alma's request, to search for fresh flowers on the bosom of the earth, and Trall introduces the real Ludmille to her friend, the music presents various changes of graceful melody, and Trall's ariette in the first act, which has already been alluded to, is introduced for the third time, and produces a most ingenious contrast. A quartett, which is sung on the return of the Berggeist, is remarkable for the originality of its *motivo* and at its conclusion, Trall is, by the stratagems of Ludmille, induced to convey her and Alma to the surface of the earth.

The meeting between Oskar and Alma bears the stamp of that deep feeling which is the fundamental principle of Spohr's compositions. During the finale, immediately before the entrance of the Berggeist, who, in a furious rage, pursues the fugitives, the first bar of the beautiful closing chorus is, as it were gently breathed; and then, on the appearance of the the Spirit, a hurricane of harmony bursts forth, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The passages in this part of the Opera which are executed by Oskar and Alma, when anticipating the vengeance of the Berggeist, they bid farewell to existence, are by a succession of sublime harmonies absolutely elevated into a musical apotheosis. Another most impressive effect is produced in the finale by the sudden appearance of the Northern light, which announces the approach of the Urgeist, a spirit whose power is, as the term implies, superior to that of the Berggeist, and, who, after censuring the latter for departing from his subterranean sphere, grants him forgiveness when he has acknowledged and expressed contrition for his error. The conclusion of the finale is a piece of brilliant melody well worthy the rest of the work.

This Opera proves, what indeed the music of Faust, Zemire and Jessonda, must already have placed beyond a doubt in the minds of all unprejudiced judges, namely, that Sphor is not a mere sentimental composer, as the lovers of noisy music have sometimes pronounced him to be. The Berggeist is characterized throughout by energy, dignity, tenderness, and grace. The recitative is admirably managed, particularly whenever the situation and sentiment demand the *cantabile* stile; and throughout, the Opera bears ample testimony that Sphor is a perfect master of harmony and instrumentation.

As to text the Drama on which the talent of Sphor has been thus successfully exercised is superior to the common run of Opera's, and it reflects considerable credit on the author. He has throughout the whole, judiciously avoided the employment of rhymes, which frequently give occasion to unmusical pauses, and are consequently injurious to true expression. Indeed in concerted pieces, rhymes are seldom heard. And if heard at all, the effect they produce can seldom be turned to good account except in the comic Opera.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

Having already made the *Crociato in Egitto* the subject of a detailed article, little is left for us to say of the performers at this theatre, where that favourite Opera has, since it was first brought out, retained an almost exclusive possession of the stage. It was repeated on Saturday last, and Signor Velluti and Madame Caradori, once more delighted their auditors with their exquisite singing, in the characters of Armando and Palmide. In addition to the curtailments which we noticed in the first performance of the Opera, we observed some others, which we hope are not intended to be permanent. They were probably occasioned, either through the lateness of the hour at which the performances commenced, or the recent indisposition of Madame Caradori, who seemed hardly sufficiently recovered to sustain the fatigue of her long and difficult part. The *scena* commencing with *Ma ciel! —s'ei mai peri!* in the execution of which her talents are so eminently conspicuous, was omitted on Saturday. The audience was unusually numerous and fashionable, considering the very late period of the season. There was no performance on Tuesday.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I had a hope, that in my heart
  Long time kept fluttering;
And still from strength to strength it grew,
And seem'd as beautiful as true,
But, like the swan's sweet song, I knew,
  'Twould die in utt'ring.

When'eer I found within my breast,
  Affliction springing,
Then, like the dove of old, it stole
Away, but soon regained its goal,
O'er the dark waters of my soul,
  The olive bringing.

Sweet Myra! dare I name to thee
  The hope, I cherish'd;
'Twas love! ah! cruel, frown not so,
Dark clouds are gath'ring on thy brow,
And, the sweet hope I nursed till now,
  'Tis gone—'tis perish'd

Henry Neele.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Opera of *Axur Re d'Ormus*, by Salieri, to which we alluded in the article on that composer in our last, is in preparation at the Theatre of the English Opera. To the manager of that theatre we were last year indebted for the production of the Freyschütz, and we cannot too strongly commend the plan which seems thus to be adopted, of making the British public familiar with the best dramatic works of eminent foreign composers. The attraction of such works, we are convinced, will amply recompence the trouble and expense which must be incurred in bringing them out; for a taste for music has, within these few years, been rapidly extended, and even the common crowd of listeners have got far beyond the vulgar prejudice which used to dictate the rejection of every thing which was not of home manufacture. The Opera is to be brought out under the superintendance of Mr. Braham, who will himself perform a part in it.

The Musical Society of the Lower Rhine, this year held their annual Whitsuntide festival, at Aix-la-Chapelle, under the direction of Mr Frederick Ries, who since his departure from London, has resided at Godesberg, near Bonn. The festival lasted two days. The pieces selected for the first day were a New Symphony, by Ries, Handel's Alexander's Feast, the Hallelujah Chorus, and "O thou that tellest" from the Messiah. The second day's Concert consisted of Beethoven's New Symphony and Chorus, Mozart's Davidde penitente, the Overture to the Zauberflote, and Beethoven's Mount of Olives. Of the Davidde penitente only some select pieces were given which was perhaps more satisfactory than the performance of the whole. The history of this Oratorio is as follows:—Mozart promised his wife to compose a Mass on the event of her safe delivery, and he accordingly produced a *Kyrie* and a *Gloria*. Some time after this, when he was in Vienna, application was made to him for the composition of a new Oratorio, and as he had at that period neither time nor inclination for the execution of such a task, he took his Kyrie and Gloria, added to them some of his early studies, together with two new airs, and, adapting an Italian text to the whole, produced his Oratorio. These circumstances serves to explain the somewhat disconnected and incongruous form of that singular work.

Cherubini is publishing in score, by subscription, his Mass for three voices which was performed at Rheims on the coronation of Charles X.

Rossini's Otello, with the words in French, and arranged anew for the French stage, is brought out at the Theatre of the Odéon, in Paris.

Velluti, we understand is engaged to sing at Edinburgh, and is to travel northward as soon as the Opera closes.

Rossini's Opera:—"Bianco e Falliero," brought out at the theatre of San Carlos in Naples has completely failed.

THE PARTHENON.

No. 9.] *SATURDAY, AUGUST* 6, 1825. [*Price* 1*s*.

SKETCHES,

Historical and Pictorial,

OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

Antonello da Messina.

We have now arrived at the period of a very important event in the History of Modern Art—the discovery of oil painting. Hitherto the only modes of painting, employed by the Italian Artists, and those in other parts of Europe, who had already begun to catch the spreading taste, were fresco and distemper, neither of which possess any properties calculated to convey an idea of the charms of colouring. Artists had long been sensible of this deficiency, and many of them had already laboured unsuccessfully to supply it. Among the most persevering of these experimentalists in Italy, were

Baldovinetti and Pisello, who after taking a great deal of pains, by means of different applications and mixtures, to give a certain degree of richness to their colouring, were obliged to abandon the attempt in despair, and it was reserved for a Dutchman, of the name of Van Eyk, called John of Bruges, from his long residence in that town, to invent a process which has since proved to be so valuable an addition to the powers of painting *. This Painter, who had acquired great celebrity in Flanders, where the Art was at that time in its earliest infancy, having been disappointed in the success of a varnish which he applied to one of his distemper paintings, devoted his whole attention to the discovery of some more satisfactory process; and the knowledge of chemistry which he is said to have possessed, peculiarly fitted him for the task. He soon found that the oils of linseed and of nuts, were of a more drying quality than any others, and that by mixing his colours with these, he could give them a much greater degree of depth and richness than they before possessed in distemper. John of Bruges found fame and riches the immediate consequence of his discovery. His works were anxiously sought after, and made their way into every part of Europe, while other artists vainly endeavoured to discover the secret. At length, Antonello da Messina, whose head is placed at the commencement of this article, having determined on making every possible effort to acquire the envied information, undertook a journey to Flanders for the purpose, and contrived to ingratiate himself so well into the favour of John of Bruges, that he learnt the secret from him, and brought it home with him to Messina. Venice, however, was the city in which he passed the greater part of his life, and it was there, that he in his turn communicated the process of oil painting to a Venetian artist, of the name of Domenico. Thenceforward Venice and Flanders became the principal schools of colouring in Europe, a character which they long continued to maintain, at the expense, very often, of truth and propriety on the one side, and taste and beauty on the other. Antonello was, as may be naturally supposed, greatly honoured and esteemed during his life, and dying at the age of forty-nine, was followed to the grave by all his brother artists. The inscription on his tomb-stone, styles him the "chief ornament, not only of Messina, his birth-place, but of the whole of Sicily;"—

D. O. M.

Antonius Pictor, præcipuum Messinæ suæ, et Siciliæ totius ornamentum, hoc humo contegitur. Non solum suis picturis, in quibus singulare artificium, et venustas fuit, sed et quod coloribus oleo miscendis splendorem,

* This account of the discovery of oil painting and of its introduction into Italy, is the generally received story, supported principally on the authority of Vasari; but as this subject has afforded matter for much speculation and discussion, we shall endeavour to revert to it more fully at some future opportunity.

et perpetuitatem primus Italicæ picturæ contulit: summo semper artificium studio celebratus.

Domenico, the before-mentioned Venetian pupil of Antonello having occasion to go to Florence to execute some pictures, made acquaintance in that city with Andrea del Castagno, a self-taught artist, who had exchanged the occupation of the plough for that of the pencil. This man, perceiving the great estimation in which the new process of painting was held, took pains to ingratiate himself into the favour of Domenico, and succeeded so well as to obtain from him a knowledge of the secret. Domenico's generosity lost him his life. No sooner had Andrea gained the object of his wishes, than he formed the horrible project of murdering his friend and benefactor that he might remain in the undivided enjoyment of the profitable discovery which had been communicated to him. He way-laid him one evening at the corner of a street, and having completed his horrid purpose, returned immediately to his own lodgings and set to work, as tranquil as if he had never left his easel. Meantime the victim of his barbarous avarice far from suspecting whose hand had struck the cruel blow, was borne into the apartment by some chance passengers, whom, with his dying breath, he had entreated to carry him to his friend, and expired in the arms of his murderer.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE FLORENCE GALLERY.

"Reale Galleria di Firenze, incisa a contorni, sotto la direzione del. Sig. Benvenuti, e illustrata dai Sigg. Zannoni, Montalvi, Bargigli e Corsi."—Firenze, presso Giuseppe Molini.—Imported by Black, Young, and Young, London.

The splendid folio edition of the Florence Gallery must be well known to the greater part of our readers. Its costly execution, however, has given it a price which renders it unattainable to the generality of book purchasers. The work of which we have here given the title, being executed on a smaller scale, and containing, with only two or three exceptions, mere outlines of the pictures and other works of art, contained in the celebrated Gallery of Florence, is much more *à la portée* of the artist and student in general. Of the outline plates, which are managed throughout with the utmost taste and skill, the following is a specimen.

This sweet composition is copied from a picture by Annibale Carracci, representing the Virgin, with the infant Christ and St. John. The following is a translation of the notice of it, given in the work before us :—

"There are few Picture Galleries of the first order, which do not boast of the possession of some small picture of the Virgin, from the pencil of Annibale Caracci. Of these many have really been executed by him, and many, at the same time, are only imitations or copies, painted, in some instances, by students, and in others, for the purposes of imposition, by artists, who have been induced to practise the trick by the high prices which are universally assigned to the works of that admirable artist. The picture which we here give, is not the only one of the kind; it is found repeated in many places, sometimes of the same size, and sometimes larger. We may, however, venture to assert, supported as we are by the opinion of every critic, that this picture will stand a comparison with any of those which resemble it, whether in regard to its genuineness, its beauty of execution, or its perfect preservation. A vigorous colouring, a powerful tone, and a full and determined touch, add wonderfully to the noble conception of the picture, and to the grandeur of its style; and the whole is mellowed by such a sprinkling of grace, as is evidently drawn from the purest sources of Lombardy. It would seem that when Annibale prepared himself for this work, the severe and gigantic genius of his favourite, Tibaldi, stood before him, while the Muses of Corregio and Parmegianino sat by his side."

It would have been well if the publishers of this work had confined themselves entirely to outline plates, for the few they have inserted of a more elaborate nature give no cause to regret the want of shading in the rest. The observations and criticisms on the works of art, are generally written with judgment and spirit, and add greatly to the gratification which every person of taste must derive from so rich an index to the finest Gallery in the world.

BELL'S ITALY.

"Observations on Italy, by the late John Bell, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, &c. Author of the Work on Gun-shot Wounds. William Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell, London."

Books of Travels, especially those relating to so interesting a part of the world as that which has given rise to the work before us, have of late years so multiplied upon us, that it would seem almost impossible to produce any thing new in relation to so exhausted a theme. Mr. Bell's "Observations," however, prove satisfactorily that the eye of genius will discover new points of interest, even in the most beaten path. This posthumous work, which has been composed from the notes and memoranda of it's ingenious author, under the direction of his widow, not only contains much that has escaped the notice of former travellers, but is rich in information on subjects on which few have been so well qualified to speak. Mr. Bell's well known professional talents and general acquirements admirably fitted him for an undertaking of the sort, and it is impossible to peruse his interesting Observations, and their introductory preface, without the strongest feelings of regret that the possessor of such useful mental qualifications, and so much private worth, should have been so prematurely snatched from his friends and the public. The classical recollections, interspersed throughout the work, are introduced with great propriety and effect, and the remarks relating to Galleries of Pictures, and other works of Art, display an unsophisticated taste and a genuine relish for propriety and beauty. We will conclude our short notice of this work with the following extract, descriptive of the ceremony of a Nun taking the Veil, a picture which we think will interest our readers, however justly they

may condemn the practice it represents, and all the solemn artifices which accompany it.

"The Convent in which we were now to behold this ceremony belongs to an austere Order, styled "Lume Sacra," having severe regulations, enforcing silence and contemplation.

"One of their symbols resembles the ancient custom of the Vestal Virgins; like them, they are enjoined to watch continually over the sacred lamp, burning for ever. The costume of this community differs essentially from that usually worn, and is singularly beautiful and picturesque; but while it pleases the eye, it covers an ascetic severity, their waist being grasped, under the garment, by an iron girdle, which is never loosened.

"It appeared that the fortunes of the fair being, who was this day to take the veil, had been marked by events so full of sorrow, that her story, which was told in whispers by those assembled, was not listened to without the deepest emotion. Circumstances of the most affecting nature had driven her to seek shelter in a sanctuary where the afflicted may weep in silence, and where, if sorrow is not assuaged, its tears are hidden.

"All waited the moment of her entrance with anxious impatience, and on her appearance, every eye was directed towards her with an expression of the deepest interest. Splendidly adorned, as is customary on these occasions, and attended by a female friend of high rank, she slowly advanced to the seat assigned to her near the altar. Her fine form rose above the middle stature, a gentle bend marked her contour, but it seemed as the yielding of a fading flower; her deep blue eyes, which were occasionally, in pious awe, raised to heaven, and her long dark eyelashes, gave life to a beautiful countenance, on which resignation seemed pourtrayed. The places allotted to us, as being strangers, whom the Italians never fail to distinguish by the most courteous manners, were such as not only to enable us to view the whole ceremony, but to contemplate the features and expression of this most interesting being.

"She was the only child of doating parents; but while their afflicted spirit found vent in the tears which coursed over cheeks chilled by sorrow, they yet beheld their treasure about to be for ever separated from them with that resignation which piety inspires, while yielding to a sacrifice made to heaven. The ceremony now began—the priest pronounced a discourse, and the observances proceeded in the usual track.

"At length the solemn moment approached which was to bind her vows to heaven. She arose, and stood a few moments before the altar, when suddenly, yet with noiseless action, she sank extended on the marble floor, and instantly the long black pall was thrown over her. Every heart seemed to shudder, and a momentary pause ensued; when the deep silence was broken by the low tones of the organ, accompanied by soft and beautiful female voices, singing the service of the dead (the requiem). The sound gently swelled in the air, and as the harmonious volume became more powerful, the deep church bell at intervals sounded with a loud clamour, exciting a mixed feeling of agitation and grandeur.

"Tears were the silent expression of the emotion which thrilled through every heart. This solemn music continued long, and still fell mournfully on the ear; and yet seraphic, as in softened tones, and as it were receding in the distance, it gently sank into silence. The young novice was then raised, and advancing towards the priest, she bent down, kneeling at his feet, while he cut a lock of her hair, as a type of the ceremony that was to deprive her of this, to her no longer valued, ornament. Her attendant then despoiled her of the rich jewels with which she was adorned; her splendid upper vesture was thrown off, and replaced by a monastic garment; her long tresses bound

up, her temples covered with fair linen; the white crown, emblem of innocence, fixed on her head, and the crucifix placed in her hand.

"Then leaning low once more before the altar, she uttered her last vow to heaven; at which moment the organ and choristers burst forth in loud shouts of triumph, and in the same instant the cannon from St. Angelo gave notice that her solemn vows were registered.

"The ceremony finished, she arose, and, attended in procession, proceeded towards a wide iron gate, dividing the church from the monastery, which, opening wide, displayed a small chapel beautifully illuminated; a thousand lights shed a brilliant lustre, whose lengthened gleams seemed sinking into darkness, as they shot through the long perspective of the distant aisle. In the foreground, in a blazing focus of light, stood an altar, from which, in a divided line, the nuns of the community were seen, each holding a large burning wax taper. They seemed to be disposed in order of seniority, and the two youngest were still adorned with the white crown, as being in the first week of their noviciate.

"Both seemed in early youth, and their cheeks, yet unpaled by monastic vigils, bloomed with a brightened tint, while their eyes sparkled, and a smile seemed struggling with the solemnity of the moment, in expression of their innocent delight in beholding the approach of her, who had that day offered up her vows, and become one of the community.

"The others stood in succession, with looks more subdued, pale, mild, collected; the head gently bending toward the earth in contemplation. The procession stopped at the threshold of the church, when the young nun was received and embraced by the Lady Abbess, who leading her onwards, was followed in procession by the nuns, each bearing her lighted torch.

"It might be the brilliant light shed on the surrounding objects, or the momentary charm lent by the eye and the heart, which gave to these fair beings a fascination more than real; but such were my feelings, so fixed my attention, that when their forms faded from my view, when the gate was closed, and I turned again towards the busy throng and crowded street, I felt a heaviness of heart, even to pain, weigh upon me."

CASEM AND GULPENHAL,

OR FIDELITY BEYOND THE GRAVE.

There lived at Samarcand, a young tailor, whose name was Casem. He had married a beautiful girl, called Gulpenhal, whom he loved better than his eyes. Gulpenhal was well deserving of her name, which signifies that she was fairer and sweeter than young roses. Her eyes were black and brilliant; her figure slender and graceful; her hair softer than silk; her arms and bosom of faultless beauty, and she was not more than eighteen years old; all which things together, made honest Casem think his wife was an angel.

Those persons who are extremely wise, (and there are a great many such in the world,) will say that it was like a very young tailor to think so; but we know, under favour of those wise people, that there are moments in which Solomon himself would not have reasoned much better.

It was in one of these moments that the too happy Casem said to his wife, with a deep sigh, in which his present delight was mingled with an apprehension of future misery, "What would become of me, dearest, if the angel of death should snatch thee away from me:—if the day should ever come in which I should hold thy beautiful form in my arms, cold, breathless,

lifeless! and when that warm heart, which now beats in unison with every throb of mine, shall be frozen by the cold grasp of death? the very thought fills me with horror. I swear to thee, sweet Gulpenhal, that if this calamity should ever befal me, I will be mourning upon thy tomb for nine days, and that I shall weep for thee while I have a tear left."

"And I swear," replied Gulpenhal, "best and tenderest of husbands! that if I should be so wretched as to lose thee, I will not survive the loss; I will be buried alive in the same tomb with thee, dear Casem."

"Now that is what I call a wife indeed," said the tailor, exulting, as he pressed his Gulpenhal to his bosom, in the perfect conviction that she meant all she said.

A year passed over their heads and saw their happiness undiminished—it could not be increased. One evening they were sitting at supper, and Gulpenhal, who, instead of looking at what she put into her mouth, had her eyes affectionately fixed upon her husband, unhappily swallowed a little bone, and was choked with it. Casem, frightened out of his wits when he saw his dear Gulpenhal turn black in the face, jumped up, and tried all the means he could think of to recover her: he slapped her on the back, he tried to get the bone out of her throat; he tried to make her swallow it:—all was in vain, and Gulpenhal expired in his arms.

The poor tailor gave himself up to the most profound grief. He gazed upon his wife, beautiful even in death, and could not be torn from the corpse until it became necessary to carry it to the tomb. When the grave had closed over his beloved, he threw himself upon the ground, and, refusing to listen to the entreaties of his friends, he resolved to stay upon that spot for nine days.

It happened that while Casem was thus devoutly keeping his promise, the great prophet Aissa passed through the cemetery. The tailor's groans and sobs at first attracted his attention, and when he approached and saw the wretched widower lying upon the earth, he enquired into the cause of his grief.

"Ah sir!" replied the poor fellow, as well as he could speak, "I once possessed a treasure which is now shut up in this grave. A wife—oh, such a wife! She loved me as never wife loved before, and, this morning (wretch that I am,) I have buried her."

The prophet had seen a great many husbands, whose wives had gone into the other world before them; but he had never seen any one afflict himself so deeply on that account. He thought that the affection of such a husband deserved some reward, and so, exercising the magic power which he possessed, he struck his staff against the grave, which immediately opened, and Gulpenhal issued from it in all the bloom and freshness of her former beauty, and threw herself into her husband's arms. It would be idle to attempt a description of the joy of the re-united pair at this unexpected event. They embraced so warmly that it was the greatest wonder in the world that they did not suffocate each other. When their transports had subsided a little, they looked round to thank the author of their happiness, but Aissa had vanished.

It now occurred to Casem that Gulpenhal's dress, which consisted only of a very thin and scanty wrapper, although a proper one enough to be buried in, was very unfit to enter Samarcand with. It was now nearly night. "Light of my eyes," he said "hide yourself behind this tomb—I will run home and bring your clothes. The moon is getting up; don't be afraid, and I will be back with you in five minutes."

Casem ran off as hard as he could, and Gulpenhal proceeded to hide herself. At this moment the King's son came by, accompanied by a retinue, whose numerous torches made the whole cemetery as light as if the sun had

been shining over it. Gulpenhal was immediately perceived, and the state of her dress, together with her beauty, which, the situation she was found in made, if possible, more striking than it really was, induced the prince to approach her. "What accident," he cried, "can have brought such beauties in this place and at this hour?"

"My lord," replied the tailor's wife, who, although she cast down her eyes, saw that he must be a great man, "have the goodness to withdraw, for you must perceive that I am not in a condition to hold a conversation with you."

The prince, throwing off his robe, immediately handed it to her with an apology for his intrusion. "Say but one word madam," he continued, "are you married? If you are not, I offer you the entire sway of my harem, in which you will appear like the rising sun, and where boundless pleasures await you."

Gulpenhal was the most faithful as well as the most beautiful of wives, but she had a great head for calculation. She saw in the twinkling of an eye the immense difference between the portion of happiness she could enjoy as a tailor's wife, and that which must fall to her lot as chief beauty of the prince's harem. There was no resisting the dazzling view which opened to her; her husband, her love, her fidelity, her oath, even the grave she had just emerged from, were all forgotten. "My lord," she replied "I am free, and it shall be to thy slave, even as thou hast said."

The prince was not a man to make two words to such a bargain, and Gulpenhal was immediately placed in a litter and carried to the harem.

The prince's train had just disappeared, when Casem arrived at the cemetery with his wife's best clothes, and quite out of breath. He sought her every where, he shouted, he wept, he was on the point of going mad. He thought that some robbers had carried her off, and he blamed himself for not having taken her with him, notwithstanding the scantiness of her dress. "Wretch that I am," he cried, "to be the destruction of the dear woman who loved me so tenderly that life would have appeared horrible to her without me; and who swore she would rather have been buried alive in the same grave than live without me. Pearl of thy sex! thou art fallen into the arms of another. Perhaps even at this moment she is beating her fair bosom; tearing her long silken tresses;—or, yielding to dispair, has preferred death to shame." Poor Casem! In the prince's harem, his wife was employed in a very different manner.

The tailor however, did not indulge a silent grief upon this occasion; he filled all Samarcand with his complaints. He did not indeed know where to find the prophet Aissa, but he thought that if he made noise enough, it must reach that great man's ears, who would perhaps once more stand his friend and restore his wife. At length, one of the prince's followers told him the whole story of his highness finding Gulpenhal in the cemetery, and that she was now the chief ornament of his harem.

Casem listened in astonishment, but nothing could make him believe that his wife had been unfaithful to him. He was quite sure there must be some mistake, but without stopping to enquire into it, he ran off to the palace, and making his way through the porters, and pages, and lords in waiting, he threw himself at the prince's feet and besought him in the most touching manner to restore to him his dear wife.

The prince was a great lover of justice, and moreover began to be tired of Gulpenhal, who had no other charm for him than her beauty. He told the tailor the whole story with the greatest condescension. Casem listened to him but immediately formed an excuse (like a husband) for his charmer, by saying that her terror, and her being just awakened from the sleep of death,

had bewitched her senses. "But let her appear," he said, "and you will see with what ardour she will rush into my arms."

The prince thought this was extremely reasonable, and withdrew to be an unperceived witness of the interview: Gulpenhal appeared. The poor tailor, dazzled by the jewels and the magnificence of the dress she wore, hardly knew her. She, on the contrary, recognized him in a moment. She stopped, turned pale and then blushed once or twice; but that presence of mind which ladies are so famous for did not desert her. The prince who had been looking on, appeared. "Do you know this man?" he asked.

"Do I know him?" replied the tender wife "I can never forget him. This is the robber I told your highness of, who meeting me on the road, robbed and stripped, and beat me cruelly, and then dragged me into the cemetery where your highness found me."

Casem listened with horror. The blood seemed to freeze in his veins; his eyes were fixed, his knees trembled, his hair stood on end, and his mouth was wide open, but he could not utter a word.

All the lords in waiting, and indeed every body who was present were immediately convinced of his guilt, and the prince ordered him to be taken before a judge. The lady gave her evidence in a most satisfactory manner; Casem did not contradict it; why should he have done so, since life had no longer any charms for him? He was found guilty upon the clearest evidence, and was sentenced to be hanged.

The procession had arrived at the foot of the gibbet; the cord was tied, poor Casem was about to be deprived of his character and his life together; and he would have been, but that by good luck, Aissa, the prophet, who had a habit of making his appearance at very critical moments, passed by. He immediately declared Casem's innocence, and said he was ready to prove it. It was well known in Samarcand that a lie had never issued from Aissa's lips; the execution was postponed, and Casem and the prophet, together with the crowd, who bore their disappointment as well as could have been expected, went immediately to the palace. Aissa explained matters shortly to the Sultan. Gulpenhal was sent for. As soon as her eyes met those of the prophet she fell dead at his feet; perhaps weighed down by a sense of her guilt, or because the life which the prophet had returned to her, was suddenly snatched away.

Casem was loaded with honours and riches, and his wife's body was carried back to her old grave, which she never afterwards quitted. The dear husband felt himself released from his promise to mourn over her for nine days; and from that day to this, the husbands of Samarcand have never been known to require the aid of the prophet Aissa.

THE SKETCH BOOK.

Our readers may recollect that we adopted this head on account of the ready opportunity it affords of occasionally embellishing the pages of the Parthenon with extracts from the works of eminent masters. We now resume it to introduce the following imitation of an etching by Rembrandt.

A NEW MUSICAL PRODIGY.

We learn from the German papers that there is at present in Berlin, a boy, between four and five years old, who has manifested an extraordinary precosity of musical talent. Carl Anton Florian Eckert, the son of a Serjeant in the 2d Regiment of Fencible Guards, was born on the 7th of December, 1820. While in the cradle, the predilection of this remarkable child for music was striking, and passages in a Minor key affected him so much, as to make tears come into his eyes. When about a year and a quarter old, he listened to his father playing the air "Schöne Minka" with one hand, on an old harpsichord; he immediately played it with both hands, employing the knuckles in aid of his short and feeble fingers. He continued afterwards to play every thing by the ear. He retains whatever he hears in his memory, and can tell at once whether an instrument is too high or too low for Concert pitch. It was soon observed that his ear was sufficiently delicate to enable him to name any note or chord which might be struck without his seeing it. He also transposes with the greatest facility into any key he pleases, and executes

pieces of fancy extempore. A subscription has been opened to buy him a piano-forte, as he has got tired of the old harpsichord, and two able musicians have undertaken to instruct him.

SPOHR'S JESSONDA.

"Jessonda, grosse Oper in drey Aufzügen, von Gehe; in Musik Gesetz von Louis Spohr. Leipzig, C. F. Peters. London, Boosey, Holles Street."

This Opera would well deserve a detailed examination, but the specimen we give of the music is so extensive, that though two extra pages are added to the present Number, we can only have room for a few introductory lines. We must therefore confine ourselves to a brief notice of the story, which, as we have not the book of the author, M. Gehe, we have gleaned as well as we could from the scattered fragments of the text, which accompany the published music.

The hero appears to be the celebrated Portuguese navigator, Tristan da Cunha, or, according to the common but erroneous orthography of the Opera, *d'Acunha*. In an expedition to the coast of India, Tristan has become enamoured of a native female of great beauty, named Jessonda. She is, however, secretly carried off by a party of Indians, and conveyed to a distant province, whence no tidings of her can be obtained. Tristan returns disconsolate to Europe; but some time after, at the head of another expedition, he makes a descent on a point of the Indian coast very remote from that which he had first visited. The Rajah of the country is dead, and his widow, in conformity with the Brahminical superstition, is called upon to perform the sacrifice of suttee, and to be burnt with the remains of her husband. She is conducted, in solemn procession, to a sacred fountain, for the performance of some religious rites, preparatory to the last awful ceremonies, when she is to ascend the funeral pile. Tristan, who with some of his officers is a spectator of this extraordinary scene, recognizes the victim to be his lost Jessonda. He rushes forward to rescue her from so horrible a fate, but the Indians remind him of the truce which he has just entered into, and which he has pledged his word of honour to observe inviolate. His friends, too, endeavour to persuade him to relinquish his hostile intentions until the expiration of the armistice; but while perplexed by the conflicting suggestions of love and honour, he is secretly informed of a plot, formed by the Indians for setting fire to the Portuguese ships. Thus released from his engagement, he storms the Indian town, enters it victoriously, and delivers Jessonda.

The part of the music which we have selected consists of a military chorus and dance, performed by the followers of Tristan, in celebration of his second landing in India. The German words of the chorus are very trifling in themselves, but suitable enough to the occasion, and the character of the singers. They consist of mere joyous exclamations of somewhat the following purport:—

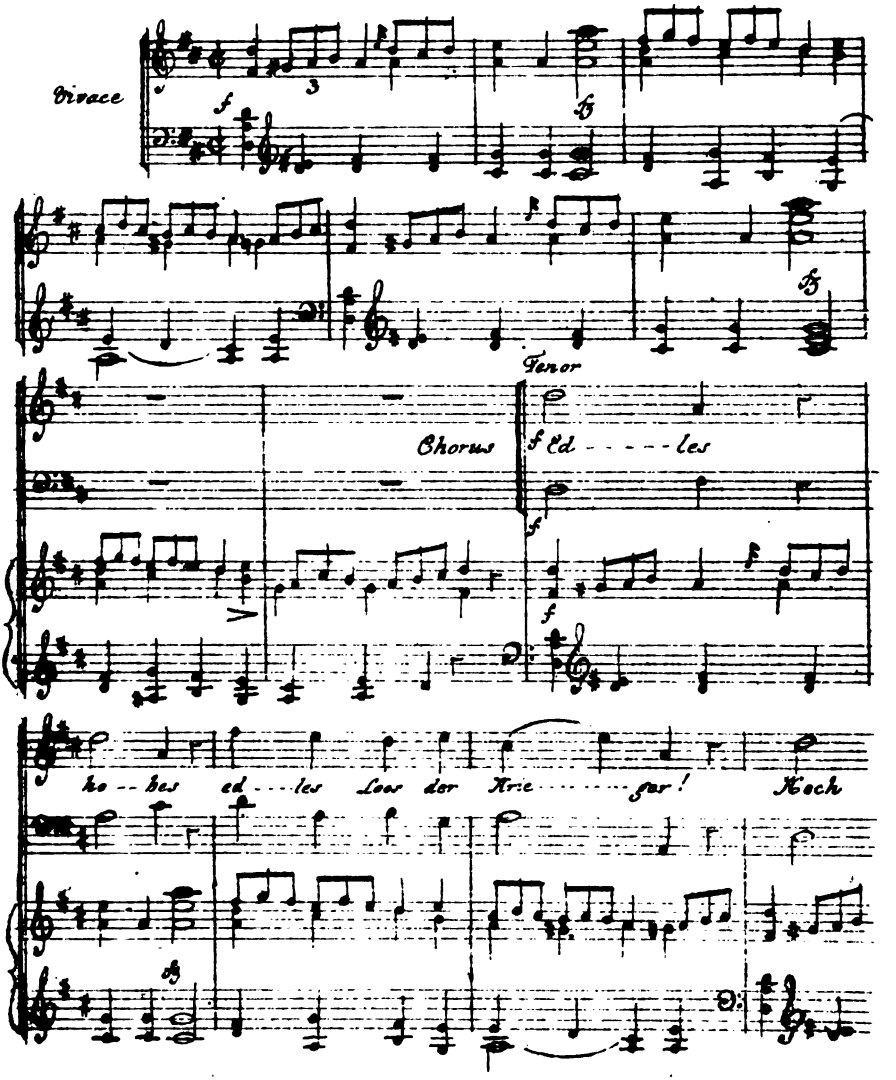
How nobly spent the warrior's life
When deeds of arms have won renown!
How happy, midst the battle's strife,
To die enwreathed by glory's crown!

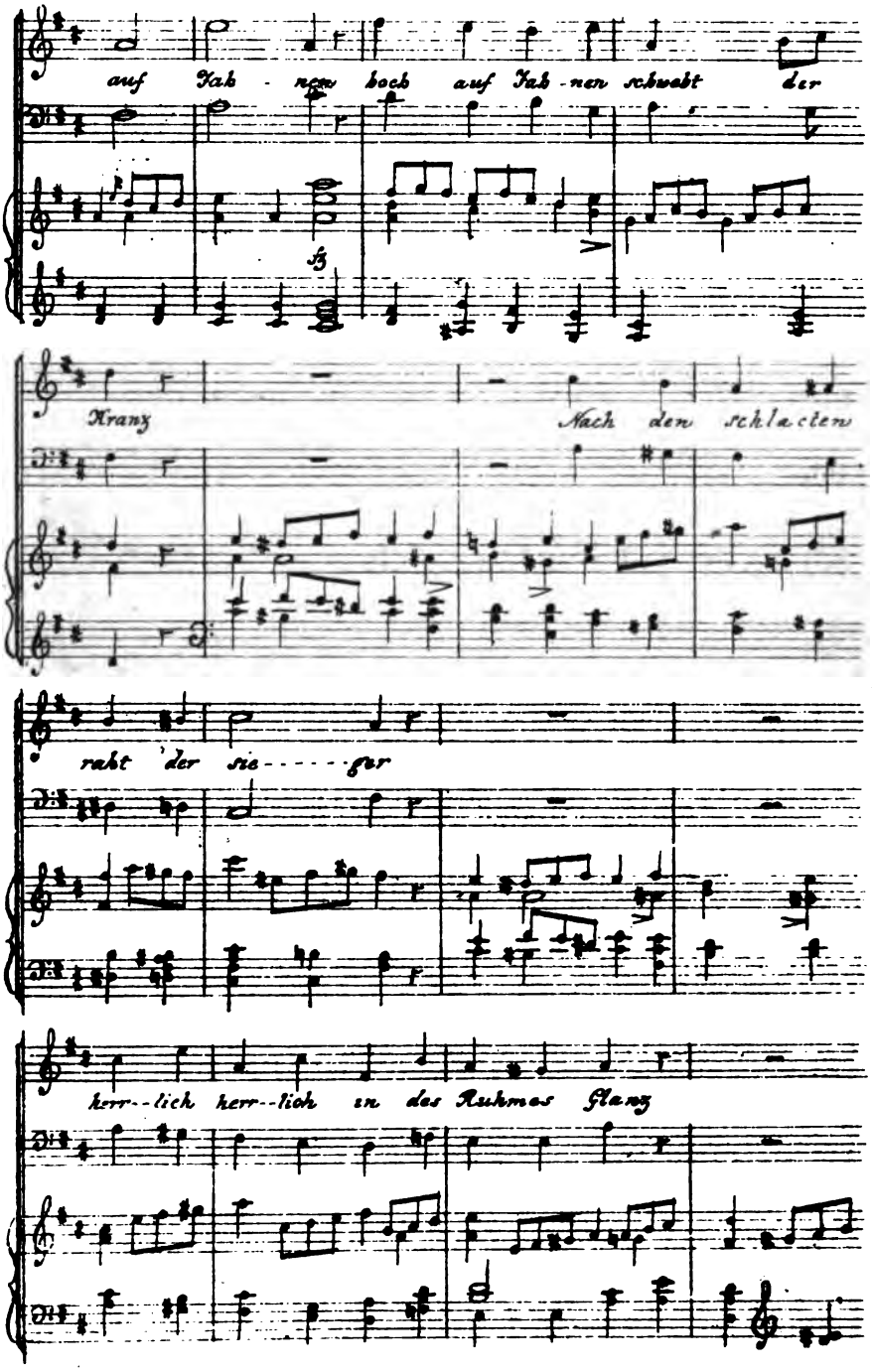
What has been said of the originality and dramatic skill displayed in other theatrical compositions of Spohr, may, in a great measure, be with equal justice, applied to this piece. Here and there, indeed, some traces of heaviness are observable, but on the other hand, how beautiful, how appropriately expressive, and how naturally connected with the whole of the subject are the most of the melodies! The subjoined specimen occurs at the commencement of the second act.

CHORUS

AND

MILITARY DANCE.

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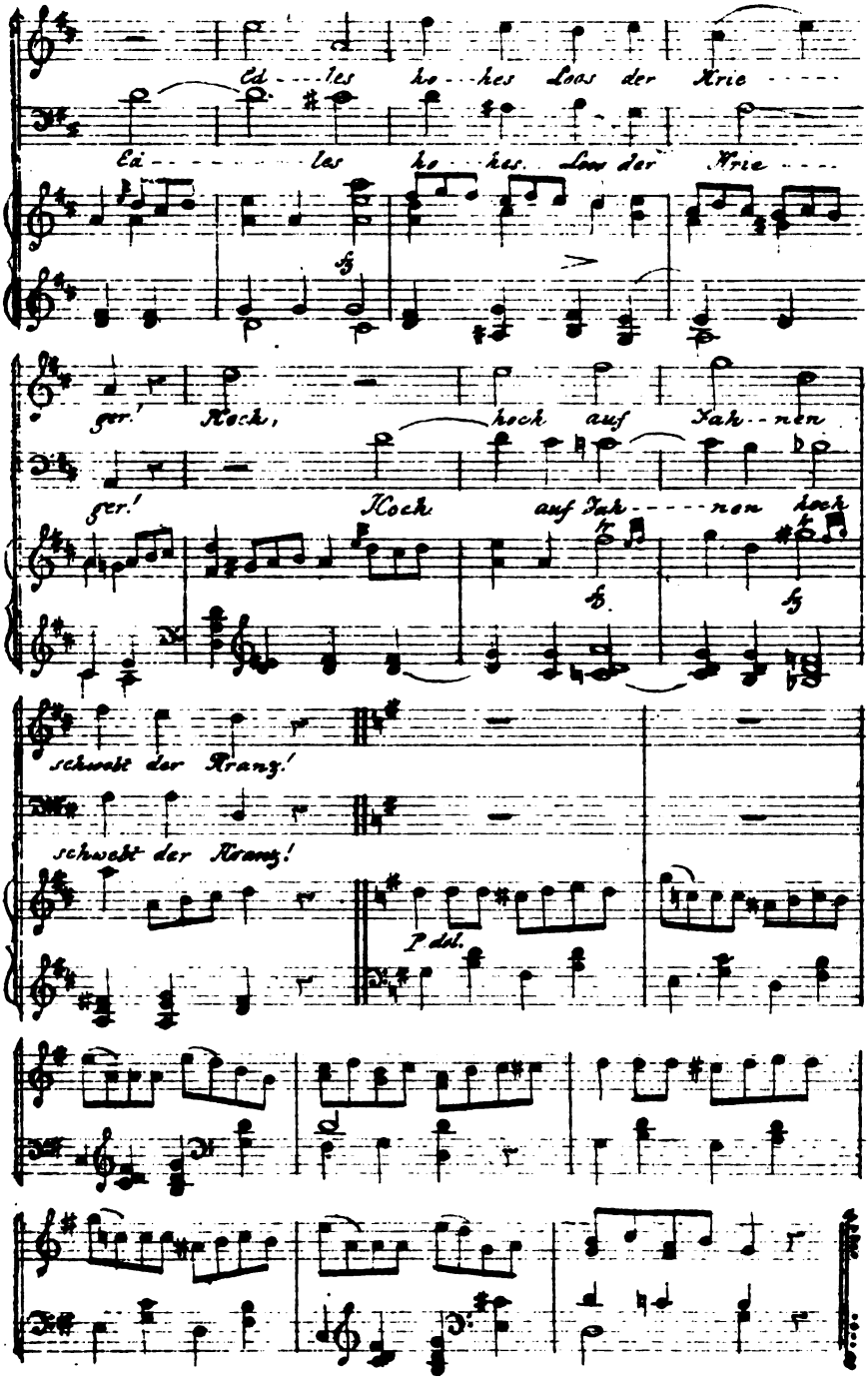
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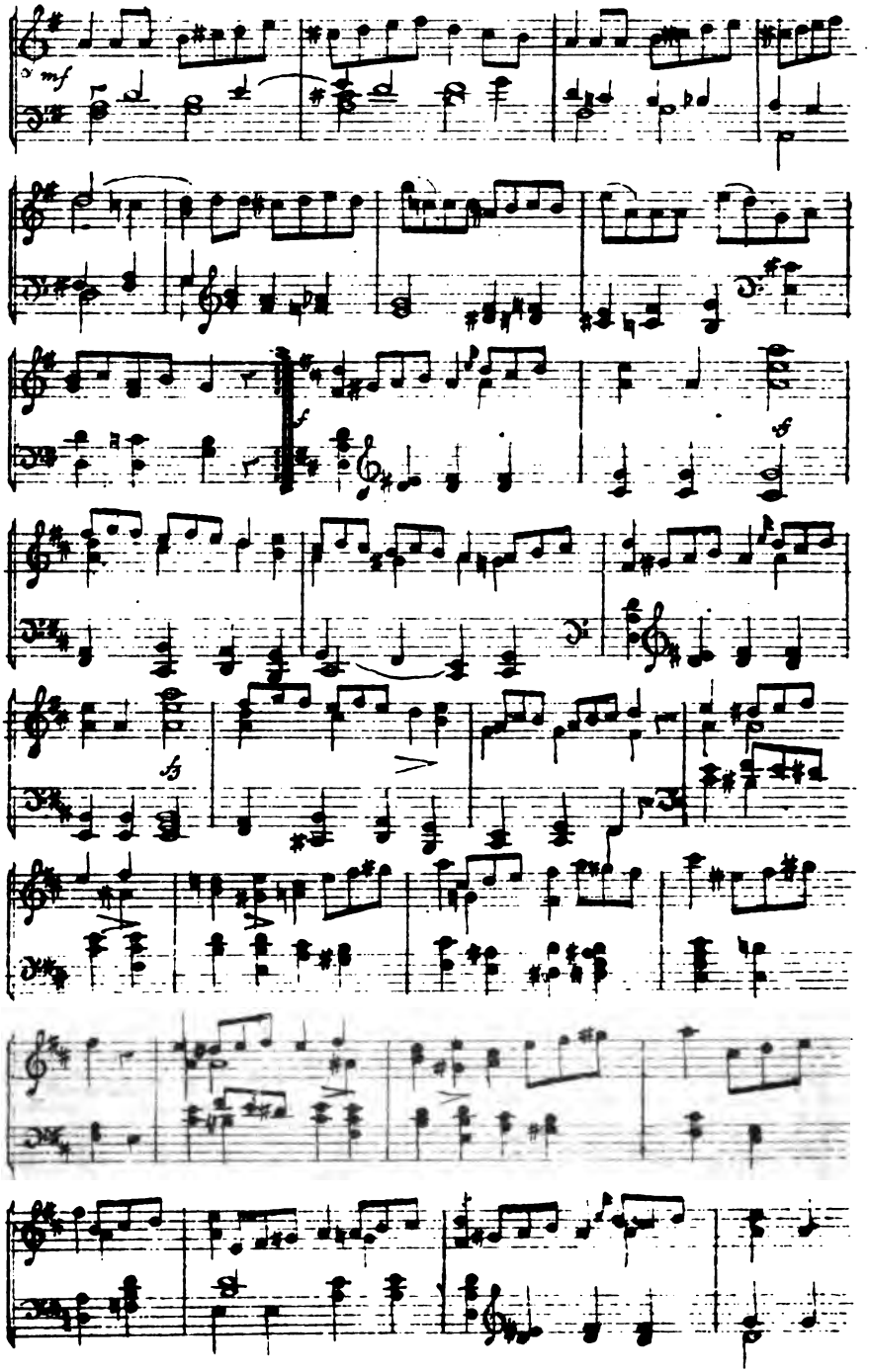
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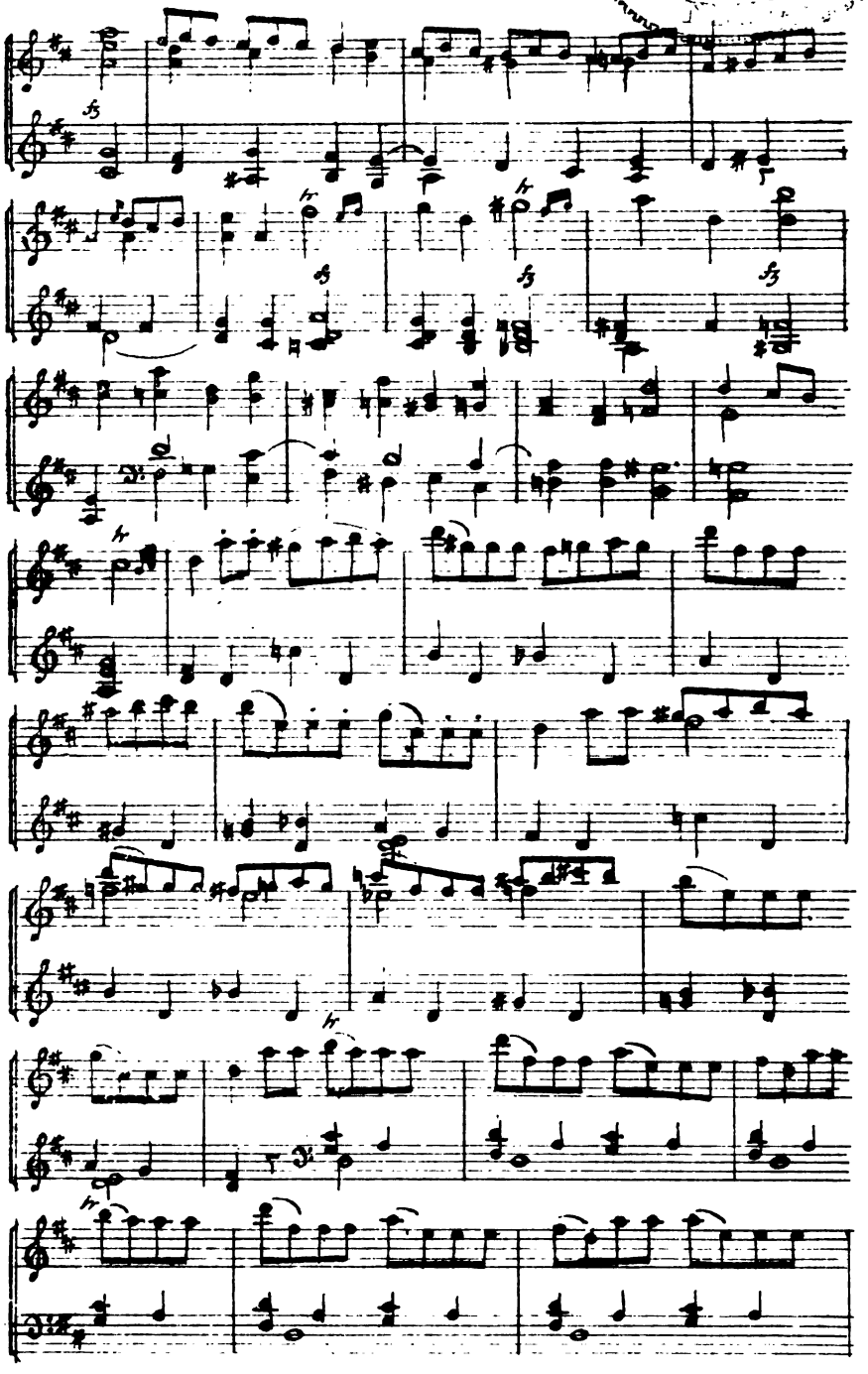
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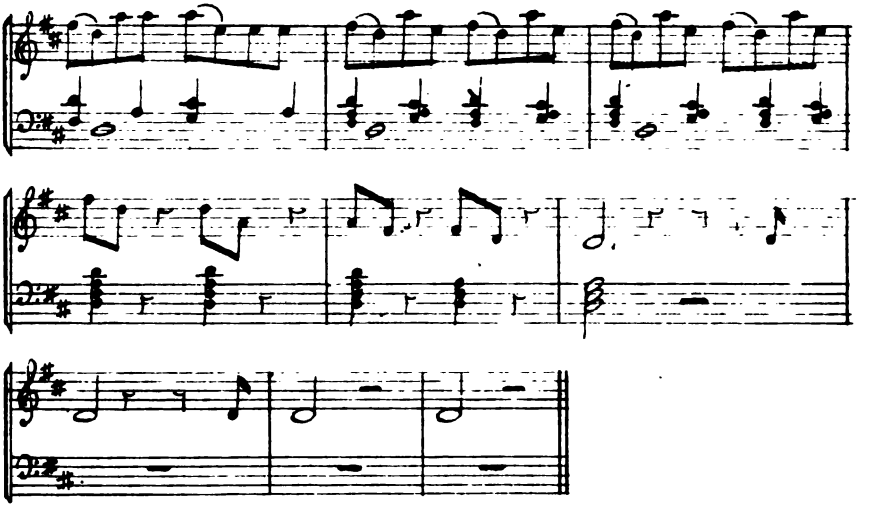


THE PARTHENON.

No. 10.] *SATURDAY, AUGUST* 13, 1825. [*Price* 1*s.*

SKETCHES,

Historical and Pictorial,

OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

We are now treading fast upon the heels of those mighty geniuses who shed such a lustre over the close of the fifteenth, and the commencement of the sixteenth centuries. We have arrived at the period at which Domenico Ghirlandaio was laying the foundation of Michael Angelo's future greatness, and when Andrea Verrochio was directing the studies of Leonardo da Vinci, and of Pietro Perugino, who afterwards became the instructor of the accomplished Rafaello.

DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO was the son of a goldsmith, of Florence, who obtained the sirname of Ghirlandaio from having been the first inventor of a sort of gold ornament, called a *ghirlanda*, worn on the heads of the Flo-

rentine ladies. Domenico originally followed his father's profession, and first gave symptoms of his talent for drawing, by sketching the customers who frequented his father's shop. Alesso Baldovinetti, who enjoyed a very considerable reputation as an artist at that time, was chosen as his instructor, and young Domenico soon distinguished himself in his profession. The most esteemed of Ghirlandaio's works, are the paintings with which he adorned the Chapel de'Sassetti, in the Church of the Santa Trinita, at Florence. These compositions represent various incidents in the life of St. Francis. The following groupe

is extracted from one of them, representing the death of the Saint. Vasari, in describing this series of pictures, mentions this last as particularly excellent. "Here," he says, "the holy monks are seen bewailing his death. One of them is kissing his hands, and nothing in painting can exceed the action of this figure, unless it is the bishop on the other side, dressed in his robes, wearing spectacles, and employed in singing the Vigil. The want of sound is the only circumstance that reminds the spectator that this figure is not reality." Ghirlandaio died in 1493, at the age of 44.

ANDREA VERROCHIO was not only a goldsmith, like Ghirlandaio, but was at the same time a geometrician, an engraver, a musician, a painter, and a sculptor. He was much more successful in the study of sculpture than that of painting, as he never attained any degree of excellence in the department of colouring. Andrea was not blind to his deficiency in this respect, and even abandoned the art of painting entirely, on discovering that his pupil, Da Vinci, of whose assistance he had availed himself in painting a picture of St. John baptizing Christ, greatly surpassed him in the management of his colouring. Andrea also understood the art of casting metals, and was sent for by the Venetians to cast a bronze equestrian statue in honour of Bartolomeo da Bergamo. During the progress of this work, however, when Andrea had already completed the model of his horse, and was preparing to

cast it, his employers altered their original plans, and it was determined that Vellano da Padova should execute the figure, while Andrea should confine himself to the horse alone. Verrochio's indignation on receiving this intelligence, deprived him almost of reason. In a fit of passion he broke off the head and legs of his model, and fled precipitately to Florence. He soon received intimation from the Senate of Venice, that if ever he should again be found within the jurisdiction of that State, it would cost him his head. Andrea's rage had by this time subsided, and he good-humouredly replied that, though if they were to cut off his head, they could not easily put on another in its stead, yet he was both able and willing, if they would permit him, to give a new head to his decapitated horse. This answer made his peace with the senate, but Andrea never completed the work, for having overheated himself during the operation of casting, he died, of a violent fever, at the age of fifty-six. His remains were brought from Venice by his friend and favourite pupil, Lorenzo di Credi, and interred in the church of St. Ambrogio, at Florence, in the year MCCCCLXXXVIII.

EEFECTS OF CLIMATE IN ITALY.

In this country, where the light of day affords enjoyment, and where the evening presents still greater charms, the approach of night is in the highest degree interesting. Then all labour ceases, the promenade is deserted, the father returns home to his family, and the day is definitively ended. We Cimmerians scarcely know what it is to enjoy day-light. Enveloped as we are in an atmosphere of fog and cloud, we feel really little difference betwixt day and night; for how rarely are we blessed with a pure and serene sky. Here, on the contrary, the day, which consists of a distinct morning and evening, is all at once succeeded by the night. Twenty-four hours have run their course and a new series of twenty-four is begun. The bells are rung, the beads are counted, and the servant girl enters one's chamber with her lighted lamp and her usual greeting of *felicissima notte!* This moment varies according to the seasons; and the people, who live in a free and unrestrained manner, incur no risk of mistakes respecting time, as their business and recreations are determined, not by the clock, but by the natural division of the day. To force an Italian to regulate his conduct in conformity with a Northern dial, would be to lead him into error. An hour, or an hour and a half before night the carriages begin to drive to the promenade. The grand place of resort at Verona, is the Bra, a fine broad street, which leads to the Porta Nuova. When the night bell rings a new movement takes place. Some go to church, to repeat the *Ave Maria della sera*; the gentlemen approach the carriages and converse with the ladies; but the pedestrians generally continue their promenade till late in the night.

The trades-people here seem to live in a strange kind of confusion. In some streets there appears to be no division between the different shops and stalls; there are no doors to the shops and warehouses; and their houses are entirely open in front, so that the passengers command a full view of the in-

terior, and see all that is going on. Tailors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen carry on their business partly in the open street, which is half occupied with their tools and materials. In the evening, when the shops are lighted up, the city has a most animated and cheerful effect.

Market days in Verona are always full of bustle and activity. The market places are stocked with an incredible abundance of fruits and vegetables. The people are full of gaiety and spirits, singing and laughing the whole of the day. The genial climate, and the cheapness of provisions ensures an easy life, even to the very poorest classes, who live almost in the open air.

At night the bustle and gaiety are resumed. The air of *Marlbrook* resounds in every street, played either on the dulcimer or the violin. The chirping of birds is imitated on the fife and flageolet; and the whole produces a most singular combination of sounds. The mild climate grants to poverty an exuberance of spirits, and the freedom which prevails, makes even the shadow of a nation appear respectable.

To these habits, however, must be attributed the inconvenience, incommodious arrangement, and the revolting uncleanliness of the interior of the houses. The people seek all their enjoyments without doors, and consequently are indifferent to domestic comfort. They are content with little, and even the middling classes look for nothing more than to gain a subsistence from day to day. The nobility, and persons of wealth, shut themselves up in their residences, which, for every purpose in life are far inferior to ours. When they invite a party of friends, they never assemble in their own houses, but in places of public entertainment. The vestibules and porticos of the houses are common receptacles of filth. All travellers are shocked at the state of the houses in the towns of Italy.—*Goethe.*

HISTORICAL PAINTING.

In spite of the multitude of artists, and the daily increasing number of the powerful patrons of art, it is a melancholy fact that but little real encouragement is yet afforded to the advancement of the higher branches of painting in this country. The walls of our Exhibitions are annually crowded with works, in almost every department of art, yet how few of them, comparatively, belong to that class which demands the powerful workings of genius, and elevates the artist from a mere drudge and copyist of nature, to the character of a philosopher and a poet. That this circumstance is more owing to the want of proper encouragement for the higher walks of art, than to the inability or bad taste of our artists, will admit, we think, of little doubt; though we are not without our suspicions that it is in some degree also the fault of the artists themselves, who, attracted by the more profitable branches of the profession, renounce the laborious and honorable pursuit of fame for the gratification of a sordid love of wealth. Many there are, with talents capable of dignifying and exalting their profession, and with means which might enable them to devote a part, at least, of their time to the cultivation and exercise of them, who yet prefer the prosecution of less honourable, though more lucrative, pursuits to the glorious task of improving the taste of the public, and of directing the efforts of their brother artists.—Procul, o procul este profani!

We say the taste of the public, for here we think the great secret lies. And under the general denomination of the public, we include, of course, those wealthy encouragers of whatever efforts have yet been made beyond mere portraiture, and on whom, the protection of the higher productions of art

must, in the first instance, devolve. Had these men, who purchase at so easy a rate the character of generous patrons, whose love of art and disinterested munificence is lauded to the skies when they squander large sums of money in the acquisition of trumpery productions *, merely because they bear the dirt of ages and the name of talent; had these men the good taste or the common sense to distinguish between the spurious and the really intrinsic in art, how nobly, how advantageously might they employ their funds in the encouragement of real talent. We know well that the taste of a public is not to be improved but by slow and gradual means and that the proper direction of the national taste is the only lasting security for the success of the higher efforts of art; but we also know that much depends on individual exertion, in promoting and encouraging those efforts, and above all, in holding up an example of better judgment to that unreflecting mass, who find it easier to imitate others, than to think and act for themselves. A striking instance of the want of this example, is to be found in an institution, the avowed object of which was to promote it. The British Gallery was established for the purpose of affording encouragement to what is called Historical Painting. Prizes have annually been offered for the best compositions, and it has been an object of the Directors to afford further encouragement by the purchase of works of merit; but so capriciously and injudiciously have both these powers been exercised, that they must have tended often to the discouragement of real merit, and to the confusion of the public taste. Let us look to the consequences of such ill-directed patronage; let us examine the walls of their own Institution, and we shall find that the great mass of the works there exhibited, consists of the mere portraiture of animal life or of the scenery of nature, to which the rare examples of attempts of a higher character bear no numerical proportion whatever. And are we to be told that this is the natural result of a judicious encouragement of art? Are we to be told that if the artist of genius found here a proper reward for the offspring of his talents and his labours, he would be content to barter the renown of vast efforts, for the puny reputation of a humble imitator—that he would resign the regions of philosophic truth or poetic imagery, to become a drivelling wanderer among knotted oaks, broken styles, and ruined cottages, or to sit labouring for hours and days together to transfer to canvass the vacant lineaments of every ideot who has the power and the will to employ him?—Credat Judæus! We cannot believe it.

But let it not be supposed that we would undervalue the efforts of the portrait or the landscape painter, properly so called. The genius of a Martin, or the taste of a Lawrence, may impart beauties of the highest order to their peculiar branches of study;—may infuse throughout the landscape the spirit of poetic sublimity, or stamp upon the individual the historic character of a species. Nor would we willingly part with our Collinses, our Constables, and our Wilkies, who show us the features of Nature, and the scenes of domestic life in a magic glass, which seems to embellish, while it does but reflect, their image. But these are by no means incompatible with efforts of a higher class, and it is not the encouragement of the former that we condemn, but the almost total neglect of the latter. The English School of Painting will never take that high station it might acquire until a change is operated in this respect, and that change, we are confident, must be brought about through the spirit and perseverance of our wealthy collectors.

* Witness the "Vision of St. Jerome," purchased by the Directors of the British Institution for the sum of 3050 guineas. A work which is defective in every principle of art, and calculated only by the sanction of Parmegiano's name, to give the student false notions of taste, and divert his attention from the beautiful simplicity of Nature.

It is by them, we are convinced, that the impulse is to be given to public taste. Sophists may talk as they will of the influence of climate and soil on the taste of a nation; we are of opinion that it is governed by much more accidental circumstances. The fashion of a period is often sufficient to direct its course, and this is the most dangerous channel into which it can be turned, for taste in the fine arts, as in literature, if once thoroughly imbued with the affectation of fashion or caprice, is only to be divested of it by a complete revolution. Men are so prone to imitate one another, that when once an example is held out from high authority, they will follow it even in opposition to their better judgment. Thus, amidst all the extravagances of a perverted taste, both in literature and in the arts, the merits of the pure models of antiquity have ever been acknowledged; men wanted not the judgment, but the spirit to follow them.

If then those, whose example, from their wealth and situation in life, might influence the opinions and taste of their fellow-countrymen, would but reflect on this important subject, and consider how much depends on their own individual exertions, we are persuaded they would soon see the propriety of altering the system they have hitherto adopted. We should then find a more liberal system of encouragement prevail, and our eyes would no longer be shocked by the spectacle which the walls of our Exhibition rooms so continually present, where every little scratch of a tree or an apple-stall, every daub of a head or a donkey, is eagerly bought up, while the works of the few who have the courage to devote their time and talents to the study of the nobler branches of art are left to return home unsold, and chill their future efforts with disappointment.

THE TWELVE HOURS TRIAL, OR A SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

A TALE FROM THE ITALIAN.

"But I tell you my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER I.

"A climate where heaven's breath smells sweet and wooingly."

It was on a fine September's morning, sometime towards the close of the last century—one of those mornings, which, of themselves alone, are almost food for the hungry, and clothing for the naked—that two travellers shabbily accoutred, and wearing the garb of foresters, but with some touch of gallant bearing, shewing under the tatters which enveloped them, struck from a bye-path, crossing a woody and unfrequented tract in the Duchy of Modena, into the high road, which led to the chateau of the Marquis di Migrano. The strangers who took their course along this *chaussee*, a little in the style of men who neither knew, nor much cared, whether it might lead to, were both young (the eldest scarcely four-and-twenty) tall, well made men, and handsome; and he who seemed the younger of the two, carried a ricketty guitar, tied carelessly across his shoulder, as though he could ply it a little in the craft of a minstrel, for mirth or profit, as occasion might require.

The sun, which was yet scarcely two hours high in the horizon, blazed broadly against the mimic turrets, and green latticed windows of the chateau di Migrano. The fields and hedges resounded with the hum of bees, and

with the merry chirping of the birds. The breeze sighed through the forest land; the rustling fall of waters was heard gently in the distance; and the fowler whistled cheerily, as he hastened with his dogs, yet uncoupled, to some spot where game was suspected, or where he had marked it down on the preceding day. The air was fresh as the breath of a virgin bride on her marriage morning! The sky rose broad, blue, and clear, not a cloud from east to west! In short, there was a delicious, mild, soft, soothingness of temperature; a blessing—perhaps heaven's best blessing—of climate and country, fell on all around; he who had still youth and health, so he but held one spark of soul, or wit, or courage, could scarcely feel the weight of fortune, let her press never so heavily, under such a scene.

The two strangers, however, carried an appearance much worn with travel, the early hour of the day considered. The dust lay thickly on their boots and tunics, unless where, in pressing through the copse, some stray branch had here and there done the office of a clothes brush. Their hats and hair still carried traces of a fog, which (since the time of sun-rise) had not been visible in the world below. The shorter gentleman of the two, moreover—not he who bore the mandoline—shewed as if, from some cause or other, he had lately reposed himself at considerable length upon the ground; and, in a word, there was such a negligence, as regarded the duties of the toilet, apparent about the persons of both travellers, as, joined to a rather supicious haggardness of countenance, and some depression of general demeanour, might have led a police officer, who was in pursuit of runaways, and rather dubious about the matter of identity, to remark "that the signors had slept ill"—or not slept at all—"on the night preceding."

"Pedrillo!," (nevertheless) said the younger wayfarer, whose air was more patrician than that of his companion,—"Pedrillo! the proverb says that hunger will tame a lion; but surely an appetite like mine should give courage, rather than take it away."

"By that reckoning," replied the gentleman addressed, "I too should be the stouter in my heart, as well as the weaker in my stomach, for three good meals wanting since the evening before last."

"Nay but for two, neither," returned the first speaker, laughing; "the muleteers sausage should count for something, which you ate up when he left it on the kitchen dresser at breakfast, while he went to give his beasts their provender in the stable."

"I thought he would challenge the dog of the house with the theft," answered Pedrillo; but "heaven decreed that it should be otherwise!"

"We were turned out of our mountain inn, however, in consequence."

"They made it an excuse to turn us out—the truth was they knew our money was gone, and they were tired of our music."

"It is of little matter," resumed the man with the guitar, after a pause, "when things are at the worst, they must be the nearest mending—there's no deep valley, but near some high hill."

"But, for the present—are we to beg or starve?"

"While you are with me, Pedrillo, you must do neither one nor the other."

"And these woods—what will they yield us?"

"There you are right; from nothing, we can gain nothing.—And therefore, at all risks, the woods must be forsaken, and we must again take that course which leads to the habitations of men."

With this reply, and that sort of determined pace, which men assume who have a goal in view, and are anxious to reach it, they left the demesne of the Marquis on the right hand; and, bearing themselves to the left, shot forwards towards the little water village of Benevente.

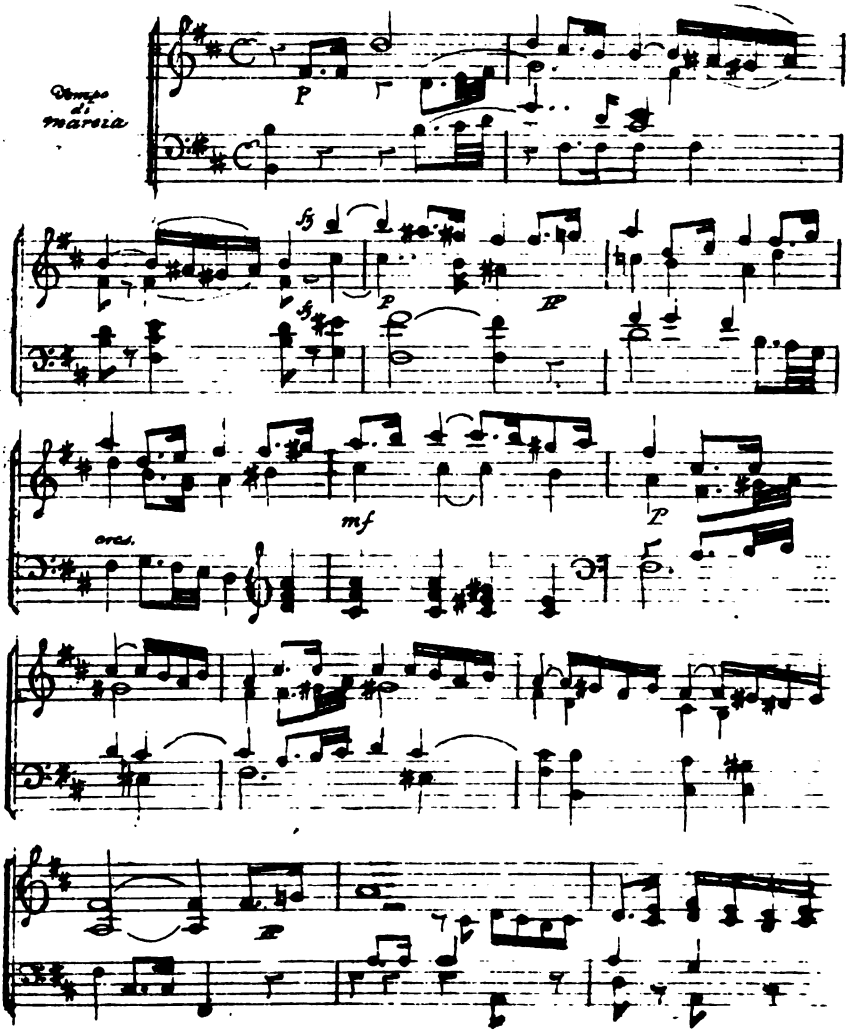
SWEDISH LITERATURE.

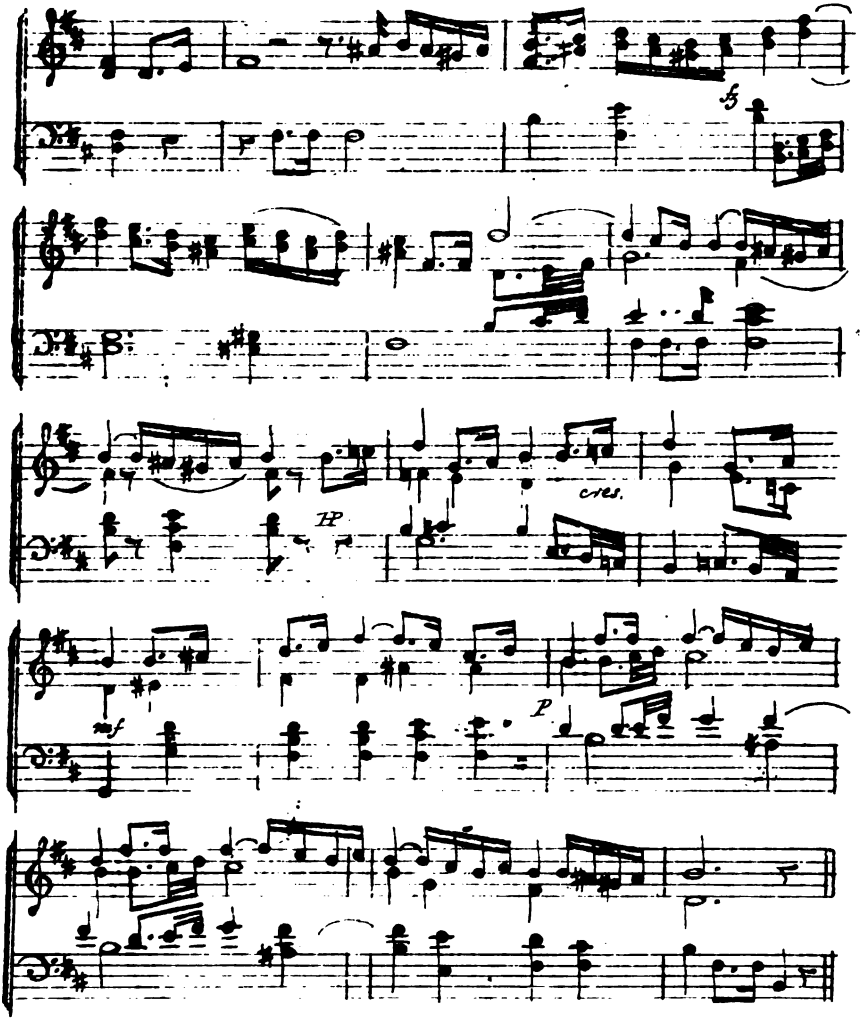
One of the remarkable circumstances in the history of modern literature, is the number of unsuccessful attempts which have been made in the Epic department of Poetry. That the Swedes should have failed in this respect cannot therefore be surprizing. But though the Swedish language can boast no satisfactory example of the genuine Epopea; it possesses two excellent specimens of the burlesque or mock heroic; namely, the "Rymthusiade," in six Cantos, and "Asnan," (the Ass) also in six Cantos, which form the first and second part of "The Sleepless Nights of Markall." (Markalls Sömnolösa Nätter. Häft, 1, 2, Stockholm, 1820, 1822, 8vo.) The object of both poems is to satirize the disputes and pretensions of certain Swedish authors. This appears to be very successfully accomplished, but though the works possess unquestionable merit, we cannot assent to all the high flown eulogies bestowed on them by the Swedes, who assert, that they exceed every thing of the kind in any language—leaving the Dunciad, and the Viage al Parnass, far behind. The Rymthusiade, in sonorous hexameters, and with epic dignity, describes how the pupils of Sysis, the Rymester of the Academy, undertakes to storm the bifurcated hill, to dethrone Apollo, and to crown Polyhistrio, (M. Leopold) King of Poesy, in his stead. Apollo, who is supported by all the eminent deceased poets, defeats the Rymethusians in a great battle, in which Polyhistrio is killed, and after which the greater part of the prisoners are transformed into brutes. The standard bearer, Markall, (M. Willmark) who is condemned to put on the body of an ass, becomes the hero of the second Poem. At first, one half of Markall, or Sir Dunce, appears mounted on his other half, an ass. The ass part being, however, separated from him, to recover his better half, he wanders over land and sea, and descends to the infernal regions. He is at last successful, and the parts permanently united, form the Ass-man, or Man-ass. Richness of invention and genuine humour are displayed in this Poem, which is in stanzas of six lines each. The absurdities of the modern school are not spared, and its leaders are severely lashed. The author has not yet been discovered.

MARCH

FROM

SPOHR'S JESSONDA.

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THE SKETCH BOOK.

A STUDY FROM WATTEAU.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

A new edition of the Tesoretto and Favoletto of Ser Brunetto Latini *, corrected by the help of manuscripts, and illustrated by Gio. Batista Zannoni, has lately been published at Florence. The laborious editor, towards the conclusion of his long preface, states, that he was led to undertake the task from a wish to furnish the Academy della Crusca with an edition of the Tesoretto and Favoletto which should be more correct than any that had yet been published, as well as more perfect for reference than the manuscripts hitherto quoted in the vocabulary of that Academy. The rest of the preface is devoted to diligent researches respecting the period of Latini's birth, the motive which induced him to go to France, the number of his works, and the person to whom the Tesoretto was dedicated. Signor Zannoni is of opinion that Brunetto Latini was born about 1220; that he went to France in 1260 "on the occasion (according to Brunetto's own words) of the war between the Guelf and Ghibeline parties at Florence," having been banished in that year, along with the Guelf party, to which he had adhered; and that "he went into France with the intention of carrying on his literary pursuits, &c." He supposes Louis IX, or St. Louis, as he is called, who then reigned in France, to be the person to whom the Tesoretto was dedicated. However that may be, Brunetto, in speaking of Louis, is by no means sparing of compliments and encomiums. He styles him "the powerful Lord, whose superior is no where to be found, and who has no equal in peace or war;" and concludes by ascribing to him the wisdom of Solomon, the power of Alexander, and the eloquence of Cicero. Brunetto, indeed, seems to have been rather fond of the complimentary style, and makes no scruple of indulging his taste in that way on the subject even of his own performance, as will be seen by the following recommendation of it to his friend: —

Io Brunetto Latino
Che vostro in ogni guisa
Mi son senza divisa,
A voi mi raccomando:
Poi vi presento e mando
Questo ricco tesoro
Che vale argento e oro;
Si ch'io non ho trovato
Uomo di carne nato,
Che sia degno d'avere,
Ne quasi di vedere
Lo scritto ch'io vi mostro
In lettere d'inchiostro
Ad ogn' altro lo nego,
E a voi faccio prego
Che lo tegnate caro,
E che ne siate avaro.

For our own parts, we are far from giving Brunetto credit for half the good qualities he ascribes to his work, and are inclined to consider him guilty either of the most egregious vanity, or else of having allowed his better judgment to be led away by the flow of his rhymes. The latter conjecture is indeed as likely as any, for the poet tells us himself that whenever he is

* Il Tesoretto é il Favoletto di Ser Brunetto Latini, ridotti a miglior lezione col soccorso dei codici, e illustrati dall' Abate Gio Battista Zannoni. 8vo., Firenze, 1824.

about to enter on any difficult subject, he will have recourse to prose for the sake of avoiding obscurity :—

——— perciochè la rima
Si stringe a una lima
Di concordar parole
Come la rima vuole ;
Sì che molte fiate
Le parole rimate
Ascondon la sentenza,
E mutan la'ntendenza.

This is at least a candid confession, as far as regards himself, and is sufficient to put us on our guard against placing too great faith in the sincerity of his poetic sallies. The charms of friendship furnish Brunetto with a very favourite theme, and some of his verses on this and other subjects, certainly possess, occasionally, a considerable share of poetic imagery and elegant simplicity, considering the poverty of the idiom at the period at which he wrote. But there is on the whole, a great dearth of originality of thought, and we are of opinion that the worthy Ser Brunetto Latini must be content to owe his reputation rather to the share he had in the education of Dante, than to the success of any exertions of his own.

TO PYRRHA.

FROM HORACE.

" Qnis multâ gracilis te puer in rosa—"

What lovely youth in roseate bower
Shares with thee the present hour,
Shedding perfume round ?
For whom, fair Pyrrha, lovely maid,
Are all thy native charms displayed,
And golden tresses bound ?
Alas ! poor youth, too soon he'll find
Thy faithless vows and fickle mind,
And mourn his alter'd fate !
Too soon the winds in boisterous measure,
Will ruffle o'er his sea of pleasure
And change his happy state ;
Though now he fondly thinks those charms
Can never bless another's arms,
Nor sees the lurking storm !
What pangs are they not doomed to prove,
Who knowing not thy changeful love
Gaze on that heav'nly form !
For me—too happy to escape with life,
When, mid the waves and tempests' strife,
I've struggled through the flood,
In Neptune's sacred Dome I set
My garments, pictured dripping wet,
To mark my gratitude.

W.

ANTIQUITIES.

In the year 1762, a number of Cippi were discovered in the neighbourhood of Rome, from which the Padre Oderici conjectured that the spot was the burial place of a party of Imperial Life Guards, most of whom had been Germans or Swiss. This conjecture has been confirmed by recent diggings. It is not unworthy of remark, that this cemetery of a Roman Swiss Guard, now joins a Catholic Church Yard and that sculptured monuments of the ancient Mythology, and of Christian piety are here intermingled.

Some discoveries have lately been made at Pompeii.—A small gallery, opposite the baths, leads to a large apartment—on the left side of this gallery, the colour of which is yellow, there is a Genius, holding a branch of laurel. On each side of the Genius is a small compartment, in one of which a temple is represented; and in the other, productions both of the sea and the land. On ascending into the upper apartment, we perceive, also on the left, a fine figure of Venus, the upper part of which has been much injured by unskilful digging. On the right we find an exquisite picture, which has consisted of three or more figures. It represents a Phrygian sitting, and beside him a very majestic female figure, with features full of expression. Near this is another picture, composed of about twelve figures: one is sitting; another, a warrior, leads forward by the hand, a veiled female. This picture is also extremely beautiful. A picture on another wall is curious. It consists of a groupe of three figures, one of which is a female, who appears being measured for a new dress. In an appartment to the left of the above mentioned Venus, some interesting discoveries have been made. In one picture, which has been partly destroyed there may be seen a beautiful Triton, and a boy, with a trident in his hand, sitting on a Dolphin.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

Les enfans de Maitre Pierre, the last new piece, produced a few days ago at the *Opera Comique*, has been attended with considerable success. The drama, which is the production of M. Kock, is in itself a complete romance, marked by the variety and multiplicity of its incidents. A brief outline of the story, may, however, be given in a few lines:—Count d'Armance, the descendant of a noble and wealthy Swiss family, who has married a female of humble rank, dies in exile, leaving a son to inherit his honours and riches. This child, whose existence is unknown, partly through the persecutions to which his mother is subjected by his father's haughty relatives, and partly through the stratagems of a dishonest agent of the family, is secretly brought up in a peasant's cottage. Meanwhile the vast possessions of the house of Armance pass into the hands of Count Ernest, a collateral branch of the family—a young nobleman whose extravagant and dissipated habits serve to enrich the agent, Dumont, who, to serve his own base ends, has been chiefly instrumental in concealing the existence of the lawful successor of the Count d'Armance. After a variety of romantic incidents, Henry, the real heir is discovered, and Ernest, who voluntarily relinquishes rank and fortune, finds his reward in the consciousness of having performed a generous sacrifice.

The Music of this Opera which is the composition of M. Frederick Kreubè, presents here and there feeble parts and repetitions. These are, however, interwoven with many pleasing airs and motivos. The finale to the first act, a romance sung by Lafenillard, and a chorus of wood-cutters in the third act, are compositions which reflect credit, on the talent of M. Kreubè.

Six members of the French Academy have recently been added to the censorial reading Committee of the Theatre Francais. This measure has excited considerable dissatisfaction among the French dramatic writers, all of whom, it is said, with the exception of those who form part of the committee, have remonstrated against the arrangement.

We some time ago mentioned that Rossini's *Otello,* adapted to French words, was to be brought out at the Theatre de l'Odèon. It has been performed with great success. The text is by M. Castel Blaize.

VARIETIES.

A collection of the works of the Greek dramatic poets, translated into French, under the title of "*Theatre complete des Grecs*" which has been some time in the course of publication at Paris, is now completed in sixteen volumes. The last volume contains all the fragments of Menander and Philemon, with notes, and a dissertation, in the form of a preface, on the ancient Greek comedy, by the editor, M. Raoul-Rochette. Among other fragments we find a considerable portion of the Phaeton of Euripides. From the recovered fragments of this tragedy, Goethe has endeavoured, by connecting the parts and supplying deficiences, to produce a whole; in fact to restore the work as an artist would a disjointed and mutilated statue.

Among the performers at the festival of the Musical Society of the Lower Rhine (see the former account, page 128) was a celebrated bass singer, named Pillwitz, from the Dusseldorf Theatre. There were also several amateurs, both male and female, who evinced great ability in the execution of the parts they undertook. The orchestra contained four hundred performers, vocal and instrumental. The very able manner in which the concerts were conducted by M. Ries, elicited the highest approbation. It is expected that the next year's festival will be held at Dusseldorf.

A collection of forty pictures from the Malmaison Gallery, has been advertised to be sold by Lottery, at Augsburgh. Among the most remarkable are two Titians; a fine portrait of Queen Matilda, and a Magdalen praying; three by Francesco Albano are supposed to be the only pictures in oil, of the size of life, painted by that artist. The remainder of the collection consists of pictures by Pietro da Cortona, Perugino, Spagnoletto, Rubens, Rembrandt, &c.

The Italian Opera closes to-night, with the often repeated, but still popular, Crociato in Egitto. The merits of the composition and of the performance, particularly on the part of Velluti and Madame Caradori, have concurred to render this piece a great favorite. Velluti, we understand, is engaged for the next Season.

The Freychutz has been resumed at the Lyceum, where that piece was first brought out, and where more justice has always been done to the original composition than at any of the other theatres. The present arrangement of the performance, affords the public the advantage of hearing Mr. Braham and Miss Paton in the principal characters. The drinking song is executed by Philips with the happiest effect. The Opera of Axur, Rè d'Ormus, will soon be brought out at this theatre.

The report which has been so generally circulated with relation to a fair and interesting vocal favourite, we are happy to learn, is quite incorrect. The lady alluded to is now perfectly recovered from a very slight indisposition, and is on the eve of fulfilling a matrimonial engagement, unattended by any unfortunate circumstance, excepting that of depriving the public of the pleasure which her performances have afforded.

THE PARTHENON.

No. 11.] *SATURDAY, AUGUST* 20, 1825. [*Price* 1*s*

SKETCHES;

Historical and Pictorial.

OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

PIETRO VANNUCCI, commonly called Perugino, was born, of very poor parents, in 1446, in the city of Perugia. He first studied painting under an artist of his native city, who, though of very inconsiderable talents, yet possessed himself, and infused into the mind of his pupil, a high respect for the noble qualities of his art, and for the talents of its more eminent professors. Pietro, however, soon acquired all that his master's limited knowledge could impart to him, and feeling an ardent desire to improve himself in his art, he proceeded to Florence, which was at that time the great nursery of all the arts, and particularly of painting, and placed himself under the direction of Andrea Verrocchio.

The following groupe of a Virgin and Child, extracted from one of Pietro Perugino's pictures, now in the Royal Gallery at Florence, is in his best style.

The picture, of which this forms the central groupe, was removed, not many years back, from the Church of St. Domenico di Fiesole, and hung up in the Florence Gallery, very near the well known work of the *Madonna del Cardellino,* which was painted by Raffaello at the age of twenty.

An attentive comparison of these two pictures, must convince the spectator that in that of the pupil, the art of painting has advanced a step nearer towards perfection. The forms are more elegant in that than in the other, the expression is more delicate, and the contours, fall less harshly on the ground, or, as the French express it, they are less *tranchans*. At the same time, there is so great a similarity of character between them, in the action of the figures, in the cast of the draperies, and, in fact, in the whole composition, that it is impossible not to perceive, that they have both proceeded from a congeniality of taste and judgment. We subjoin an outline of Raffaello's work.

This exquisite picture was painted by Raffaello, at Florence, for a person of the name of Lorenzo Nasi. In the year 1548, Nasi's house was overwhelmed, along with many others, by an eruption of Mount St. Giorgio, and this work was buried among the ruins. It was afterwards taken out in fragments, and carefully rejoined.

"If" as the Editor of the Reale Galleria di Firenze very justly observes, "we were to extend this comparison between Raffaello and his master, and pass from the Madonna del Cardellino, to the school of Athens, or even to the Transfiguration, we should only have the greater reason to be satisfied, that, however, immense the distance at which Raffaello in the end left Perugino behind him, he never once deviated from the path along which the latter had directed him; and that, though it is certain that the beauty and excellence of his works are in a great measure owing to the genius with which Nature had so bountifully gifted him, yet at the same time, it cannot be denied that something at least is to be attributed to the able instructions he received in the school of Perugino."

With Pietro Perugino, and Leonardo da Vinci (the notice of whom must be postponed to our next Number), we shall close our account of the ancient Italian painters. Their works, and those of their contemporaries, present the last glimmerings of the dry Gothic manner, which characterizes the early schools. Raffaello, the Pupil of Perugino, taking a hint from the powerful genius of Michel Angelo, soon divested his style of all the stiff minuteness, which had grown up with that manner, excepting only its accompanying merit of precision, and superadding to it, all the grace, truth, and simplicity, which were so eminently his own, gave a new impulse to the current of art, and left his great example as a land-mark, by which future artists migh direct their course.

THE TWELVE HOURS TRIAL, OR A SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

A TALE FROM THE ITALIAN.

"But I tell you my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER II.

"He who has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life!"

THE Marquis Migrano sat at breakfast in the "Prospect Chamber" of his Palazzo, (which overlooked the road that the travellers had taken) and disputed with the Marchioness as to the merits of the coffee which they were consuming. The "Prospect Chamber" was peculiarly claimed by the lord, as his library, and it commanded extensive views of the surrounding country, valley, and lake, and copse, with gardens and vineyards abundant in the foreground, and the river Po, with boats plying upwards and downwards, to and from the village of Benevente, in the distance. But these attractions rendered it subject to female visitation, as well as available for the pursuits of philosophy; and the furniture and appointments presented a strange incongruous medley, between scientific apparatus, and the appliances of luxury or taste. Globes of the earth, and globes of gold fish; architectural plans, and Poussin landscapes; musical and mathematical instruments, baskets of flowers, and specimens of ancient armour, lay huddled together; and, on one table, beside a golden clock supported by alabaster Cupids, stood what seemed to be a human skull, but was in fact only a cast in coloured plaster of that article, for the inquisition might have felt offended by such an exhibition of the reality. In short, there was all that the Marchioness di Migrano cared for; which did not go much beyond a few poodle dogs, and some porphyry images, and a couple of paroquets, one screaming, one in china; and there was all that the Marquis used to play with, who was a *savant*, and moreover a projector, and a nobleman of *virtu*. And the conversation about the coffee arose out of a recent invention of his lordship's, for composing that beverage without the assistance of the actual berry, which had been put into experiment for the first time, and, as he maintained, with complete success, on the morning to which our history refers.

"It is the best, madam," said the Marquis Migrano, passionately, for the argument had already made some progress.—"It is the best madam," setting his cup down, as though to conclude all discussion, "I tell you it is the best."

And—"it may be very good," replied the lady, "but I tell you, my lord, I don't like it."

It is the most provoking objection in all the world to take to any thing—that one does "not like it." Because it is an argument that is proverbially unanswerable—of tastes there is no disputing.—"It is nothing but your prejudice madam—your silly prejudice—for every thing, however bad, that you have been accustomed to," said the Marquis. "How often have I told you that since the beginning of the world, ninety-nine things that have been done have always been done wrong?"

"But the hundredth, which has been done right," returned the Marchioness, "is the making of coffee with coffee berries, and not with horse-beans."

The Marquis Migrano was many years older than his wife; and, what was even worse, speculation had left him little beyond the lady's jointure, to pay mortgage interest from year to year with, and keep his estate out of the hands of his creditors. Now, as he had a dearer project than the horse-beans already on foot, he thought it not wise to press that quarrel any further immediately; and—"My love!" resumed his lordship accordingly, with as much suavity as he could afford, "will you hand me that paper?"—pointing to a small map which lay rolled up within the lady's reach, and intending to slide, as if unintentionally, again into the discussion of the preceding evening.

The lady Clarissa, who was trying to find out an easy posture on her sofa, in all that impatience and ennui, and irritability, which often attaches to fine women, in fine weather, who have none but philosophers, and those sixty years of age to entertain them—merely answered, flouncing over for the hundredth time, that it was "too much trouble to get up."

"Zounds madam!" exclaimed the Marquis, catching up the plan himself, and driven out of all the finesse with which he meant to have led to the important subject. "Five thousand acres under water, at only twenty crowns an acre! Your obstinacy is perfect wickedness, I tell you we ought to sink our whole fortune in such a purchase."

"And I tell you my lord," answered the Marchioness, "that not a shilling of my jointure shall be risked upon it. Ask your cousin, the Countess Roselli; she is a widow, and has money which she may do as she likes with."

This last observation conveyed more than it seemed to express, and referred to a question which had been mooted before.

"You know madam," returned the Marquis, "that the lady Eugenia's state of mind—nay her state of health—are such as would render the mention of business improper."

"You are wrong, my lord—wrong again. You are as much duped by your cousin's pretensions to grief, as by your own pretensions to knowledge."

"Poor creature! Her appetite fails her at dinner now," pursued the Marquis, not noticing the "base comparison" contained in the last speech.

"Yes, but then she always eats a broiled pigeon for breakfast, you know," replied his lady.

"She never rests half the night."

"No, because she lies in bed all the day."

"Does she not weep, madam?" asked the Marquis, with an air of sadness as much as solemnity.

"Yes—when she is in company. She is better, I believe, when she is alone."

"Does she not refuse all consolation?"

"Of course she does, or else there must be an end of people's offering it. But in short, my lord——"

"And in one word, madam——"

"Your cousin, the judge——"

"Had one of the finest phrenological heads in the universe!" ejaculated the Marquis.

"He was old enough to be the Countess's grandfather," smiled her ladyship.

"He had the nose of a Secretary of State—and the eye of a Chancellor of the Exchequer!"

"As far as I ever knew him, he was a detestable, hideous, old monster."

"And the Countess Eugenia——"

"She will no more break her heart for his death, than she will let you waste the property that he has left her in buying a lease of the Pontine

marshes; or than you will ever be able, my lord, to fatten frogs into whales, if you were master of all the marshes in the universe."

Notwithstanding all this, the Countess Roselli, was handsome, amiable, and prudent; and the two cousins by marriage, agreed as well as two fine women, living in the same house, can be expected to agree.

CHAPTER III.

"I have preached spoon meat to you—that a child might swallow, yet ye thrive not?"

His lordship, the Marquis, was going on to prove (by reference) that there were two hundred good reasons, why his remaining property should be exclusively devoted to the cultivation of frogs; and the Marchioness was falling back upon one reason—(marry, but that one was a *very* good one)—a woman's will—why no part of it should be applied to any such piscivorous purpose; when the arrival of "Signor Rubini," the jeweller, from Florence, cut short a most amazingly connubial lecture—more connubial than courteous—about "dupes," and "cheats," and "dreams," mistaken for discoveries;" and her Excellency hurried off, to secure the cost of a new set of jewels, upon the third instalment, forward, of incoming rent; the first and second accruing receipts having been anticipated already.

"And this it is," exclaimed the Marquis, attempting to start from his chair, and setting his foot down plump upon the tail of an Angora cat—who was lying curled round, dreaming of fighting another Angora cat—as his lady left the room. "This it is to marry an ignorant woman; and to hold half one's estate" (it was the half that was left too) "subject to her interference!"

"The thing cannot be done without our both agreeing!" he continued; which was pretty nearly as good as saying, "it could not be done at all."

"There's a mine lost—a very Potosi! Besides the fame—dearer than riches, which shall accrue to the happy man, who has no wife, and will fall upon the scheme, and follow it up to execution!" And with that, the Marquis reached down an old worm-eaten tome; and betook himself to the study which occupied almost as much his sleeping, as his waking hours. The first Book of Inventions of the great "Profundito Moonshine-a-Gabalus."

"Some there bee," says this great writer, in his opening chapter, upon light and heat, which the Marquis had begun with.—"Some there bee, who being blynd themselves, do seek to contemn the researches of those that can see; and such, are the groundlynge who have opposed mee in my most clere, and admyrable project, for the concentration of phosphoric light. Lo! here is an urchin, wyth no other helpe than that of a bunch of stale whytynge, shall give the alarum to a whole alley, as tho fyre were in the same: and yet these scorners shall question my veracity, when I assert that I have red, three whole chapters, in one nyte, of the boke of Martyrs, by the lyte of a leg of porke."

The Marquis raised his eyes in admiration, when he came to this point, for he had himself dealt in the same sort of gramarye, and had actually composed a wash, by which a man might burn his shirt upon his back, and never be injured in the operation. It was the meeting between Greek and Greek, but he struck thrice, with the fore finger of his right hand, against his forehead; nodded, and read on.

"But the more obstinate follye of these present times," these were the words in which the great Profundito continued, "seems to be our new partnershyp, set up for fisherys in Greenland; sending our saylors to lose their toes and fingers in the snow and ice of Bergen, or of Zembla, while the multitudinous frogs, which fill our ponds and ditches, at home, if their brede were only properly maintained, would produce an oyl, I say, as abundant, and

more pure, than that of the whales, and other monstrous creatures, that we seke about for."

"He is right," exclaimed the Marquis, striking his forehead, with his whole hand, and harder than ever;—"and yet somebody else—may Heaven pardon the Marchioness Migrano!—will get hold of this suggestion, and reap the glory of executing it."

"Nor is it only question," pursued his lordship reading on rapidly, and betimes praying that there were no other copy of Moonshine-a-Gabalus in being, "nor is it only question of the oyle; for the hinder legs of these reptiles, which afford but little blubber, should nevertheless yield good profytt, being pyckled, and sent into France, where folks do gladden in, and account them a great daintye."

"Why this very lease that I have the refusal of," continued the Marquis, "would enable mee to supply *Grenouillades* to half the world. I should victual three-fourths of Paris from the mere offal of my own fishery. I should, illuminate the city of London—feed those of Lisbon, of Madrid." And he was considering how far he should be able to furnish even Amsterdam with frog oil, or whether he might not be undersold, as the inhabitants had literally, the raw commodity all at their own doors, when the excellent Doctor, who had hunted up the maggot of Moonshine-a-Gabalus, and who, in various ways, made the Marquis's turn for philosophical pursuits, subservient to his interest, was announced.

SCULPTURE.

In the sculpture room, in the late Exhibition, at the Royal Academy, there were not so many works of striking merit as we have witnessed on former occasions, yet quite enough of them to satisfy us that want of talent in our artists was not the cause of the deficiency. Chantrey's exquisite busts, we think, were altogether missing, as well as the sublime inspirations of Flaxman. We had, however, great pleasure in noticing some very able works in the former class, by a young artist, whose name has already come honorably before the public—Mr. Behnes. His busts, and particularly that of "a Lady," No 1022, evinced a correctness of eye, and delicacy of hand, not often to be met with. In tasteful imitation, as well as nice execution, they remind us forcibly of those of Chantrey, from whom Mr. Behnes has evidently taken a hint. The bust we have mentioned was fleshy, soft, and tender, with an agreeable expression, a graceful, yet simple *tournure*, and a skilful management of the masses, both in the hair and countenance. But the chief ornament of the room, and indeed one of the sweetest compositions imaginable, was a groupe of a Mother and Child, somewhat affectedly styled in the Catalogue "A Madonna and Child," by Mr. Westmacott. Nothing could exceed the infantine grace and maternal fondness expressed in this charming groupe. It was at once the *beau ideal* and the natural image of sympathy and affection. Modern sculpture, however far short it may remain, as, indeed, we must, in candour, confess it does, below the standard of Grecian art, in the heroic and sublime, in beauty of form and grandeur of expression, has surely opened for itself a path unknown to the ancients, in the region of the affections. The proud dignity of the Apollo, and the awful majesty of the Jupiter may inspire the mind with feelings of exaltation, or wrap the soul in a dignified repose;—the struggles of the Laocoon may excite our wonder at the difficulties of art the sculptor's genius has overcome;—but none of them

will ever touch the heart. Even the Venus de Medicis herself, with all her pretty forms, her nicely rounded shoulders, and delicately taper limbs, surely never once interested the feelings of the spectator. In fact, what is there in her beyond mere beauty to admire? Her attitude is silly and affected, her countenance is insipid. We look upon it, and find in it a blank—no point to dwell upon—no touch of feeling mingling with our own—no magnetic charm to rivet our affections. In our eyes, the Venus of Canova is infinitely its superior in sentiment, however much inferior in truth and symmetry of form. With all due respect, and we profess the deepest, for the sublime, the stupendous conceptions of the ancients, we must confess that were we compelled to choose between a total extinction of some of the most valued treasures of antiquity, and that of some of the brightest gems of modern sculpture, we should feel very much inclined to make a sacrifice of the former.

We cannot close our remarks on this subject without regretting the very limited opportunities which our sculptors possess of bringing their works before the public eye. May not the present want of taste for this noble and interesting branch of art be, in some degree, attributable to this deficiency. At Somerset House the painters have at least two good rooms, both as to light and size, while the sculptors are confined to a miserable little hole on the ground-floor, lighted by two side windows, so as to throw the one half of their works into complete shadow, and altogether so awkward and ill situated, that scarcely one in a hundred of those who visit the exhibition ever have the curiosity to peep into it. At the British Gallery there has occasionally been a bit of sculpture, but somehow or other that practice seems now to be laid aside, and *there* indeed there really is not room for any extensive display. We sincerely hope that this evil will soon be remedied; but in the mean time, why might not some of the sculptures, instead of being jammed into the little dirty room, called the Life Academy, be carried up stairs, and placed in the centre of the great room, where there would be ample opportunity of viewing them in good lights, and where they would form an agreeable relief to the eye, and a valuable contrast to the surrounding pictures?

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

TARRARE.

On Monday last a new Opera, entitled *Tarrare, the Tartar Chief*, was performed for the first time at the English Opera House. The title, of course, suffices to explain that this piece is an English version of the celebrated Opera, by Beaumarchais, which excited so much interest at Paris, about the commencement of the French revolution. Beaumarchais' Tarrare, was first brought out at the *Academie Royale de Musique*, in the year 1787. Long before the representation of the piece, the author had read it to the Court, and to his private friends; and the first performance was anxiously expected, when Bergasse, in the name of his client, Kornman, published the well-known Memoire against Beaumarchais. The latter, fearful that the publication might have a prejudicial influence on the fate of his Opera, exerted all his endeavours to postpone the representation, but the Baron de Breteuil, who at that time exercised sovereign control over the management of the Grand Opera, turned a deaf ear to his solicitations on the subject. Tarrare was accordingly brought forward. The original Opera is in five acts:—the four first were received with unqualified applause, but some disapprobation was manifested during the fifth. Beaumarchais, who was that evening one of the

audience, was for a few moments paralyzed with alarm, but soon recovering his presence of mind, he stood up and addressed the audience in very humble terms. He assured them that he considered their disapprobation perfectly just, that the hurry in which the piece had been brought forward, had prevented him from completing it in the manner he had intended, but that he should lose no time in making the alterations which the judgment of the public had suggested to him. In the course of a few evenings the Opera was again performed without the slightest change, and by an unaccountable caprice of the public, it was received with the most decided approbation. It was performed about twenty or thirty nights, after which it was laid aside, until the year 1795, when it was revived with considerable alterations. A ballet was introduced in it, and it received the denomination of a melodrama. In this form it was once more re-produced on the Parisian stage, some half dozen years ago, where it proved very successful, owing to the beauty of the scenery and decorations, and, above all, the splendour of the ballet—thus verifying the remark made by one of the characters in this piece—*en France, tout va bien pourvu qu' on danse.*

Beaumarchais, in his address *Aux Abonnés de l'Opera*, explains the principles which guided him in writing Tarrare. He says he took for his theme the following maxim :—

> Homme ! ta grandeur sur la terre
> N'appartient point à ton état
> Elle est toute à ton caractere.

For the exemplification of this proposition, the author exhibits two men in the most opposite conditions of life. The one, an Asiatic despot, possessed of unlimited power, and exercising it with ferocious tyranny, is unhappy through the consequence of his own wicked disposition. The other, a man of humble rank, with no advantage, save the possession of a virtuous character, is in the enjoyment of perfect felicity. This point of contrast being kept in view, a very brief sketch of the principal incidents of the story will suffice to shew how the author proceeds to illustrate his maxim, by bringing into contact two men of characters so naturally hostile to each other.

The tyrant Atar, king of Ormus, envying the happiness of his general, Tarrare, who has risen from the ranks, and whose virtues have rendered him the object of public love and admiration, determines to reduce him to misery. He dispatches a party of his guards, in disguise, for the purpose of secretly carrying off Astasia, the wife of Tarrare. His project is accomplished, and Astasia is conveyed to the seraglio of the tyrant, who immediately becomes enamoured of her, and, to express his admiration of her beauty, gives her the name of Irza*. Tarrare supposing Astasia to have been carried off by pirates, repairs to the palace of Atar, and entreats, as a reward for the many services he has rendered to his sovereign and his country, that a squadron may be fitted out to enable him to pursue and execute vengeance on the destroyers of his happiness. To this request Atar readily accedes, but with the design of sacrificing the object of his hatred, and Altamor, who is to accompany Tarrare in his expedition, secretly receives the king's orders to assassinate him. Meanwhile Calpigi, an Italian slave, the chief of the eunuchs of the seraglio, in gratitude to Tarrare, who has once saved his life, informs him that his wife is in the harem of the king. He forms the design of secretly introducing him to her, and for this purpose makes him assume the disguise of a mute. While he is communicating his intentions to Tarrare, Atar enters from the apartment of Astasia. His declaration of love has been received with indignation and con-

* Beaumarchais in a note on this name, observes "IRZA signifies the finest among the most beautiful flowers, which in the Spring, open their leaves to the rising Sun."

tempt. Raging with disappointment, and the desire of revenge, he determines that Astasia shall be immediately united to one of the meanest slaves of the seraglio, and fixes upon the disguised Tarrare as her destined husband. This circumstance of course appears calculated to facilitate the plan arranged by Calpigi. But Astasia, on being informed of the dreadful fate that awaits her, prevails on Spinette, her principal female attendant, to put on her costly ornaments and her veil, and to become her representative on the introduction of the supposed mute. Tarrare enters, and on discovering Spinette instead of Astasia, concludes that he has been misled respecting the fate of his wife. At this moment a party of the king's guards enter the apartment—Atar repenting of the cruel punishment to which he has doomed the lovely Astasia, has given orders for the immediate death of the mute—The guards discover Tarrare, and he is led off a prisoner. He is now condemned to suffer death for the crime of having entered the seraglio. The pile is raised, and every preparation made for his execution. Atar attends to feast his eyes with the dying agonies of the unfortunate Tarrare, who is led on in chains. He acknowledges the offence for which he is about to suffer, but he informs Atar that his wife, for whose sake he had been induced to commit it, is not, as he supposed, a captive in the seraglio; and that Irza is not Astasia. The enraged Atar directs Irza to be immediately conducted to his presence. Her veil is raised Tarrare recognizes his wife, and both are condemned to perish immediately on the burning pile. But the intended execution is suddenly interrupted; the soldiery and the people force an entrance into the palace, and demand the liberation of Tarrare, whom the Oracle of the Temple of Bramah has proclaimed as the leader destined to head the Persian forces who are assembling to oppose the invasion of the Christians. Tarrare, whose respect for the laws and love of order induce him to condemn this insurrection, having prevailed on the rebels to return to their allegiance, intercedes with the sovereign for their pardon. Atar, in the mean time, disdaining to owe his safety to Tarrare, plunges a dagger into his own breast, and Tarrare is by the unanimous voice of the people raised to the throne of Ormus.

The progress of the story, as above described, is preserved with little or no variation in the Opera now produced on our stage. Indeed the only material change occurs in the catastrophe, where Atar, instead of the tragical fate to which he is doomed in the original piece, is, by a sudden and not very probable transition, brought to repentance, and by way of atoning for all his tyrannical persecutions, raises Tarrare to honours and dignities.

Besides the political and moral maxims, for which Tarrare was avowedly intended as a vehicle, the author had in view to present to the public, a piece formed according to the rules which he conceived to be indispensible in the construction of a genuine Opera. Beaumarchais, in the address to which we have already alluded, explains at length his opinions on this subject. They are, it must be acknowledged, just in principle, though we doubt whether, if rigidly carried into practice, they would have the effect of producing better Operas than those which have been composed without the aid of any such theories. His chief objection against the composers of his day, was, that instead of confining themselves to the task of imparting harmonious expression to the text of the dramatist, they completely obscured his meaning, by their extravagant use of the resources of musical science, thus rendering merely a secondary object, that which should naturally hold the first rank in dramatic representation. He mentions the discussions he held on the subject with the late Salieri, the composer of Tarrare, who, he observes, was born a poet, while he himself was in some degree a musician. Salieri concurred in his ideas, and, above all, expressed his conviction of the propriety of simplifying recitative, and reducing it as nearly as possible to the style of ordinary

speech; but he observed that the human voice in speaking, rises and falls by minute gradations, which it is almost impossible to seize, and which are, moreover, inconsistent with the rules of vocal composition, which admit of no other intervals than those of the diatonic and chromatic scales. It is certainly to be regretted that Salieri, in compliance with the wishes of Beaumarchais, sacrificed many beauties with which he had intended to enrich his Opera. The music, though remarkable throughout for its genuine truth of expression, and its correct adaptation to the characters and situations of the drama, occasionally, at least in the recitative, and single songs, becomes languid, and borders on insipidity. This fault, though perhaps not strikingly obvious at the period when it was composed, renders it in some measure unsatisfactory, to ears accustomed to the high colouring and florid ornament of Operas of more modern date. Tarrare is subject to another disadvantage. A considerable portion of the music, to those who now listen to it for the first time, is divested of some share of its freshness and originality, through the free use that has been made of it, at various times, by the manufacturers of English Operas. Kelly, for instance, thought proper to appropriate to himself one of the finest choruses of Salieri's Opera, for the purpose of introducing it, along with other plagiarisms, into his melo-drama of *Blue Beard*. The choruses, and other concerted pieces, in which Salieri has most freely availed himself of the use of instrumentation, are, generally speaking, to our taste, the best parts of the music of Tarrare. There is, however, one song which deserves to be particularly distinguished; namely, the romance which is sung by Calpigi at a festival, which, by the King's command, he prepares for the entertainment of Astasia, during her captivity in the seraglio. It has long been a favourite in France, where, on the first production of Tarrare, its popularity almost rendered it a national song.

The music, like the text of Tarrare, has undergone various modifications, Salieri, himself transformed it into an Italian Opera under the title of *Axur Ré d'Ormus*. It has also been adapted to the German stage, and was a great favourite of the Emperor Joseph II *.

The Opera, was originally preceded by a prologue, in which the author introduced, what he calls, the shadows of all his principal characters, for the purpose, as he said, of enabling the audience at once, to comprehend the nature of the piece, without the aid of those explanations, which tend to weary the spectator, and to retard the action of the drama.

This prologue, as well as the Opera, was set to music by Salieri, but it was not thought advisable long to continue its performance.

The manner in which Tarrare is got up at the English Opera House, is very creditable to those who have superintended its production. It is a gratifying proof of the improving taste of the English public, that our theatrical managers, find it their interest to bring forward the works of men of genius, in preference to the insipid and common-place trash, which has so often appeared under the denomination of new Operas.

Mr. Braham, as Tarrare, and Miss Paton, as Ninetta, (the Spinette of Beaumarchais' Opera) left nothing to be wished for in the execution of the music allotted to their respective characters. Mr. H. Phillips, too, was a very efficient representative of the tyrant Atar. A young lady made her first appearance in the character of Astasia, but her performance was of so very indifferent a description, that we shall abstain from offering any comment on it.

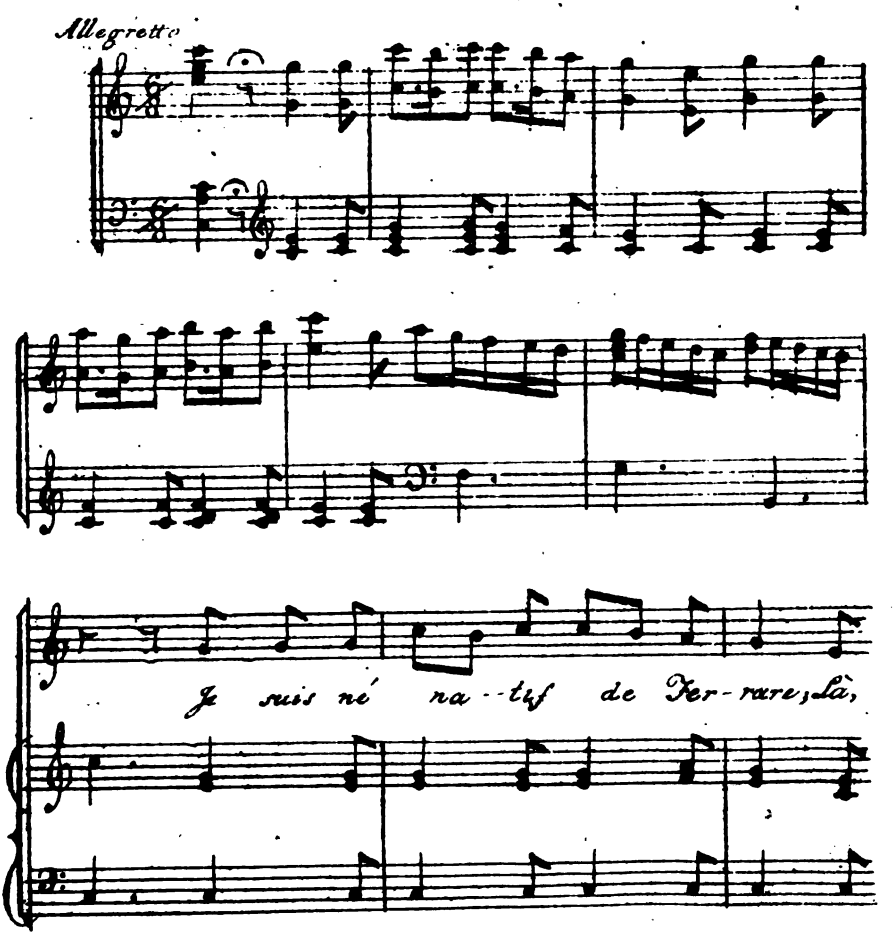
It is our intention to present to our readers a few extracts from the music of Tarrare. We shall begin with the romance sung by Calpigi, to

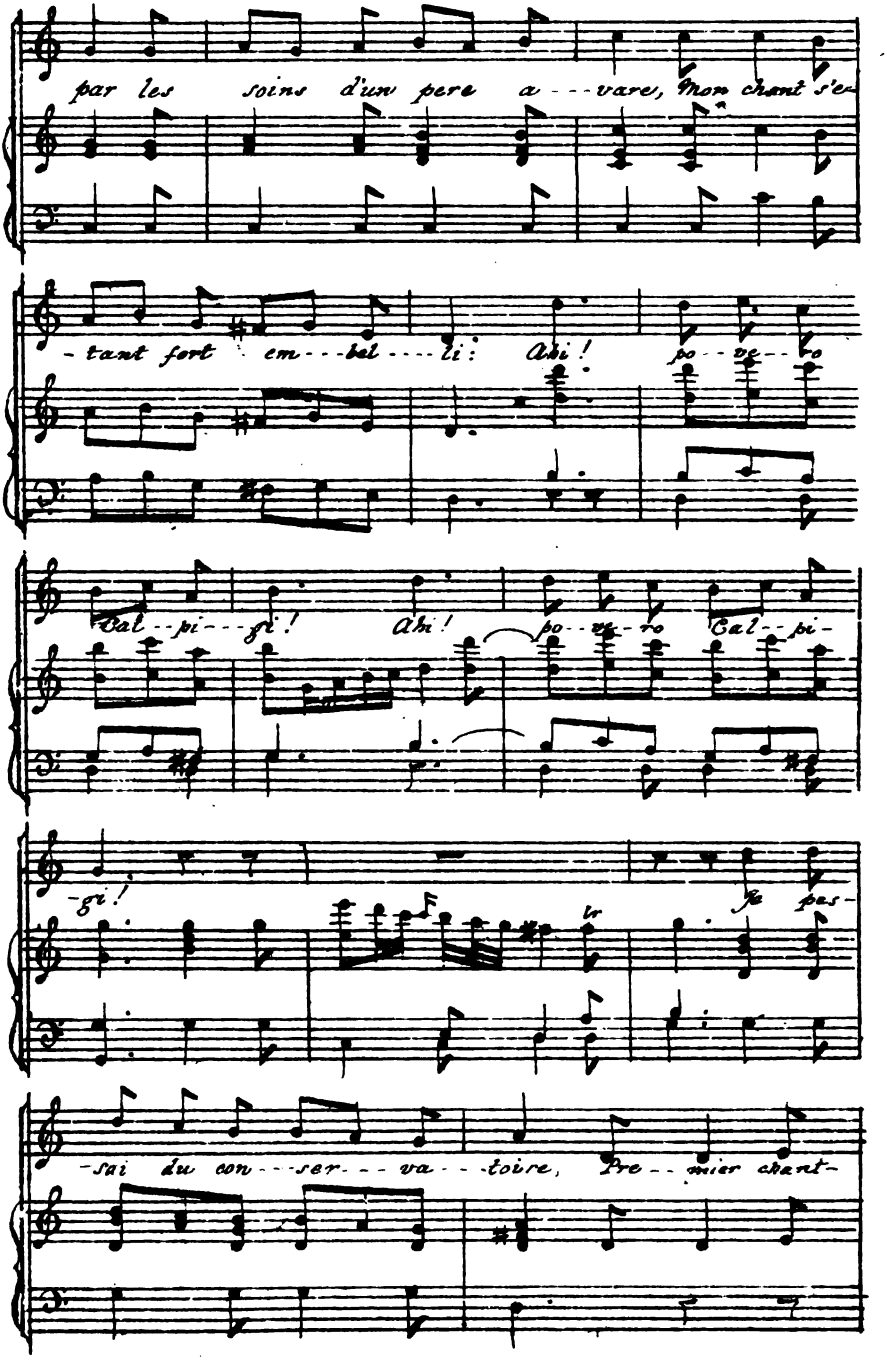
* See the Notice of Salieri in the Parthenon, No. 7.

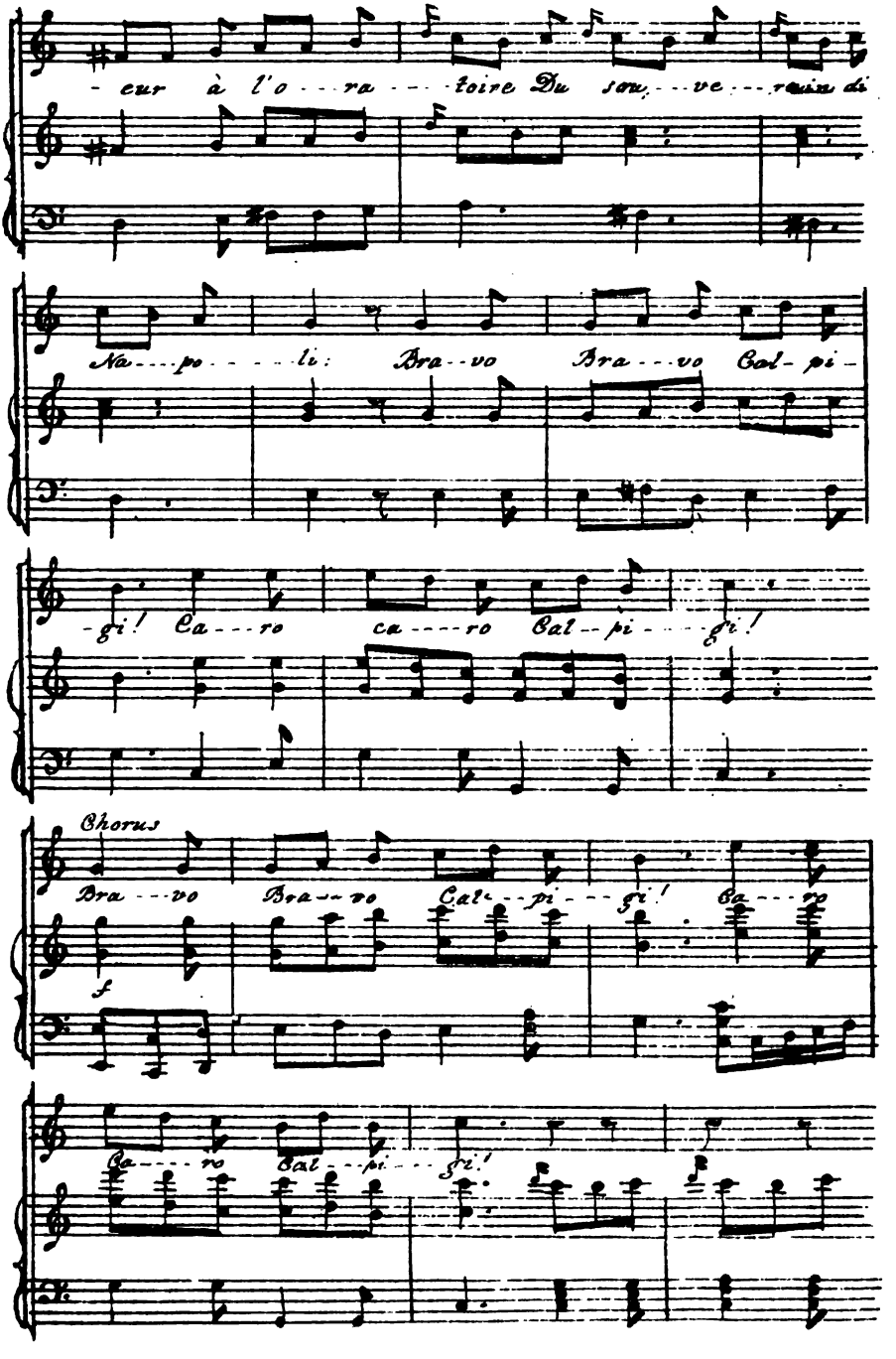
which we have before alluded, and in which he gives a merry account of his life and adventures. The French words of the first stanza are inserted along with the music*. The song terminates abruptly, for on Calpigi pronouncing the name of Tarrare, Atar rises in a fit of fury, and draws a poignard to stab him—Astasia faints, and the festival is broken up.

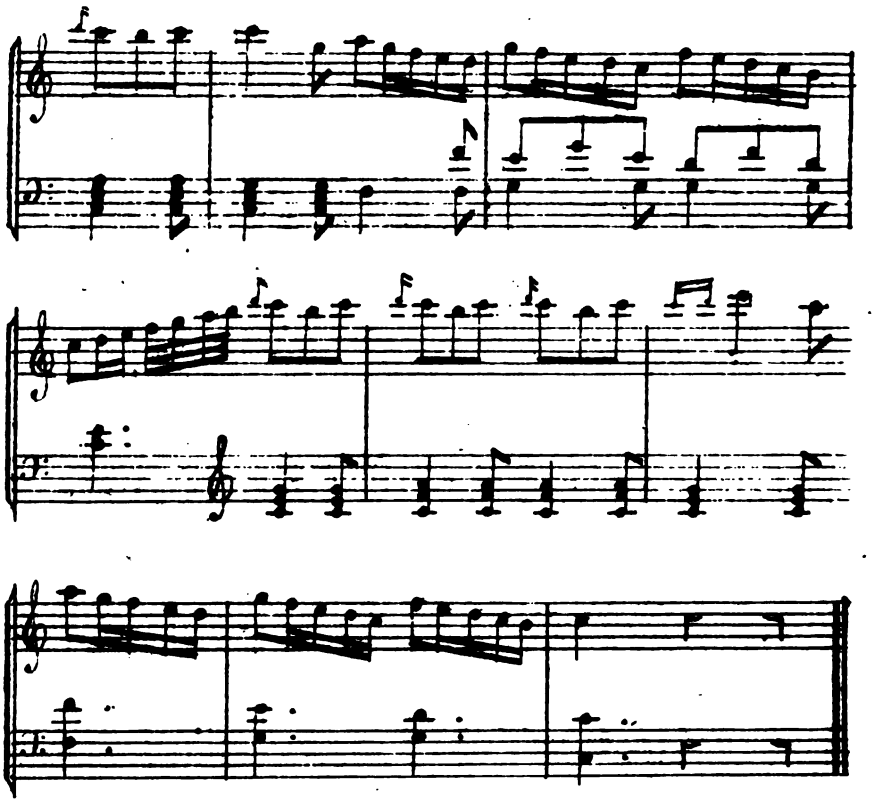
* The English verses do not resemble the original, and there is good reason for the deviation. The substitution however, might have been improved, if not in poetic merit, at least in grammatical precision. The following is the commencement of the romance, sung at the Lyceum, as far as we could collect the words, for the book of the Opera is not yet printed.

I was a dashing gay young fellow,
But sometimes got a little mellow,
Which often chanced the case to be,
  Ahi! povero Calpigi.
I took a wife to keep me steady,
For that I found her always ready,
But she could drink as well as me.
  Ahi! povero Calpigi.




par les soins d'un pere a---vare, Mon chant s'e-
-tant fort em---bel---li: Ah! po--ve--ro
Cal--pi---gi! Ah! po--ve--ro Cal--pi-
-gi! Je pas-
-sai du con---ser---va--toire, Pre--mier chant-


-eur à l'o---ra---toire Du sou---ve---rain di
Na---po---li: Bra--vo Bra---vo Cal-pi-
-gi! Ca---ro ca----ro Cal--pi---gi!
Chorus
Bra---vo Bra--vo Cal--pi---gi! Ca---ro
f
Ca---ro Cal--pi---gi!



THE PARTHENON.

No. 12.] *SATURDAY, AUGUST* 27, 1825. [*Price* 1*s*

SKETCHES,

Historical and Pictorial,

OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD OF ITS RESTORATION.

L · DA · VINCI ·

In the short sketches which we have inserted of the early Italian Painters, we have been anxious that the facts and dates we have had occasion to introduce, should be as correctly stated as possible. The irreconcileable differences, as to dates of births, met with in authors, often renders perfect accuracy, as to the first era in the mortal existence of the most eminent of men, hopeless. This is, in a remarkable degree, the case with respect to the great artist who forms the subject of the present notice; over the period of whose birth there hangs an obscurity which forms a striking contrast with the celebrity of his name, and which the researches of the numerous writers who have undertaken to transmit his history to after times, have been unable to remove. The Lett. Pittoriche, the Elogi d'Uom. illustr. Toscan., Dargen-

ville, Vasari, and other authorities, state different years, as 1443, 1444, 1445, 1452, and 1467. Though the Editor of the edition of Lionardo's Treatise on Painting, published a few years ago, at Rome, adopts the year 1452, we are inclined to concur with Fiorillo, in preferring 1444. He was born near Florence, at Vinci, the Val d'Arno, where his father, Ser Pietro, was a Notary. By some it is said he was a natural son; by others, that he was the legitimate offspring of the first of three wives, whom Ser Pietro married. Be this as it may, his father, observing the decided predilection Lionardo, even in his earliest years, manifested for the art of design, placed him under Andrea Verrochio, but the pupil, as has already been mentioned, soon excelled the master.

Paintings by Lionardo are not often met with, and some of his best works can be known only by copies. We select the following figures from his celebrated picture of the Epiphany, in which they form a groupe on the right of the Virgin and Child.

This picture, which, like many others commenced by Lionardo, was left unfinished by him, is remarkable for the richness of the composition, and the natural disposition and characteristic expression of the figures.

At a very early period of life, Lionardo was distinguished for the variety and extent of his studies. While at Milan, whither he was invited by the Duke Ludovico Maria Sforza, he not only founded an Academy of Design, but directed the making of Canals, and other public works. Among the pictures which he executed at the desire of the Duke, the most celebrated is the Last Supper, in the Refectory of the Dominicans of Santa Maria della Grazie. Unfortunately this picture, which was painted on a damp wall, and shamefully neglected and injured by the Monks, was soon destroyed, but the numerous copies which were made of it, by Lionardo's pupils, and others, prove it to have been a most extraordinary work of art, and well entitled to the eulogies which have been bestowed upon it. Several anecdotes are related of this picture. It is said by some writers, but contradicted by others, that the head of Christ was left unfinished, because Lionardo found himself incapable of reaching that divine expression which he wished to give to the countenance. It is also reported that he experienced an almost equal difficulty in producing a suitable representation of the baseness of Judas. The Prior of the Convent, who complained of the painter's delay, is supposed to have been punished by having his head placed on the vacant shoulders of the traiterous apostle; Lionardo telling the Duke that he could find no countenance more suitable to the character. The story is more amusing than probable. A humourous threat of Lionardo so to do, is perhaps its foundation; for it is incredible that the Prior should have allowed himself to be so exhibited in a place over which his authority was doubtless paramount.

It would be superfluous to detail the principal events of the life of Lionardo, which, from his celebrity, must be familiar to most of our readers. Suffice it to say, that after his competition with Michel Angelo, and his journey to Rome, he accepted, in a very advanced age, the invitation of Francis I. and repaired to the Court of France. He fell ill at Cloux, near Ambos, and Francis visited him on his sick-bed. Lionardo endeavoured to raise himself up in the bed, to receive his Royal guest, but was unable, from weakness. Francis ran forward to support him, and the artist died in the arms of the monarch This happened on the 2d of May, 1519, and, consequently, if we be right in making 1444 the date of Lionardo's birth, in the 75th or 76th year of his age.

It has been said that Lionardo painted in two different manners. The one to produce a powerful effect, by opposing deep shadows to very bright lights, as in his portrait, in the Florentine Gallery. The other to admit a more unconstrained play of the middle tints, and thus to allay the harshness of the first, and to give a greater degree of softness and rotundity. Of this

last style, his Madonna, which is, or was, in the Palace Albani, has been cited as an example. Strictly speaking, however, no particular manner can be attributed to Lionardo. In his old age, he anxiously looked forward to improvement in his art. In the progress of his works, he was, in general, so little pleased that he felt reluctant to complete them. When he began a picture, he was observed to experience as much agitation as if he had been a student going to compete for a prize. In short, he was constantly under the influence of a restless desire of perfection, and had none of that self satisfied turn of mind which disposes its possessor readily to resolve into a fixed manner. This may, in some measure, account for the very few pictures to be found, on which Lionardo had been induced to bestow a finishing touch.

Lionardo left to posterity, in manuscripts, some memorials of his genius, no less valuable than his pictures. Part of those, have, however, been lost by neglect, and only one, his Treatise on Painting, has been printed. It was first published at Paris in 1651, in folio, by Trichet du Fresne, who, in preparing the work for the press, used two MS copies, one of which Poussin had illustrated by outline sketches. In the same year, a French translation appeared at Paris, also in folio. From these, or subsequent French editions, the numerous translations in English, German, Spanish, and other languages have been made. There is even a Greek translation. The Italian editions are nearly all copies of that of Paris, with the exception of one published at Rome, in 1817 by Signor Manzi, keeper of the Barberina Library. This edition which supplies numerous deficiencies in the Paris publication, is made from a MS in the Library of the Vatican. The corrections, as well as the additions, made by this MS are important. The pen and ink drawings of the original, are carefully copied; and Notes are added by the Cavalier Gherardo Rossi.

From a MS on the Anatomy and Mechanism of the Human Body, an extract or fragment only has been published; it is entitled—"Fragment d'un traité sur le movemens du corps human, et la maniere de definer les figures suivant des regles géom etriques,&c."

Lionardo's studies embraced Music and Poetry. Of what he did in the former, we are not aware that any memorial remains, and of the latter, we have only one specimen, the following sonnet which is preserved by Lomazzo in his "Tratto della Pittura."

Chi non può quel che vuol, quel che può voglia;
Che quel che non si può folle è volere.
Adunque saggio l'uomo é da tenere,
Che da quel che non può suo voler toglia.
Però che ogni diletto nostro e doglia
Sta in sì e nò saper, valer, potere.
Adunque quel sol può, che col dovere
Ne trae la ragion fuor di sua soglia.

Nè sempre è da voler quel che l'uom pote;
Spesso par dolce quel che torna amaro:
Piansi già quel ch'io volsi, poi ch'io l'ebbi.
Adunque tu Lettor di queste note,
S'a te vuoi esser buono e agli altri caro,
Vogli sempre poter quel che tu debbi.

ITALY DESCRIBED BY GOETHE.

It is a pleasant journey from Verona to Vicenza. The road runs North-west, by the side of the mountains. The projecting part, on the left, is composed of sand, calcareous stone, clay, and marble. On the heights are seen houses, castles, and villages. On the right, the view is bounded by a plain. The road, which is straight, broad, and in good repair, passes through a fertile country Here are long rows of trees, with vines twining to their very tops, the branches descending in long festoons, and the ripe grapes hanging beneath them. The road is covered with people, occupied in all sorts of ways. I was particularly struck with the narrow wheeled carts, drawn by four oxen, and filled with large tubs of pressed grapes; the drivers standing upright in those tubs when they were empty, seemed to form part of a triumphal procession of Bacchus. The spaces between the vines are planted with all sorts of grain, and particularly with maize.

On approaching Vicenza, the mountains resume the direction from North to South, and bound the plain. They are said to be volcanic. Vicenza lies at the foot of these mountains.

Though it is only two hours since I arrived here, I have already been through the city, and seen the Olympic Theatre, as well as the buildings by Palladio. There is a pleasing little book published here, for the use of foreigners, full of engravings and explanations. It is impossible not to be struck at first sight with the beauty of the buildings in this city; their grandeur and solidity cannot fail to delight the eye, while the fine harmony of their proportions must satisfy the mind, not only from the reflections suggested by the merit of the artists' designs, but from the variety and beauty of the perspective views, in proportion as the different parts of the building approach to, or recede from, the spectator. Such are the effects of Palladio's works, which always bear evidence of his powerful genius. In common with all modern architects, Palladio had to encounter great difficulty in the employment of the different orders of architecture for the construction of ordinary buildings; for the union of columns and walls in the same edifice must always be a stumbling-block in art Yet, how well he has succeeded in combining them How he imposes on the imagination by the completeness of his works, and makes us take for a reality the illusion he has produced! All his conceptions seem to be the result of divine inspirations, and his works resemble those of a great poet; who, by a happy combination of truth and fiction, creates an ideal picture of enchanting beauty.

The Olympic is an ancient Theatre, on a small scale. It is uncommonly beautiful; but in comparison with our modern Theatres it is like a young man distinguished by a fine person, and an air of nobleness, and opulence, by the side of a man of the world, whose skill and experience recommend him to

notice. The appearance of the latter is neither so noble, nor so graceful; but he knows better how to turn the qualities and means he possesses, to advantage.

When we examine on the spot, the magnificent buildings of Palladio, and see them disfigured and degraded by being made subservient to the lowest wants of men, when we reflect on the immense disproportion which exists between these admirable conceptions, and the faculties of those by whom they are perverted, on the contrast between such noble monuments, and the vulgar habits of the inhabitants, we are naturally led to conclude, that every thing else presents the same unpleasing opposition. In fact, we must not expect to receive thanks for any efforts, to inspire men in general, with elevated sentiments, to give them a high idea of themselves, and to point out to them, the moral beauty attached to a really noble existence. But if we deceive them, if we impose on their ignorance, encourage their heedlessness, or corrupt their minds, we may then obtain their suffrages; hence arises the bad taste of the age in which we live. These reflections are not made with the view of representing human nature in a disagreeable light. I describe things as they are, and I think there is no reason to be surprised that all is as it is.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more absurd, than the contrast betwixt Palladio's Basilick, and an old castellated looking building, with a great number of irregular windows, that stands by the side of it. I fancy the great architect, would have been very glad to have got rid of this grotesque specimen of architecture, and its old fashioned tower. I can scarcely have patience to look at the ridiculous contrast; for here again I find, side by side, the objects of my admiration, and aversion.

I went last night to the Opera; it was not over till twelve o'clock, and I went to bed immediately on my return home. The performance consisted of a piece very injudiciously made up, from the *Tre Sultane*, and *Mozart' Entführung aus dem Serail.* The introduced part of the music was passable, but is was doubtless the production of some amateur, for it presented no trace of originality. The ballet, however, was charming. The two principal dancers executed an *allemande* with infinite grace. The Theatre is new, and even handsome, though it has only the decorations, the extent, the plainness, and the uniformity of a provincial Theatre. The boxes are all adorned with drapery of the same colour, hanging over in front; the Governor's box being distinguished from the rest only by an additional length of drapery.

The *prima donna*, who seemed to be a great favourite, was applauded with enthusiasm on her first entrance, and each proof of her talent, which not unfrequently occurred, was received by the audience with the most extravagant marks of approbation. Her manner is unaffected, and she has a fine voice; her countenance is agreeable, and her action graceful, though she is somewhat deficient in the management of her arms.

I this morning visited Doctor Tura, who devoted himself for five years to the study of plants. He formed a *Hortus siccus* of Italian flowers, and under the last Bishop he established a botanical garden. But all this is now at an end, the Doctor's medical practice has superseded the study of Natural History. The *Hortus siccus* is worm-eaten, the Bishop is dead, and the botanical garden is turned into a field, and planted with onions and cabbages.

Doctor Tura is a very good sort of man. He told me his history with a great deal of frankness and simplicity. He expresses himself agreeably, and concisely. His collections were probably not in a state to be seen, as he did not propose shewing them to me.

I have seen the old architect Scamozzi, who has published the works of Palladio. He is a clever architect, and passionately fond of his profession.

I derived great pleasure from his instructive observations, and he seemed gratified by my attention. Among the buildings of Palladio, there is one which has always been my particular favourite; I allude to the house which he himself inhabited. When seen from a near point of view, its beauties are totally different from those in the engraving. I should like to see it drawn and tinted with the colour which time has bestowed on it. It must not, however, be supposed that the great artist erected a palace for himself.

The building is of the most simple construction. It has only two windows in front, which are separated by a space that would afford room for a third. To represent this house properly, it should be painted surrounded by those in the neighbourhood. It would be a subject for the pencil of a Canaletti.

[*To be Continued.*]

THE TWELVE HOURS TRIAL, OR A SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

A TALE FROM THE ITALIAN.

CHAPTER IV.

"'Tis a rare thing to find an honest servant;—we are scarce."

As soon as a gentleman becomes infected with what he calls a "Taste for philosophical improvement," his first business is generally to carry mystification into the most simple arrangements of his household. Thus the kitchen of the Chateau Migrano was a perfect magazine of chemical toys and mechanical inventions; so much so, that at length no cook in all Italy would undertake to dress a dinner in it. For the stables, too, it was not enough, that, to keep them of a proper temperature, the establishment of a thermometer was maintained in every stall; but in hot weather, to prevent the stagnation of foul air, they were ventilated to such a nicety, that not a horse ever passed five minutes of his life in them without catching a cold which served him for the rest of it. But of all his domestic affairs, those it was which concerned the management of his grounds that the Marquis most constantly and extravagantly indulged his passion for interference in; and the frequency of these horticultural experiments, joined to their invariable absurdity, had driven his chief bailiff, Signor Terratinto, entirely to despair.

"I will bear it no longer," said the personage whose province was thus invaded, as he stood, unable to make up his mind, or even to take his breakfast, among strawberry beds half raised, and parterres of tulips unfinished. "My mind is made up. When a nobleman ruins his own estate, what can he want a steward for?—matters must change—or—Exit Terratinto."

"Well done, Signor Bailiff," said a smart lacquey, who was crossing with a coffee-tray, from the vestibule of the Chateau, to a range of detached offices, built on one side of the garden, in the form of a pavilion—"Well laboured, master Fattore—you'll get the rose trees in by the time the Summer is over, now, if you make haste."

But the soul of Terratinto glowed with anger, even to a white heat. In his character, (professional)—his reputation as a bailiff—as having the management of an estate so ill guided as the Marquis Migrano's, was at stake. The vines of the Chateau had been pruned upon a new principle in the last

autumn, and the consequence was, that they yielded a gill of wine where they had used to yield a hogshead. Then the cucumber beds—at a great expence—had been watered with brandy, to make the cucumbers all come up melons; and after they had swallowed the brandy, the traiterous bulbs had never come up at all. But a worse affair than this had to be told still, and this was one in which the French doctor (though he got blamed for a great many enormities) really had taken no part—for he could get nothing by it;—the Marquis had lately fallen besotted with a new absurdity, just then getting into vogue—the "Science of Craniology;" and he had absolutely, only on the preceding evening, turned off every labourer that had worked in his grounds—leaving horseradish and honeysuckle, cauliflower and gilliflower, alike to take their chance—because, upon Phrenological principle, from the direction in which the people's ears were hung, he could see, to a physical certainty, that they would, at some day or other, hang too.

"Hire more men, Signor Fattore," shrugged the bearer of the shoulder-knot. "Our master's own folly is better than his servants' wisdom," added he, departing upon his own affairs.

"I can get no more," murmured the indignant steward, "and his lordship knows it. The war drains the whole country of hands, carrying our labourers off for soldiers. And besides," he continued, to himself, "three gangs of people turned off within a fortnight!—I should be ashamed to ask men to come to work, even if I knew where to look for them."

Just at that moment, a low but massive door, which led through a wall covered with grapes and peaches, from the garden into the outer grounds, opened behind the speaker; and there peeped in one of the strangers whom we left, an hour back, taking the road to Benevente.

"A jump from behind a hedge," says a Spanish proverb, "is better than a good man's prayer;"—by which parable the original diseur meant probably to convey, that to take upon the highway, might sometimes be a more prosperous trade than to ask upon it. Signor Pedrillo did not come absolutely from behind a hedge, but he made his appearance something on the sudden; and—as far as there might be any criterion for judging of a man's character by the condition of his coat!—He did advance however, pretty openly, with a bow, rather of the lowest, and—"Signor, the Major Domo, if I don't mistake?"

The "Major Domo" cast rather a suspicious glance, half sideways, at the person who addressed him; and—"No.—It was my mistake, I believe, leaving the door open that you came in at,'—(with a very expressive drawing up of the nose) was the reply.

"We heard that there were gardeners wanting at the Chateau," said the first speaker, not overcome, apparently by this equivocal reception.

"Yes, but I am afraid they must not look like you," returned the patron of place, putting on his spectacles, and going closer to the applicant, in order to examine him.

But a very short view of each other, under these improved circumstances, seemed sufficient for both parties; for in less than a second, the steward's countenance had lengthened seventy-five per cent between increased displeasure and surprise; while the new comer, involuntarily, took several paces in retreat, or, as it may be expressed more honourably, advancing backwards—towards the door.

"Why—how the deuce!" exclaimed the bailiff.

"Sure, I should know that face!" stammered the candidate for service.

The steward stole another glance. "It's that very rogue, Pedrillo,"

said he, "that listed for a soldier four years ago, when I lived with Count Vaporoso!"

The stranger took a still more cautious observation—"It's that very old rogue, my uncle Terratinto, and nobody else!" was his exclamation—half aside.

"So you want work as a gardener, eh? And where did you work last? —The dog has deserted from his regiment, and is come to rob the house!" said the man in office.

"Why we lived—I'll treat him as a stranger and face it out—We lived—I'd better call in my comrade—there are two of us—and he'll tell you where we lived," replied the man in rags.

But "when a jest is so forward," as Falstaff has it, "and a-foot too!"—this proposition was too much for the patience of Signor Terratinto. "Why thou impudent villain!" cried he, "call in thy comrades? what, wouldst thou butcher us here in open day? why Pedro! Vasquez! Stefano!" continued the elderly gentleman, roaring for help, in spite of all the exertions of the younger one to stop him.—"Why bring pistols, blunderbusses, I say, a blanket. Rogue! I'll have justice done upon thee, wert thou my own flesh and blood."

The stranger adventured one word more in the way of entreaty. It was either a "For heaven's sake!"—or a "Nay uncle!"—or some other of those general appeals to forbearance which a man usually resorts to when he feels that appealing in any way, is waste of time altogether; but the only notice it received was conveyed in a fresh invocation to "Pedro," and "Vasquez," to ring the alarum bell."

The menaced party cast his eye round rapidly. There was no one visible, and he seized the threatener of vengeance by the throat. This course has often been found to have the effect of inducing a gentleman to keep silence, after every other species of argument has failed.

CHAPTER V.

"Oui! coupe le gorge, par ma foy, pesant."

"My body will be found, knave!" stuttered the true man; kicking and making what fight he could, to avoid strangulation.

"It shall be only the little bits of it then, depend upon it"—still squeezing harder, said the rogue.

"You'll be hanged for my murder villain—that's one comfort!" squeaked the sufferer, quite in the throat, and almost giving himself over.

"I shall cut you into so many morsels (after you are dead) that the Coroner, will never guess whether you were a man, or a beast," was the reply.

'He who finds his breath fast going in a conflict,' so says the sage of Aleppo, 'should use it, while he has any left, to negotiate.'—"My dear Nephew!" said the steward of chateau Migrano, in a tone between suppli- and suffo-cation.

"My excellent Uncle!—but will you cease your calling?" answered this mirror of relatives, waiting for the pledge, before he let go his hold.

"On my honour," continued the last speaker with emphasis, "we come with no ill intention."

"I dare say you don't," rejoined the Fattore, "but why the deuce do you come at all?

"Do but hear me, and I'll tell you," said the Nephew.

"You used to be a footman!" kept on the Uncle.

"I am a footman still," shouted the first, out of patience.

"Are you? then your master gives you a d—n—d odd livery," returned the last.

"Livery! Alas! there it is my dear Uncle," said Pedrillo, between grief and impatience, "if you would but listen to me?"

"I will listen to you," capitulated the steward, in hopes that some chance domestic, or even the great dog, might come to his assistance. "Hear you! Heaven knows, I never longed so much to hear the end of a story in all my life!" . . . .

"Why then you shall know Uncle," commenced the *conteur* "that, when I enlisted into the Chasseurs, which I did, recollect, entirely in consequence of your ill usage to me:"— here the excellent Yager in his postulate, did use something of an arbitrary assumption; for his dismissal from the Castle of Vaporoso, had, in fact, proceeded from his own undue freedoms with the Countess's washing maid (of that establishment) and the Count's wine-cellar.— But, "when I entered into the Chasseurs," said he, "I went to live servant with the Chevalier Silvino Vivaldi, a gentleman of as good expectations, as any in all Italy; although we are both of us, at this hour, walking about the country without a penny in our pockets; and with not so much spare linen between the pair of us, as might serve to cover a cut little finger.

A deep groan from Signor Terratinto, was the only reply to this very unpromising exordium.

"Love," continued the relater "love it is that has left us almost as naked as they say he is himself. And well was it spoken, by the ancient philosopher, when he saw a mad bull on one side of the way, and a woman on the other, that he would pass on the side where the bull was; for that so he should get the less mischief of the two.

"This passion of ours—"

The steward bit his nails to the quick.

"This passion was our ruin!—we were beloved; but we had a base rival," said the relater.

The listener, evidently questioned if he had not better have been strangled at once, without hearing the story.

"Our mistress's relations shut her up in a convent. Forced her to marry an old monster of a lawyer—or a Bishop—I dont exactly know what, but he wore a wig big enough to stuff a saddle with, and my master went mad. He wept, gamed, drank six bottles a-day, and neglected his duty in the regiment, like the devil! At last he quarrelled with his superior officer, one day at a faro table, swords were drawn, and the Colonel was killed upon the spot. We escaped; now I pray you uncle attend to this—we escaped, by dropping from the windows of the house, without ever looking behind us. But we have wandered since, in the woods and mountains, for a whole month, and our condition is now become almost desperate. For to cross the frontier so as to get out of this fatal province, even in this disguise, without a passport, is impossible; and we changed our last penny piece, it was my Grandmother's, and I had kept it in my pocket, seven years for luck! at dinner, the day before yesterday."

Signor Terratinto had heard the whole of this harangue, devoutly hoping every moment for some casual diversion which might enable him to send the deliverer of it, *via*, all the scullions of the house, to make his peroration in the horse-pond; but there was nothing, as times were then, very improbable about the statement, and Pedrillo's earnestness towards the conclusion gave some semblance, just amounting to a possibility, that it might be true. Still there came the question, true, or not true, why should the bailiff of Chateau

Migrano concern himself in it? he might receive the fugitives into the castle without much risk, but still there was a risk and that of his place! though that he certainly had long wished to exchange for another. And then, again, there was the pursuit. And a good chance, after the strangers were installed as labourers, that they might not be able to remain without too much danger of detection.

They had no present money, although the Chevalier had "expectations," and, if they once departed without rewarding his services!—Besides, the whole tale, after all, might be a fiction!

"It is a pleasant story, nephew, this you tell," said Terratinto, trying on this last point, and affecting more doubt, than he really felt, "who helped you to invent it?"

"It is as true, every word," was the reply of Pedrillo, "as if it was printed in a book."

While Signor Terratinto was yet debating, how far the emergency of the Chevalier Silvino, at the then moment might enhance the value of any assistance which he, Terratinto, might, render to him; and moreover, how far a farm, rent free, *in posse* upon the demesne (assuming that there was such a demesne)—Vivaldi, might be likely to repay the loss of an actual, though not very profitable stewardship, as the Chateau Migrano, the thrum of a guitar was heard without.

"It is my master himself," exclaimed Pedrillo.

"We shall have our throats cut yet!" exclaimed the bailiff.

And, the next moment, the taller stranger of the Chausseé, Benevento, with his mandoline still on his shoulder, it was the Captain himself, and he was out of patience, cut short the conference by walking in.

[This story will be resumed in the first Monthly Number of the Parthenon. See the Notice on the Cover.]

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE

It was sometime ago mentioned in the public papers, that a youth, in Berlin, who had distinguished himself by an extraordinary proficiency in musical studies, proved to be the grandson of the celebrated Jewish philosopher, Mendelshon. We now find, from the Foreign Journals, that he has published a Sonata of his own composition, for the Piano-forte and Violin. The Musicalische Zeitung observes, that this new composition proves its author to be a true musician, both by nature and education. Mendelshon's Sonata appeals at once to the heart and the understanding. It is a work that may be recommended both to the composer and to the amateur; and it will be the more likely to become a popular favourite since it does not demand from the performer, any extraordinary powers of execution. Its difficulties are not greater than those which occur in Mozart's grand Sonatas for the Piano-forte and Violin, and with these compositions it may also be compared, as to the kind of taste, which is requisite for its performance.

The fast approaching York Musical Festival, for which, most extensive preparations have been made, commences on Tuesday the 13th of next Month and will be continued on that, and the three following days. The principal vocal performers engaged for the grand Concerts to be given in the New Concert Room, we understand are:—Madame Ronzi De Begnis, Miss Travis, Miss Goodall, and Miss Stephens, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Farrar, and Mademoiselle Garcia; Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Sapio, Mr. W. Knyvett, Mr. Terrail,

and Mr. Braham; Mr. Bellamy, Mr. H. Phillips, and Signor De Begnis; with a grand chorus of 90 Cantos, 70 Altos, 90 Tenors, 100 Basses. The report of Velluti, having been engaged to sing at these Concerts, is now contradicted. The leaders of the instrumental band, on the successive performances at these Concerts are, Mr. Cramer, Mr. Mori. Mr. Kieswetter, Mr. Loder.

Among the latest musical publications which have appeared on the continent, a Mass for four voices, with accompaniments for a full orchestra by Chapel-Master Von Seyfried, of Vienna, is highly praised by the German critics. Seyfried has long been eminent, as a composer of Church music, and his style has been formed on an admirable model, namely, the great Haydn. Those parts of Seyfried's new Mass, which are more particularly distinguished for the talent shewn in the composition, are the Kyrie, the Gloria, the Sanctus, and the Agnus Dei.

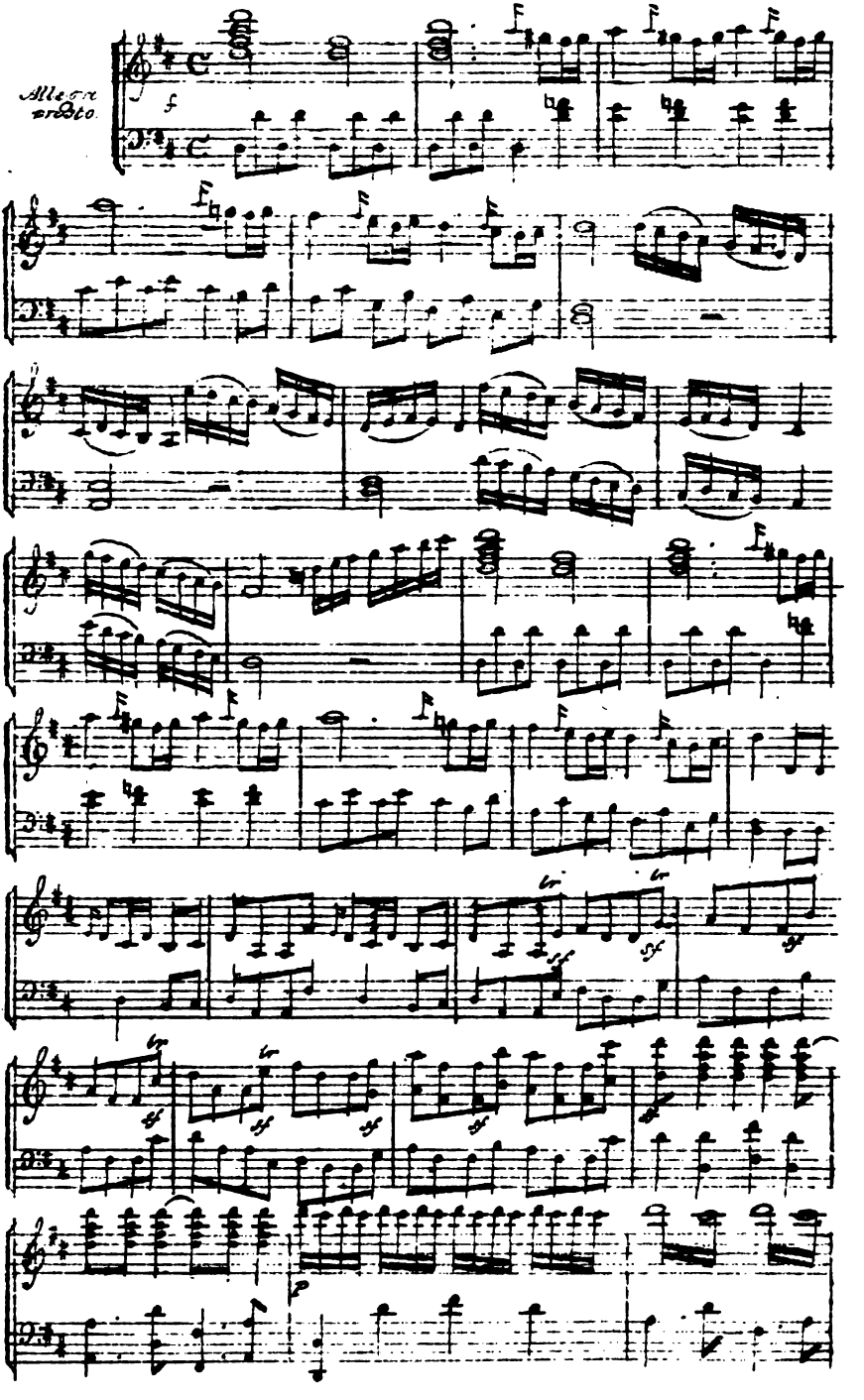
ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

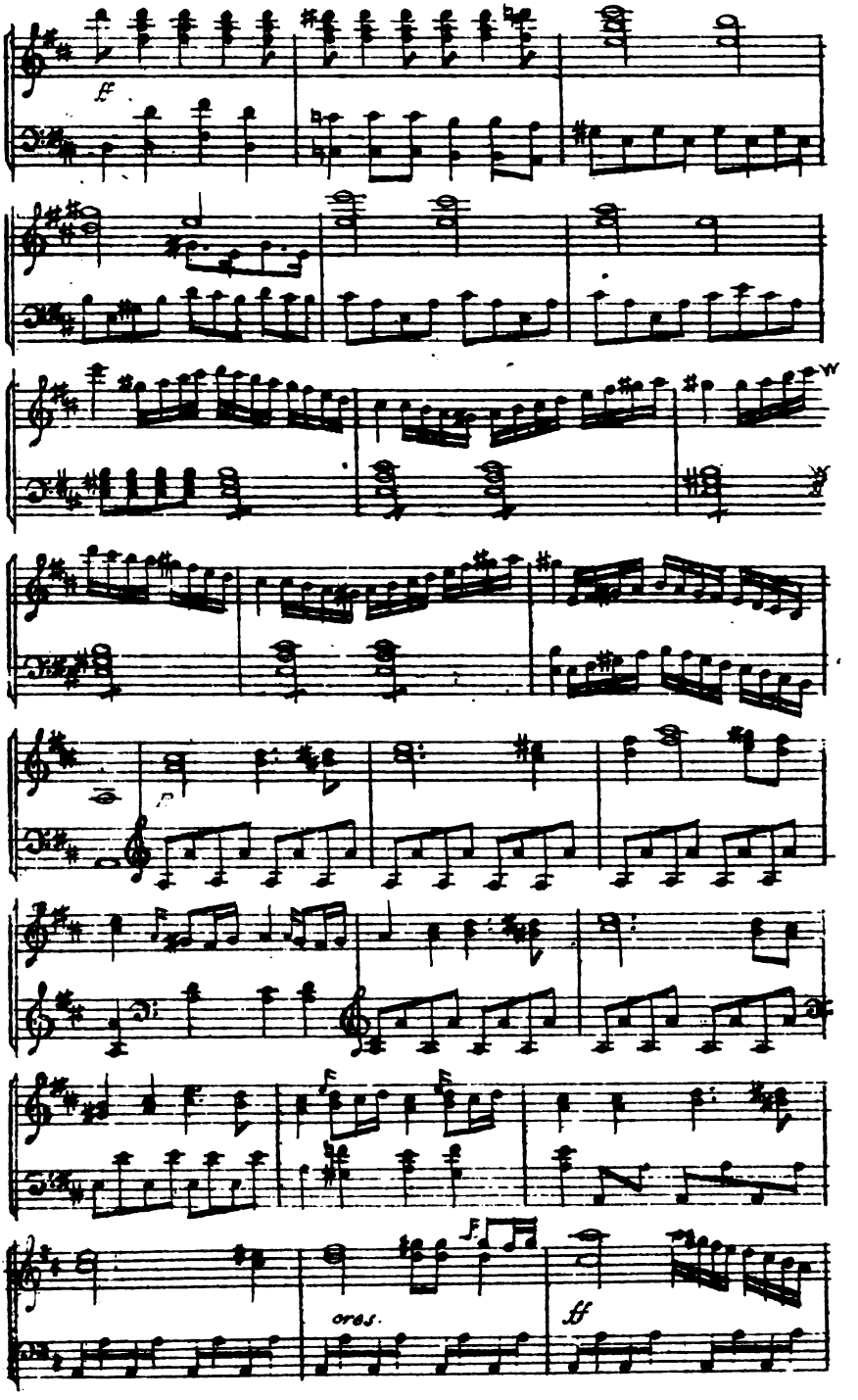
Tarrare continues to be performed at this theatre with increased approbation, and there is so much real merit in the music, that we should be glad if our limits permitted us to give several more specimens of it. At present, we can only insert the subjoined piece, as any addition would narrow too much the space occupied by letter-press. The change about to be made as to the period of the publication of the Parthenon (see the notice on the cover) will, however, enable, us to consult, more than we have hitherto done, the taste of our Musical Readers, and at the same time to introduce more variety into the other departments of our Journal. The piece which we now insert, is the introductory symphony, as composed by Salieri for the original Opera. It, however, merely forms the opening movement of the overture, which is performed at the Lyceum Theatre. We are sorry we cannot give an extract from the vocal parts, in which Mr. Braham and Miss Paton are heard to so much advantage. We cannot but regret that they are not more frequently brought together in the course of the opera so that the audience might be gratified by the combination of their vocal talents. As it is, they sing only one duet, and that is not one of the finest compositions in the opera. How different would be the effect of the first duo between Astasia and Tarrare, (perhaps the most exquisite *morceau* in the whole opera) if executed by these two performers, whose musical skill is so justly admired.

Miss Paton, in addition to her high merit as a singer, possesses a very considerable share of talent, as a comic actress. She raises into importance the trivial character which is assigned to her in this piece, and throws the real heroine completely into the shade.

With regard to this Opera, it may yet be mentioned that Beaumarchais thought it necessary to explain the motive of his choice of the name "*Tarrare*" for his hero. There was, he says, a little of the coquettry of authorship in this. The name was suggested to him by a well known tale of Count Hamilton. He wished to keep the public in suspense as to what the nature of his piece was to be. His aim also was to see whether, after he had given a trivial name to his hero, he could succeed in elevating him to a high degree of dignity before the conclusion of the piece. Beaumarchais, moreover, contrived to render the very name of Tarrare, the means of bringing about all the most striking transitions in his drama. The person of the hero, which is revered by the people, is odious to the despot Atar, and the name of Tarrare, is never pronounced in the presence of the tyrant, without rousing his indignation, and producing a change in the situation of the characters.

OPENING SYMPHONY OF TARRARE.

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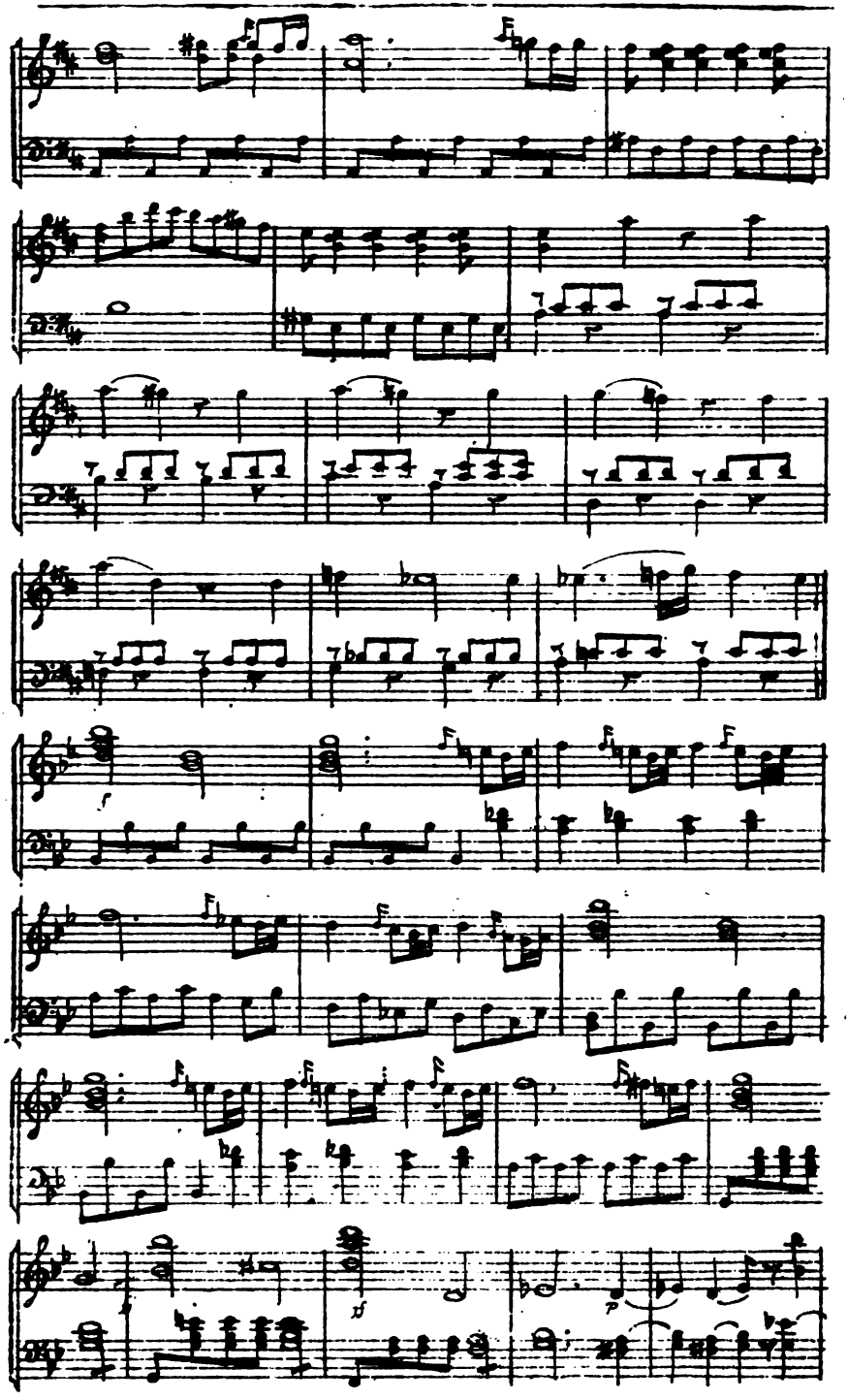

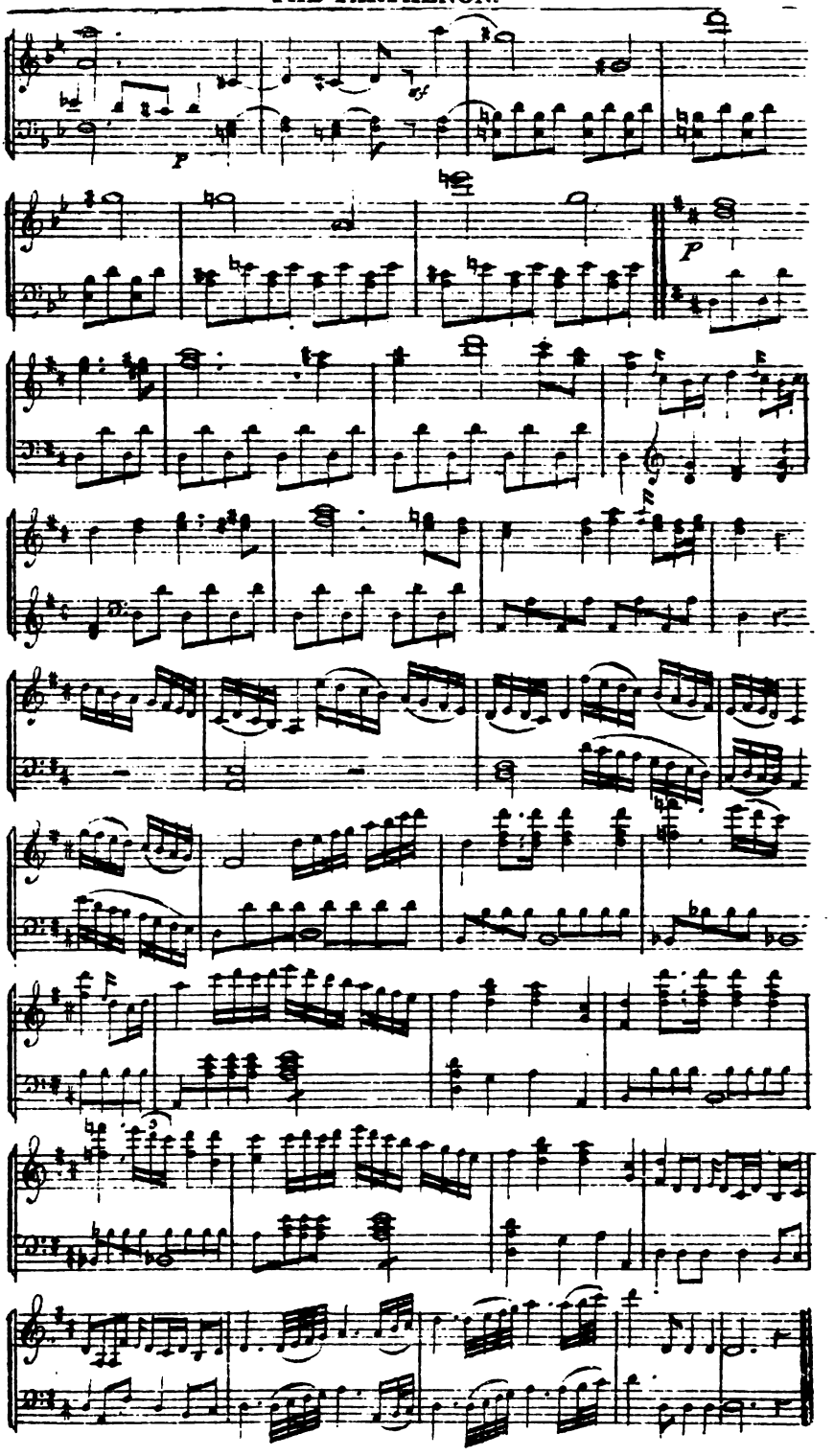
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THE PARTHENON.

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ST. JOHN AND THE LAMB.

BY MURILLO.

THE picture from which the adjoining Lithographic Drawing is taken, represents a young boy caressing a lamb. A small rude cross-staff, with a label attached to it, thrown at his feet, denotes that the figure is a young St. John; and that the subject is an allegorical allusion to the "ecce agnus Dei." There is an inexpressible grace in the attitude of this young boy. He caresses his favourite lamb with all the artlessness of childish affection; and in the original picture, of which this copy is too small to convey an idea of the minuter beauties, the expression of innocence is so beautifully mingled with intelligence, that we think we have seldom, if ever, seen so perfect a representation of youthful grace and beauty. There is altogether too much of gentleness and placidity in this charming figure, to convey any idea of the wild and austere character of John; but Murillo's talent did not lie in the appropriate choice of character; and if he has occasionally been fortunate in its delineation, it has proceeded more from accident than design. The general beauties of his style are those which we have just commended in the picture now under consideration, namely the unaffected representation of simple nature, particularly as exhibited in the countenances and figures of children. His colouring, though not of the finest quality, is harmonious and pleasing, and his chiaroscura is vigorous and effective. Murillo is one of those painters whose works afford gratification both to connoisseurs and to persons who have not made the artifice of painting an object of attention. We say the *artifice* of painting; for the mechanism of the art is, after all, but a trick which different men perform after different manners, though they all have the same object in view—the imitation of Nature. Not that we would imply that the imitation of Nature is the sole object of dignified art. It is rather to be considered as the means through which the painter is to obtain the great end of appealing to the passions and the understanding of men. So that, though the imitation of Nature, in its most limited as well as its most extended sense, is the grand end and object of the artist's study, it is by no means the sole intention of his works. Murillo received instructions from Velasquez, and these two artists were the ornaments of the Spanish school of Painting, but the works of the latter are not near so well known in England as those of the former. Velasquez, having spent a great part of his life among the finest productions of Italy, was well qualified to direct the studies of his countryman. Few pictures by Velasquez are to be seen in this country, but those which we have exhibit talents of no ordinary character. Some of his portraits are surprisingly animated, vigorous, and rich in colour.

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo was born in Seville *, in the year 1618. He made his first essays in art at a very early age, under his uncle, Juan del Castillo, who had the reputation of an able designer, but to whose example he could not be much indebted for such progress as he made in colouring. While yet in his pupilage, he painted several pictures for churches in his native city. Pedro de Moya, who had studied in London under Vandyke, having arrived from England at Seville, on his way to Grenada, Murillo, who was then in his twenty-fourth year, wished to avail himself of the instruction which might thus be obtained, even at second hand, from a great master, but Moya found it necessary to proceed without delay to his destination. The news of Vandyke's death made Murillo relinquish the wish he had formed of visiting England, which, however, he probably would have been prevented from carrying into effect, by the same poverty which deprived him of the advantage of studying in Italy. The spirit of Murillo was not easily depressed. He painted an immense number of small pictures of saints which he sent to America, and thus raised a sum of money, which, though not sufficient to enable him to travel in Italy, served to defray the expence of a journey to Madrid. On his arrival in the Spanish Capital, in 1643, he was kindly received by Velasquez, and in addition to the advice of that excellent master, he obtained the opportunity of cultivating his taste in the collection at the Royal Palace of Madrid, where some fine productions of the pencils of Titian, Corregio, Rubens, and others were to be seen. Among the rest was the celebrated picture of Christ in the Garden, by Corregio, now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

Murillo returned to Seville in 1645, and soon obtained great celebrity by his numerous paintings in that city, in which he afterwards continued almost constantly to reside. He was invited to Cadiz by the capuchins, to paint the betrothing of St. Catherine, for the great altar of their Church, and began the picture but did not live to finish it. A severe indisposition induced him to return to Seville, where he died in the year 1682, in the arms of his friend and pupil, Don Pedro Nunez de Villavicencio. Murillo was fond of painting Peasant or Beggar Boys. His pictures were little known out of Spain until the accession of Philip V., when they began to be sought after in France. Many afterwards found their way to different parts of the Continent, and some reached this country; but the late war completed their dispersion. Mengs, in speaking of the pictures which in his time were preserved in the Royal Palace of Madrid, says that those of Murillo were painted in two different styles. "In the first are the Incarnation and the Nativity, both of which, more especially the latter, are painted with great force, and fidelity to Nature, notwithstanding that they were executed before he acquired that sweetness which distinguishes his second style. Examples of this second style are afforded by paintings in the same room, particularly by a small picture of the Marriage of the Virgin, and a very fine half length of St. James, which hangs in an adjoining apartment †."

The original painting, the property of Sir Simon Clarke, Baronet, of which we give a Drawing, was exhibited in the gallery of the British Institution, in Pall Mall, in the year 1816. When an exhibition of the Old Masters closes, it is customary to admit students to copy the works of Art which are allowed to remain in the gallery; and as in general the owners of the pictures readily concur in giving effect to this liberal arrangement of the Directors of

* According to Bermudez Diccionario Historico, &c.—Others say in Pilas.
† Lettera a Don Antonio Ponz.

the Institution, it often happens that youthful aspirants are thus afforded a valuable opportunity for carefully studying some of the masterpieces which are preserved in the numerous collections of this country. The St. John with the Lamb, having been in this way left for the improvement of the students, a Sketch made from it in oil has enabled us to present our readers with a Plate, which we hope will bear comparison with the best specimens of Lithography that have yet been executed in England.

THE TWELVE HOURS TRIAL, OR A SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

A TALE FROM THE ITALIAN.

CHAPTER VI.

> "For look ye, Doctor; say the Devil were sick now,
> His horns sawed off, and his head bound with a biggen;
> Sick of a calenture, taken by a surfeit,
> What would you minister upon the sudden?
> Your answer—short and sound."

A perfectly unclouded horizon of domestic harmony—a condition, absolute and uninterrupted, of connubial cordiality—this may, perhaps, be considered a blessing, scarcely in any house now-a-days to be hoped for. But it will still be something gained to the philanthropist, and the lover of unity, to find a Lady and Gentleman agreeing in the accomplishment of one end, however they may be disposed—for benevolence cannot have all it wishes!—to tear one another's eyes out about the means. Thus, in the Chateau Migrano, the Marchioness hated philosophy; but she signed away her rents in prospect to Signor Rubini, with the spirit of a Queen, for baubles which she neither wanted nor had present cash to pay for. And on the other hand, the Marquis, though he held diamonds but as charcoal, and in a particularly useless shape; yet it was pleasant to see how, with his ally Dr. Grenouille, he would still valiantly be concocting scheme after scheme, to get rid of what remains of property, the fact of his wife's assent being necessary to its defeasance, still retained in him. The pharmacopolist, personally, when he heard of her Ladyship's continued opposition to the Pontine project, looked wroth, as a monkey who has a thistle given to him instead of a nut; and the disappointment became more cruel, because it was so very necessary that he should seem not at all affected by it. For the Marquis, however, as he had merely an instinct to ruin himself, he was not indissolubly wedded to any particular mode of bringing that result about; and therefore, after rubbing his hands a little, and scratching his ear once or twice, and taking just three pinches of snuff, exactly four yards long each, Rhineland measure, he slid, with tolerable temper (for a Nobleman) into the description of a new absurdity, and one upon which he had already—by overt act—committed himself.

"And so you have not received the last Medical Journal then, yet—nor the Philosophical Transactions, from Utrecht, Doctor?" said the Marquis.

"Les Transactions Philosophiques? Ah! pas encore, mi Lor," replied the Doctor—"not yet. Mais tenez—I have de communications—France—Allemagne—Angleterre—one—two—tree—by lettre."

"Well! and what do they say in Paris and Germany, my dear friend?" continued the Marquis, drawing his chair closer to the table, and pulling his own nose a great many times—a trick that he had whenever he felt particularly anxious or distressed—upon any subject. "What do they say? Is there any thing about my plan for the fire proof wash? Have they heard of the Salamander pickle?

"Your pickel, mi Lor!" returned the Doctor. "Ah, pardonnez moi—but it is in dat pickel dat your Lordship's reputation shall be preserved! Dis meme moment, mi Lor, on va etablir a Londres—une nouvelle assurance contre l'Incendie." What they call in England, one compagnie to put de fire out. Eh bien, mi Lord—tous les domestiques—all de man of fire—it is de condition of dere place—dat they wash dere hand—se lavent—by de help of dat pickel—les mains—two times a-day,—toujours—in eau bouillante—boiling water;—and de engineer en chef, when he take his post—Begar! he shall be bake—for two hours—pendant deux heures—in de oven—an he come up to table, apres, dans une paté—in one pie, preparé for dat purpose!"

It is a point, in telling a story to serve one's purpose, not to tell too good a one, and do too much for it. The man in the pie, had nearly written *nil ultra*, to the wishes of the Marquis. He doubted, whether the hit made already, was not enough. Hardly heard, the—"Mais Paibleu, mi Lor;" which followed, in the beginning of a new appeal on the question of the marshes. The damps of the fens, he recollected, were so fatal, that no creature employed near them ever survived. "The lives of our fishermen, Doctor, the lives of our fishermen! Ague, Intermittent, Typhus, Dysentery, Rheumatism, and Sciatica! How shall we manage all that, Dr. Grenouille?" said the Marquis."

But the Doctor had a bounty from Government, if he leased the waters. "Pour les pecheurs? ah, bah! mi Lor," cried he, "nothing can be more facile.—Il faut les preparer."

"Mais comment;—But how Doctor," returned his Lordship, "In what way? If an air to be sure could be carried from hence," continued he, "from the nearest salubrious point—supplied to them in barrels (for this had been a former conundrum, in another affair of his Excellency's) something might be done.—But then the expence?"

"Ah mi Lor, pour la depense! certainement, dat would be impossible. But nous le ferons, we shall do it at the rate more sheap. Nous les preparerons—it shall be done, by de transfusion of de sang," said the Doctor.

"Transfusion," Egad, that's good! What, with the blood of the wild duck? threw in the Marquis.

"Le sang du Canard," urged the man of medicine.

"But that practice has been rather questionable;" said the Marquis doubtfully.

"Mais pardonnez moi encore," insisted the Doctor, "mi Lor dere is no question at all—dey have make de new experience, les nouvelles epreuves. Monsieur, I have encore de communication by lettre—ici, in my pocket—non, mais au logis, I leave him at home. Ecoutez, mi Lor—Au Grand Hopital à Paris—'Ecole de Medecine, l'epreuve des deux chiens—Dey take, last week, mi Lor, deux chiens, naturel entreirement different. "L'un c'est un epagneul, spaniel what you call! et le matin, what you name! ah, peste! dog bull, de other. Eh! Monsieur, voyez donc, de vein is open—de tuyou, de pipe fixe—dey make de transfusion, l'epreuve, est finie, Par Dieu; no sooner de experiment conclude, but dis bull-dog—en chien de chasse—he ron vid his legs down, dans la cuisine, et devore, from de spit, two perdrix qui se preparent, for the dinner of the maitresse de la maison! Pendans que l'epagneul, devenu matin—feroce comme le diable, Sacre! no sooner he get loose, but he bite de leg of de gentilhomme, dat transfuse him, to de bone!"

The idea of seeing this exquisite operation performed, between water-side labourers, and wild ducks, revived, as the describer had expected, the Marquis's impatience to become a frog fisher. But still, the means were only in supposition. The original obstacle still remained. The Marchioness was at the head of the treasury, and she would neither advance funds, to catch the devoted croakers, nor believe that they could be made into oil, after they were caught.

"The will of Providence be done in all things, Doctor," said the Marquis, —"and our sins forgiven to us. But I do think sometimes of the Turkish doctrine—did you ever consider it? that women have no souls?"

"Ma foi, mais ou, mi Lor," returned the doctor, "and, as I have de great kindness towards de Lady in general, I shall hope, for dere sake, vid all my eart—dat doctrine may be true."

The event of this debate, which was still going on above stairs, was destined to have an important effect on one which was also going on below.

CHAPTER VII.

——— "Digging, pruning,
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
Planting of worts and onions, any thing
That's honest, and a man's."

The story told by our Chevalier Silvino's irregular domestic, was true; the facts seemed strange; but stranger news might have been as long making its way to the Chateau Migrano. Master and man, were alike out of money, and in danger. Silvino had slain his commanding officer; and, as the law stood, (if caught) might go near to be hanged for it. Pedrillo had only followed the steps of his patron, but he was nevertheless a deserter from his regiment; and, for such, there was a statute, and a retreat (in the gallies) made and provided. If they could have escaped into the Milanese, Silvino had powerful friends. Even in the neighbouring duchy of Parma, they would have been in a new jurisdiction; but to approach the frontier without a passport was death. Meantime the war with France, which was then stirring all Italy, crowded every province with barracks, and every village with parties of military. Detachments, either in garrison or recruiting, were found in almost every inn and wine house. Nor was it any less discouraging event than the sight of a guard house, stuck plump in the middle of the village of Benevente, which had led our fugitives to abandon their design of entering that *locale*, and turn back (they hardly knew with what purpose) towards the villa di Migrano.

Now he who would thrive in the end, let him be watchful in the beginning. It was easy enough to put a weeding fork into the hands of the strangers, and call them gardeners; but still—there was a risk; and perhaps the eloquence of Demosthenes himself, unbacked by the fact of the Captain's having "expectations," would scarcely have induced the steward of Chateau Migrano to encounter it. Having made his election, however, Signor Terratinto made the best of it: as wisely knowing that, it is but half doing a good office, to do it ungraciously; and the Chevalier who was of a pleasant humour, was scarcely less diverted by the solemn respectfulness of his new ally's profes-

sion and demeanour, than by the long list which that personage went on publishing, of casualties and inconveniences, to which he was to be subjected in his new condition.

"I may safely say, that nothing but my respect for your Excellency's person——" "Say 'fortune, plainly, my good friend," returned the Captain, to this same protestation on the Fattore's part, coming for the thirtieth time.—"Say fortune, my friend, plainly," interrupted Silvino, laughing,—"we shall understand each other the better; and rely that I will consider the amount of my own necessity, rather than that of your assistance, if ever I have power to apportion your reward."

"Your honourable Excellency will do that which to your honourable Excellency seems good," replied the steward; whose veneration for a man that had "expectations" was not to be affected—it was part of his nature, "But your honourable Excellency—I blush to say—will have to lie in the barn; I dare bring you to no better accommodation. Hard it fares, your Excellency will know, in this life, with those whose business it is to carry up meat for the mouths of other men, and take the bones away for their own."

"Why, for the matter of the barn, steward, a soldier may make shift, if that becomes the worst part of the adventure," said Silvino, "not to mention, that though it be ill lying, it will be the best that we have had, your nephew or myself, these three nights."

"And for the bones uncle," said Pedrillo, who now spoke (as in fact his master did) upon a good breakfast—"a little, truly, suffices me, besides, you can lay it on the cats, and it is but now and then our breaking open the pantry door."

"With respect to employment," observed Silvino, "that we must have in some distant part, where we shall escape observation; unless any of your ladies take it into their heads to visit us."

"Truly, and for fear of even that," said Pedrillo, "we shan't hurt ourselves with work, I dare say, put us where you will; but a little ditching, where there is a good shade, or felling a few trees, where you are not in a hurry for them; would be as well out of the way even of the females of the family."

Whether it was the mention of the "trees," or any other moving cause that raised up the fresh bug-bear here in Signor Terratinto's fancy, certain it is that upon the very utterance of that suggestion, he did suddenly recollect himself how the places had become vacant, which the strangers were about to fill. He looked wistfully in the face of the Captain; suspiciously at the nephew of his blood; thought of the Marquis's phrenological abilities; and was going to observe, as delicately as he could, that it would be well (at all events) to avoid the challenging those faculties into practice—when the Marchioness, who, from her window, had seen the deliberative trio take up its position, having nothing else at that particular moment to amuse herself with, took a fancy to know what was the subject being discussed.

"Now there is a proverb, which must be familiar to every body, that "idleness is the root of all evil." A most false and malicious libel upon "idleness" it is; and after all, was most likely invented by somebody who had never done any thing but be idle all his life. Because "idleness" being a passive—not an active—quality, can hardly, by possibility, ever do any evil at all. And, in this peculiar case, touching the conduct of the Marchioness Migrano, "idleness," clearly, was not to blame; because her idleness, while she was only content to remain idle, did no harm to any body; and all the mischief that happened, had it been ten times greater than it was, became distinctly and obviously traceable (I say) to her being so wilfully industrious, that, right or wrong, she would have something to do. But by

this as it may—for I can say no more upon the subject—down her Ladyship came—not in a "questionable shape," but looking most powerfully handsome. And charmingly dressed too, which is a great help to a lady's beauty; whatever persons, who know nothing about such matters, may say to the contrary. At the view whereof, the Chevalier Vivaldi was so struck with alarm and admiration, that he half drew himself up into his military air, and was going to make the handsomest bow ever made, since the time of Crichton, in all Italy. Pedrillo had just presence of mind enough to prevent such a breach of decorum on the part of an under gardener, by touching the cuff of his master's doublet, which gave up the ghost, that is to say, the stuff—stitches and all—in the operation. And, for Terratinto, though he might have calculated this business of introduction must come at some time, yet he was so entirely thrown abroad now, by its premature and unlooked for arrival, that he could scarcely, for his sins, reply steadily, even to those questions which the truth would have served to answer; far less, at once, as it was his duty to do, produce a round lie—and detailed—for the general security. Meantime, the Marchioness never saw that the party was disconcerted, because she knew no reason why they should feel disconcerted; and, looking at the strangers with that leisurely curiosity, with which people who are of some consequence may look at people who are of no consequence, merely asked the steward—putting her eye-glass up—"who those people standing at a distance were?"

"Countrymen, if your Ladyship pleases—poor countrymen only—nothing else," stammered Signor Terratinto; motioning clandestinely to his *protegés*; as they were "at a distance," to keep so.—"Poor labourers, whom I am just hiring for the garden—with your honourable Ladyship's leave; since his noble Excellency, the Marquis, was pleased to dismiss all the others that I had, yesterday evening.

"But these dont seem—by their dress—to be people of this neighbourhood?" said the Marchioness.

"With humility, no—may it please your Ladyship's consideration," returned the steward.—"None of the people of the neighbourhood will come."

The strangers, both, were too far off to catch the full drift of their conversation; but the cold, unabashed, gaze of the Marchioness, touched the Captain's pride almost to the forgetting of his peril. "I dont think we shall be able to stay in this place," said he, in a low voice, to his servant. "I think we are on the move certainly," returned the latter, but with an expression as though *his* doubt was that they should be turned out of it.

"If that be the case," said the Marchioness, replying to the steward's last declaration—if "work people are scarce, it will be better to remain without for a time, than to admit persons who are perfect strangers, into the Chateau. And besides you call them labourers," continued her Ladyship—"one of these people is a minstrel. Is it usual for labourers to travel with a guitar?"

"They offered themselves as labourers, and they are poor people," said the confused bailiff.

"It is no matter," said the Marchioness—using her glass now rather more earnestly—"we will not have them."

In short, people are apt to suspect a guinea, when they find it offered for a shilling. Her Ladyship did perceive something in the Chevalier's figure not like the style of boors in general. And, besides that there were good reasons at that particular time for being cautious, if there was any disguise in the case, it was more likely that rogues should be running about in masquerade than princes. Her absolute decision, therefore was, that "if the strangers were in distress they should be relieved certainly," but on no account—from a

distance and unknown—retained as servants in the Chateau."—And our two heroes would, even then and there, on the spot, and subject to the benefaction of a few shillings, have been compelled to evacuate the demesne Migrano, if certain pressing occasions of the Noble Marquis, joined to his arrival at that critical moment, had not operated to produce a diversion in their favour.

CHAPTER VIII.

> "In omens, he's unutterably skill'd;
> If ever man spoke with the tongue of destiny, 'tis he."

One lucky thought does better sometimes than an age of reflection! "Seeing is believing," said the Marquis Migrano, when Dr. Grenouille was run to a stand still, because the Marchioness would not believe that frogs could be turned into spermaceti. "We will do the thing upon a small scale—there is the lake at hand," continued the Marquis; "and then her Ladyship's opposition—although she is a woman—must be at an end. Upon the very pronouncing of which his Lordship arose, and ran down stairs; and traversed the garden in hot haste; calling—why, Terratinto! Knave; Fatteres! where the deuce, and in the name of idleness, can the fellow be hiding himself?" And this was the timely interruption which gave our fugitives one more chance, by calling off the attention of the Marchioness, just as she was desiring that they should "go, where Heaven might guide them,"—which was but saying, in another form of words—"Get out of the chateau, Migrano."

The Marquis, as he approached the deliberating parties, noticed his Lady only by a passing bow; and that was such a slight one, that it might have been difficult to prove it a bow, if it had been challenged as a nod. But Archimedes probably had no words to waste, when he leapt out of the bath, in his philosophic extasy, and ran about the streets of Syracuse naked,—a proceeding which in the streets of Syracuse might be perfectly legitimate and decent; but for which, in the streets of London, even Sir Humphry Davy himself would be sent to the Tread-mill. His Lordship negatived—of his own advice—a question—something about being "*enrhumé*;" which Dr. Grenouille addressed, in the way of compliment, to the Marchioness. He completely scattered, and overpowered by interruptions, a most interesting medical *dictum* that should have followed; leaving nothing even audible but a few dislocations, such as "—Cold—diable—no respect of persons—great and littel—peste!—take dem all by de nose."—"Terratinto," said he, "attend to me presently! Muster every man you have upon the grounds, within this moment. Take all the nets that are in the house, and all the reels and spears, and send to old Michaeli, the fisherman in the village, to borrow more. Let both the large boats be got out upon the lake, with Vasquez and Giovanni in the gondola; and let every spare hand about the estate, as you value my favour, be down at the water-side, within these five minutes, to make an experiment under my direction."

Now it is always a very honourable duty, to have to perform, that of issuing commands—and when one does not care whether they are such as can be executed or not, it also becomes a very easy one. In which latter predicament, Signor Terratinto, finding his Lordship stand, would, with an inclination quite oriental, have ventured to suggest so much. But his Lord-

ship, having smiled a triumphant—"I think, now, we shall convince you Madam!" to his Lady (which did not even extort a smile in reply)—remained wilfully absorbed in his personal reflections; whistling one note horribly out of tune, and beating a cadence with his right foot at the same time, by far too much satisfied with his own arrangement of matters, even to hear a suggestion uttered by any body else.

"May it please your honourable Lordship," begin to insinuate the bailiff—

The Marquis drew out his pocket handkerchief, and shook it, as though he desired not to be interrupted.

"If your Honour's graciousness would be pleased to consider.—"

The Marquis blew his nose, as if sounding on some new instrument, between the trumpet and the serpent.

"Blessed St Peter!" said the bailiff, still in an angle of forty-five degrees. "Your Lordship is to command. But, what—?"

"But, what?—Ha!—you say toujours. But, what?—what for always you say—But, what?" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Why, *but what!*" retorted the perplexed steward, straightening his person, and almost forgetting his tone even of submission, in the anger excited by this attack.—It is '*but*,' because his Excellency will have orders obeyed that cannot be obeyed. It is '*but*,' because he will have me muster labourers when he knows that I have no labourers at all. His Excellency will be so charitable as to recollect that it was his honourable pleasure to send the last workmen I had on the estate away last night. There are two indeed—but only two here—have come this morning to offer their service; but even those I cannot hire, because her honourable Ladyship has an objection.

"Objection? fiddle faddle upon objection! her Ladyship, I think, has always an objection," snorted the Marquis.

"Comment, mi Lor? Point de laboreur?" demanded the Doctor, in surprize: for to do his sanity justice, he had not been a party to the frolic of the night before.

"Your Lordship," said the Marchioness, who had thought the "conviction," threatened to be visited upon her, quite unworthy a reply; but who, nevertheless, on the question touching the reception of strange gardeners, held it necessary to speak—"your Lordship will do well to use some discretion in hiring servants, although you have none in discharging them. The four labourers whom you dismissed last night—and to whom I shall send supplies of money this morning, were safe, harmless, and industrious people. These persons, who now offer themselves, are strangers to the province; and you know how dangerous it is to take such into employ."

"You speak Madam, as it is your custom to do, in perfect innocence of all that you talk about," replied the Marquis. Those persons whom I discharged from the chateau last night,—I tremble to think of the danger we escaped while they remained in it—were beings, according to every rule and principle, over whom wind or water never can have power. The whole four might cross the Atlantic to-morrow, if they did but know their own capacities, in a washing tub; and they would get round Cape Horn, with a gale in their very teeth, if they had but a copper stick to serve for a mast, and a dish cloth for a sail."

"I would pawn my life," said the Marchioness, "that these men, whom you will hire in their stead, are deserters from the army; you know, (the fugitives, at this last shot, groaned in spirit) how full the country is of such people, and how many persons have got into difficulty on their account."

"Zounds! Madam," exclaimed the Marquis, "there's no reasoning with you. If I detected those four people last night, the moment I took measure of them, do you think, that these, if they are deserters, can escape me? Terratinto! "do you let the poor fellows come forward. Send somebody to Antonio, the barber, and bid him bring his razors here directly. Doctor—no stay—I've got my own wide compasses about me. Get me the rogues heads shaved; and I'll tell you whether they are deserters or not! in the twinkling of an eye."

Pride does not quite perhaps amount to honesty; but it is not the worst pledge for honesty neither;—a man can hardly be a thorough rogue, while he recoils from any thing like personal degradation. This proposal about the razors raised a doubt in the Chevalier's mind as to what he was doing; he bethought him, on a sudden, that a gentleman might die but should not derogate. Pedrillo had his feelings of honour too; and he thought there was great impertinence in the suggested ceremony. Terratinto, although placed between two fires, did not care to commit himself even so far as to go in search of the artist who should perform it. As luck fell out, to avoid an immediate catastrophe, Dr. Grenouille, declared that the head shaving would occupy too much time. Besides that, the Marchioness, (to do her Ladyship justice), protested that no indignity should be offered even to peasants in her presence. Still, when the Marquis agreed to make his perquisition, *capite capillis*; the steward shut his eyes, that he might not see such a proposal, "*capite*," any way, made to the Chevalier; and the latter, but for the presence of the lady, would probably have replied to it in such a way, as would, at least, have terminated the adventure. The Doctor, however, not knowing what a crisis he urged forward, incontinently pulled out his tracters. The Marquis called upon the strangers,—"the raggedest to come first—to approach and kneel down before him."—And the steward listened for the result (without daring to look) much as a man who claps a torch to a powder magazine might be supposed to listen for the explosion, when Pedrillo, like another Curtius, throwing himself into the gulf, stepped forward, and took the hazard of his Lordship's examination.

Now the Marquis Migrano did not handle people's heads as some phrenologists of a later date have taken to do; peeping for a probability when he predicted, rather than trusting to the actual organic appearances. For putting aside the fact (which she had plumped upon by accident) all the likelihood of the question in point was, with the Marchioness, conjecture. The country swarmed with runagates and outlaws, created by the war; which carrying people away to fight against their wills, led them (without waiting for permission) to take all opportunities of returning. These rovers, afraid to appear again at their own homes, wandered, seeking service where they were strangers, and had no character to lose; on which account alone, as hirelings they were perhaps better missed than found; besides that the Government had published repeated edicts, making it penal to harbour, or employ them. But the Marquis never looked at this; he was a downright Gall—as a phrenologist—though he lived before Gall's day. He was no trimmer, nor mystifier, afraid of proving too much with a principle, or cutting too far with an argument, and so breaking down a glorious science, as some have done who came after him, to nothing; but a thick and thin backbone predestinarian, who worked away, right on, trusting to his own skill, and to the veraciousness of his art; and, if ever he did acknowledge a bias, it was, that out of an honourable delicacy, though perhaps an excessive one, he would lean always away from the probability, rather than in favour of it.

"Fugitive!" said his Lordship, smiling as he applied the compasses.

"Ah! Fugitif!—he may fly mi Lor, you think?" said the Doctor

"The sky may fall," said the Marquis; "and the Pope of Rome (whom St. Peter preserve) cry larks about the city. But, deserter!" continued his Lordship, taking the proportions of relative impulse upon Pedrillo's head a second time.—"Where were you born, my good booby, do you say, eh?—in Lombardy? It's a miracle how he ever got away from there, I am sure. Circumstances are stronger sometimes than natural instinct, but the farthest of his travels ought to have been from one cabbage bed to another. You see Doctor," said the Marquis, tapping the place he pointed to, "he has no more organ of 'locomotiveness' than a mole."

"Ah, justement mi Lor' oui—dat is certain," asserted the Doctor, "he should live in a hole." "I never saw such a development of inhabitiveness in my practice" continued the Marquis. "The poor fellow ought to have sprung up in the corner of a coal cellar; and died, and run to seed, without ever coming out of it, like a mushroom. Besides, deserters from the army! one crack of a pop gun would be the death of him. His organ of fear sticks out as large as a walnut."

"I can assure your Lordship," said the sufferer, who felt piqued at this last imputation.—

"No you cant assure me, you dog," interrupted his Excellency; so dont take the trouble to tell me any thing. I know what you are, better than you do yourself."

"He has a touch of the organ of destructiveness," continued the Marquis, again measuring.

Ah ce n'est pas beaucoup—that is not much, said Dr. Grenouille.

"'Tis not much certainly. He might kill a pig" observed his Lordship again, "not more. Besides, I am inclined to think they are wrong at Darmstadt, in ascribing murder to this particular formation; it is far more often the result of inclinations, that we dont feel alarmed at half so much. One man murders, and robs; this is not the propensity to kill, it is an excess in the organ of acquisitiveness. Another stabs his rival from jealousy, here you have the organ of amativeness. A serf in Russia, shoots the Lord who tramples on him; "a Japanese, for honour, rips out his own bowels; Brutus slew Cæsar; Virginius his daughter; all these "murders," do not proceed from one peculiar organ, the act will result from the excess almost of any.—But this fellow will do. Now, let me see the other. Upon the first point, your Ladyship's objection, certainly is not borne out.

The Chevalier's time was arrived. He could not have made up his mind to let the Devil lay hands on him, without resistance;—but he ventured one effort, in hope to escape the infliction, and at the same time avoid the consequences of withstanding it. He came forward, with an air of humility, not quite, however, rustic or ungraceful; and merely bowed, as he unslung his guitar from his shoulder, without speaking, as though in attendance for his Excellency's commands.

It was a ticklish position for all sides; but perhaps there was something in Silvino's manner that deprecated a treatment of rudeness; and he answered, without hesitation, "that he had been a soldier," to the Marquis's demand about his former means of life.

"What, you admit it then! and her Ladyship is right!" said the Marquis, rather surprised.

"To a Nobleman of your Lordship's skill," replied the Captain, "it would be useless to address any untruth; but I need scarcely add, that I have never been a deserter."

"Ha! Il fait aussi un peu le Troubadour, mi Lor," said the Doctor. "You sing sometime a littel mon ami; is it not so?"

"Which is a trade rather of wandering idleness than of profit, or reputation, I doubt," observed the Marchioness.

"It is indeed an humble calling, may it please your Ladyship," replied the Chevalier in a subdued tone; but it is one which, as far as memory goes, has been attendant on the trade of arms; nor have its followers often been the children of meanness or dishonour," Then preluding for a moment on his mandoline, as if to ask a permission, which her Ladyship, however, neither granted nor refused, he sang, with what little skill and execution he might, an irregular ballad, popular at that time, and perhaps to this day among the soldiers, and in the banditti camps of Italy.

SONG.

The night star sparkles brightly,
And whisp'ring through the trees,
That wave their branches lightly,
Soft plays the western breeze;
But ere the dawn of morning
Shall wrap yon hills in grey,
Before to-morrow's dawning,
Dear love I must away.
Then grant some precious pledge, love,
Thine own true knight to cheer,
And foremost in the fight love,
Shall ride thy Cavalier.

2.

The moonlight that glitters o'er rill and o'er fountain,
Beams again on the crest of the bold Cavalier.
But it falls where he lies, on the bleak, barren mountain,
The dark rock his pillow, the blue heath his bier.
For his brand it was faithless, though true was his quarrel,
And a traitor has vanquished the loyal and brave;
But the hand of his lady shall twine with fresh laurel,
The cypress that weeps o'er the Cavalier's grave."

The children of science should have some feelings of kindness for the children of song. "It is enough." said the Marquis, "Your Ladyship is too severe. The strangers shall both be hired, subject to my having their heads shaved, however, at a more convenient opportunity." To the inexpressible relief then of Terratinto himself, as well as of our two friends, the steward was ordered instantly to set his new hands to work; and his Lordship, inviting the Marchioness only to witness—and then deny if she could—his proposed experiment upon the lake, suggested that the whole party should go in quest of the Countess Roselli, and take her along with them in their way.

"I will wait on you as far as to see my cousin, who is taking her usual

walk I suppose, my Lord," said the Marchioness; "but your experiment—as regards the point we discussed at breakfast—will produce no change in my determination."

"Thank heaven, we are safe for the time!" ejaculated Terratinto, as he caused the Captain and his nephew to load themselves with nets, oars, and other acquatic appendages, from a depôt in the pavilion.

"Depend upon it my Lord," said the Marchioness, looking again at the groupe, "you have got more than you contract for, in your new domestics."

"I shall never cease to regret that I did not study craniology, forty years ago," said the Marquis, as he went off; "as in that case, I should not have married the Marchioness without having a cast of her head first taken in plaster;—and when I had once seen that, I should never have married her at all!" This remark was addressed to Dr. Grenouille privately; but the Doctor, conscious that he was sufficiently unpopular with her Ladyship already; and having his own reasons for not carrying the quarrel farther than was necessary, only shrugged his shoulders without adventuring a reply.

CHAPTER IX.

"Gentil, Giovane, ricca, onesta, é bella."

The Countess Eugenia di Roselli was a noble widow, almost in the bud, rather than in the bloom of youth; rich, beautiful, accomplished, virtuous and witty; but with all these good qualities, a trifle fantastical. Her husband had been an Italian nobleman of the Migrano stock—the Count Rhadamanthus Roselli, late Supreme Judge to the Criminal Court of Modena, to whom she was said to have been married a little against her inclination; but scandalous reports will get abroad about the best regulated families; and no foundation was ever pretended even to have been discovered for the rumour in question, beyond the fact that the Countess had been just eighteen years of age, on the day of her wedding, and his Eminence the Justice, only sixty. Two points connected with the matter stood beyond dispute, from which the world was at liberty to argue as to what had been the extent of the Count's matrimonial felicity, as it thought proper; first as that his Lordship had died (however happy his state was) after only twelve months enjoyment of it; and next, that in dying, he had left his widow an unfettered property of eight thousand crowns a-year;—for what followed, the constancy of mourning (young as she was) professed by the widow, was such as rendered her the astonishment of all the married gentlemen, and, of course, the abomination of most of the married ladies, within her connexion.

But, among these last, the Marchioness Migrano, particularly since the Countess had resided in the Chateau, got out of patience with a grief which became so obstinately the unwearied topic at all times, and in all companies, of conversation. And this was not quite an unnatural feeling; because it is a very great annoyance to have any body near one whom every body is eternally talking about, or inquiring after—if the whole world chose to pay adoration to one's footman, one would be compelled to turn him off. Again, the turn of the late Count's mind and disposition, as far as it was exemplified, in the discharge of his public functions, had been always stern and peremptory. He had confessed, for instance, that he considered, *ex officio*, "hanging" as the natural termination of every man's life below a certain rank in society; and

that expectation, as he maintained it, did no more, after all, than suppose an equitable adjustment—a fair division—of the advantages of fortune; giving to those who had not the luck to be born in an elevated situation, at least a security that they would die in one. Besides this, there was no doubt that his Eminence had been concerned in a curious anonymous publication upon Criminal Jurisprudence, called "The Gallows, the True Pillar of the State; or an Exposure of the fallacies of the Stocks and the Whipping-Post"—a book altogether smacking of views, and inclinations, Constantinopolitan, and dictatorial; views which the entertainer (forgetting perhaps to leave them behind him on the bench of justice) was said not unfrequently to carry into the domestic arrangements of his family. And, moreover—*miseris succurrere!*—there was one particular opinion which no argument could ever beat the Marchioness Migrano out of—if he (the Count Roselli) had been the last Judge extant—as perhaps he might have been the greatest—still he had never been any thing more than a frightful old monster, who must have been the plague of any woman's existence, and therefore, to speak of not being delighted at his death, was monstrous hypocrisy. "It might be very proper to talk of regret to the world, and perhaps to assume some appearance of it (in mixed company) for the first fortnight, but to attempt to impose such nonsense—two months after the man was buried—upon her—the Marchioness—a relation—a woman—who (though she did not say so much openly) the Countess Roselli must be aware, knew what it was to have an elderly gentleman for a husband herself!—it was too ridiculous; nay more, it was unfriendly. A violation of female good faith;—monstrous vanity and affectation, to treat it in the mildest terms;—and not a great deal short, in fact, of absolute impertinence.

But this construction, taken impartially, was, in any view, rather a harsh one; because, if it be well (as it is) to have a confidential friend, it is not well to put that friend into one's confidence unnecessarily. And besides, as times go, dissimulation should not be too harshly treated; the next best thing to the having a virtue, is often the assuming it; and though the Countess Roselli did perhaps "protest too much," her object was harmless, and her conduct more than respectable. Compelled to accept the hand of the Count Roselli, to the abandonment of an inclination which she had originally entertained for another, she had assumed after marriage courage to recollect, that if she could no longer hope to be eminently happy, she might still maintain her honour, and her high character in the world. With this view, quitting the abode of her family with her husband, she, from that moment, renounced all correspondence with, all thoughts of, the individual to whom she had formerly been attached. Her desire was, that her future residence, nay even her change of name, should if possible be concealed from him; and on her own part—at first not without a severe struggle—up to the hour of the Count's death, she had remained ignorant even if he still existed. After a time, however, habit, from day to day, began to render what at first had been restraint less irksome; until imposing constantly, or aiming constantly to do so upon others, the Lady Eugenia at length, nearly or altogether, imposed upon herself. She was a proud woman by nature—and pride is a marvellous help to virtue. Ever while you live make even a fault available, as far as it will avail you, for your purpose;—the Obi, if it preserves my fields from plunder better than the musquet, though it be rags, is a better weapon to me than the musquet. The Lady Roselli found her vanity gratified—and it is the only lasting passion of a woman—by the respect which was paid on all sides to her strict and irreproachable conduct. Her husband was a man whom she could not be fond of, but she became proud of him—

proud of his influence and talent, as it helped to raise her above those persons in whose rank she stood. At that point—and this was the right point—had his Lordship's disposition been amiable, she probably had stopped. If he had died, really impressed with her merits, and as a tribute to it bequeathed her all his wealth, gratitude would have led her really to regret him; and of course, her regret being genuine, would have been silent and unostentatious. But this was not exactly the Lady's case. The deceased judge had been violent in his temper, and suspicious—the vice of his profession. Dying almost suddenly, while engaged in a tour with the Countess, under a will made shortly after their marriage, she had inherited his fortune; but it was only the want of some necessary formalities which prevented a later disposition from taking effect, by which, in the event of her marrying again, five-fifths of her property would have become forfeit.

Under such circumstances, it will not be unfair to infer, that the suffrage of the world—its applause of her bearing in her new rank and state—was all that the Countess aimed at in her demonstrations to the memory of her husband; and this feeling led her—as it does most persons who allow any one feeling to supersede every other—into great extravagance. Her grief, she soon found, (as the Marchioness said), did attract as much notice as her wealth and beauty. It was rather new, and very interesting; pious in the eyes of those who credited it, and those who did not, still gave their attention. Very soon, of course, the more hyperbolical the expression became, the better it succeeded. Her Ladyship wept constantly; refused society, except such as was very select; wrote verses to her husband's empty chair; built a splendid mausoleum to his memory at his birthplace; and not content with that, which was a customary and legitimate proceeding, she actually set up a sort of supplementary shrine, for present purposes—a kind of weeping-place of ease, with an urn, and a bust, and an inscription, and so forth—at the bottom of a fine cypress walk in the Marquis's garden. The spectators of all this "pomp of wretchedness," formed very opposite opinions from it; and the truth lay, as it is apt to do, pretty nearly in the middle. Some believed that the Lady was a mirror of conjugal piety, which was not true, for she had cared but little, personally, for her husband. Others contended, that she was merely labouring vehemently for a second offer, which again was not true, for she valued her high reputation too much to have hastily even listened to one;—and certainly there was at least so much of candour in her declarations of horror at the thought of a second marriage, that she had never taken the remotest step to search or inquire out, her former lover. With the Marchioness, notwithstanding some occasional bickerings, she was upon good terms; for the Lady Clarissa found any society a relief. And the Countess herself, who never forgave the part that her own family had taken in her marriage, chose the chateau of her relation, the Marquis, as a pleasant and honourable retirement. In the mean time, the sympathy which her Ladyship's grief excited, of course, made it increase rather than diminish every day. She joined the family only at intervals; and most religiously passed a portion of every morning in the cypress walk, where she might be sought by any visitors (for she received none), whose particular rank, or length of acquaintance, authorized them to intrude. And it was in such performances of her duties and devotions, that she was engaged at that peculiar moment of our tale, when the Marquis and his whole party, with an invitation to share in their fishing excursion, menaced her with their approach, as our next Number shall "frutify."

SEBASTIAN BACH'S MOTETTS, AND MOZART'S MASS.

An interesting work, by Frederick Rochlitz, entitled Für Freunde der Tonkunst, (for the Lovers of Music,)—which has been published in Germany, contains some remarks on the compositions of Sebastian Bach. The author relates, that when at the age of nineteen, he began to study Bach's Motetts, they afforded him but little pleasure, and they were for the most part utterly incomprehensible to him. He accordingly adopted the opinion of St. Jerome, who says,—Si non vis intelligi, non debes legi,—and he laid aside the Motetts, the study of which he did not resume for several years after.

The following anecdote will shew how different was the impression produced on Mozart, when, for the first time, he heard one of these celebrated compositions. He happened to be present at a kind of musical festival given in the Thomas School at Leipsick, on the installation of Doles to the situation of Cantor*.

A motett for eight voices by Sebastian Bach was one of the pieces executed on this occasion, by the Pupils of the Thomas School. At that period, Mozart knew very little of Bach's compositions, and with the celebrated motetts, which were not printed, he was entirely unacquainted. No sooner had the chorus executed a few bars of the motett, than he started, and exclaimed, "What is this!"—The performance proceeded, and Mozart listened to it with such intense interest, that his whole soul seemed to be in his ears. When the piece was concluded, he exclaimed in a transport of joy: "This indeed is a composition from which something is to be learned!" He was informed that the school, of which Sebastian Bach had himself been Cantor, possessed a complete collection of the motetts of that great master, which were treasured and preserved with as much care as sacred reliques. "That is right, said Mozart. That is as it should be;—but let me see them," continued he. There was no score of the motetts, and he requested to look at the parts which were written out separately, for the different voices. These were accordingly brought to him He kneeled down on the ground, and having distributed the music on the surrounding seats, he remained in this posture, until he had carefully examined every note.

Mozart was an ardent admirer of Handell's music, a circumstance which, doubtless, exercised an important influence on the style of his own ecclesiastical compositions. But to his profound admiration of the works of Sebastian Bach, the world is probably indebted for one of the most sublime creations of his genius, namely—his Mass for five voices, a work with which perhaps no other musical composition in the same class will bear comparison. Having before us the commencement of this extraordinary production, we are persuaded we shall gratify our readers by inserting the following brief extracts from it:—

* In Germany, the title of Cantor is given to the first singer of a church choir, and also to the masters who teach singing in the public schools. The Cantor appears to be an office of very long standing; for about the end of the 6th century, the Cantorate, or a school for teaching children to read and sing, was founded in Rome, by Pope Gregory the Great; and in the 9th century, in the reign of Charlemagne, this establishment was transferred to Germany. The two principal schools of singing which now exist in Germany are the Kreuzschüle, at Dresden, and the Thomasschüle, at Leipsick. At these establishments boys only are received. Each has an excellent choir, formed by the pupils.

Soprano I

Ky-ri-e Ky-ri-e e-
Ky-ri-e e-le-ison.

Soprano II
Alto

Ky-ri-e e-le-ison

Tenore
Basso.

Ky-ri-e Ky-ri-e

le-ison-e-le-ison!
e-le-ison e-le-ison!

Ky-ri-e e-le-ison!

Ky-ri-e-e-le-ison!

Here intervene twenty-five bars of instrumental music. — The vocal parts then continue thus: —

Largo.

Tenore

Ky-ri-e e-le-i

Violini

Basso.

Alto

son Ky- &c. (To be read an octave higher.)

SWEDISH AIR

Ahlstrom

Allegretto

Swift ly fly the dash - ing

our Fear - less brave the ad - verse

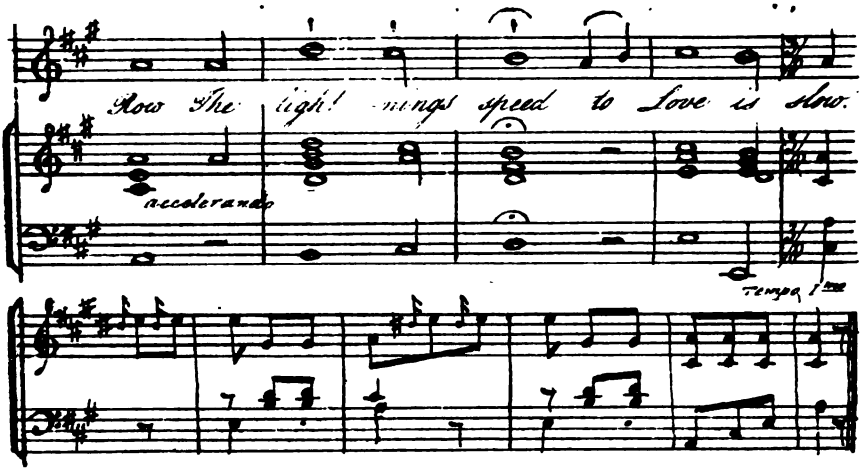
tide Soon we'll reach the wish'd for

shore, soon will Al bert clasp his

bride

Chorus.

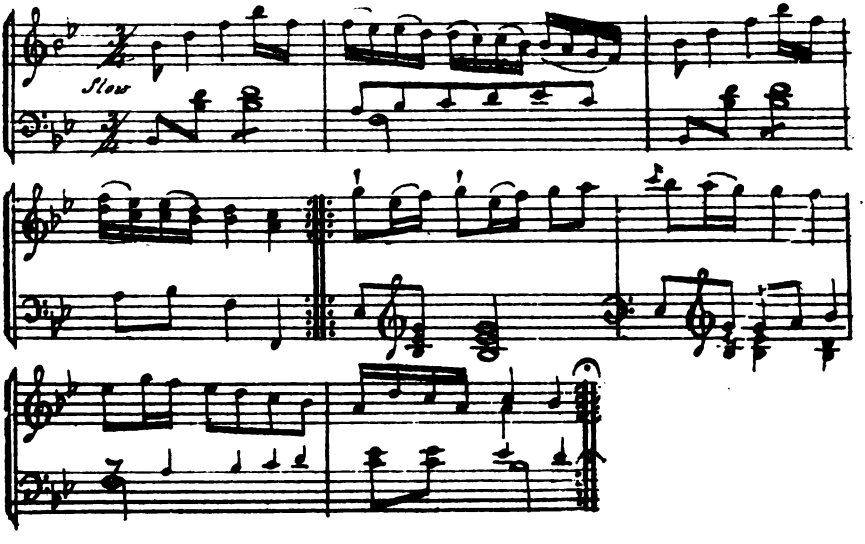
Row Row Swift - ly


Row The ligh! nings speed to Love is slow.

Tell me not of Maidens fair
Emma's form excels the fairest—
Tell me not of Jewels rare
Emma's eyes outshine the rarest—

Row. Row &c.—

AN OLD POLISH AIR.



SKETCH AFTER WATTEAU.

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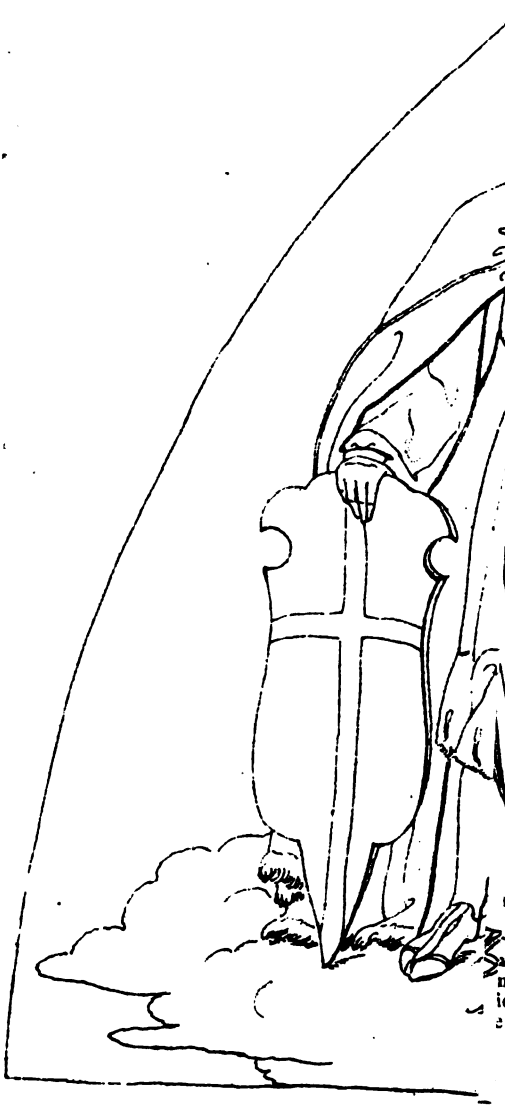

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF ITALIAN POETS,

PAINTED IN FRESCO.

Painting in Fresco is now so little practised, that an attempt to revive a branch of Art, which has descended to us from the ancients, and which has been cultivated by the greatest of modern Artists, ought not to be passed over unnoticed. When we consider how well adapted Fresco Painting is for embellishing the interior of public buildings and spacious apartments; and how advantageous the skill of the architect and the painter might, by its introduction, be combined, it seems extraordinary that so obvious a means of giving increased effect to the labours of both should be so much overlooked. The main cause of this neglect, we believe, will be found to be the indifference with which those who alone can afford to encourage great undertakings, regard any essays in the higher walks of painting, and the preference so generally given to the toys rather than to the real beauties of Art. Fresco, which properly belongs to the grand and severe style, is not reconcileable with the glaring colours and shewy effects which captivate the common eye.

It must, however, be confessed that our artists have never shewn any strong predilection for fresco. The fact is, that though this kind of painting is well calculated to call forth and give full scope to the talent of the artist, he has many and great difficulties to encounter in the execution. He can only transfer a tracing of the contours of his picture to the still moist or fresh * plaster of Paris. The outline must afterwards be made with a bold and steady hand, the light and shade introduced, the colours laid on, and the whole finished before the ground on which he works be allowed to dry. Repeated retouching, as in oil painting, is impossible; and as the colour, before and after the plaster dries, is very different, an experienced eye and a dexterous hand are indispensible to that rapidity and decision with which frescos must be executed. These obstacles had a discouraging influence even in the time of Vasari, who, in the "Introduzzione della Pittura," which precedes his lives, insists on the difficulty of bringing fresco painting to perfection, and observes:—"Many of our artists are very successful in other departments, as in oil or distemper, but make no progress in this, because it really is the manner which, of all others, requires the greatest power, certainty, and firmness." Every one, therefore, was not prepared to prefer fresco to oil painting, as Michael Angelo, when called on to exercise his pencil in the Sistina chapel, did, saying that the latter "was only fit work for women, or for idlers and pretenders, like the Friar Sebastian †.

Some German artists, studying at Rome, have however had the courage to venture on the execution of several works of great magnitude in fresco. We shall for the present advert to only one of those undertakings. The Marchese

* Hence apparently the Italian phrase *Dipingere a fresco*. The earlier French authors on Art, instead of *Peindre à fresque*, which is the modern orthography, used to write *peindre à fraisque*, from *frais* (fresh), equivalent to the Italian *fresco*.

† This often quoted sarcasm is recorded by Vasari, in his Life of Sebastiano frate del Piombo, by whose conduct it was provoked. Sebastiano persuaded the Pope to desire Michael Angelo to execute his work in oil, and the wall of the Papal Chapel was prepared accordingly. This, however, was quite contrary to the intention of the artist, who, without saying whether he would or would not obey the direction, allowed several months to pass away without doing any thing in the Chapel. At last being urged to begin, he said he would not do the work any other way than in fresco, "e che il colorite a olio era arte da Donna, e da persone agiate, ed infingarde, come Fra Sebastiano."

Massini has employed three Bavarians, named Overbeck, Schnor, and Veit, to decorate the cassino of his villa, opposite the Lateran, with frescos from Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso. The Summer house in the garden has three divisions, two apartments nearly square on the right and left, and a long room in the middle. Overbeck paints from Tasso, in the room on the right; Viet from Dante, in the room on the left; and Schnor from Ariosto, in the central apartment. With that perseverance, which characterizes their nation, which obstacles do not easily deter, and which, when combined with talent, is sure to accomplish great things, these artists have already been labouring for several years, each at his respective task; and if the information which has reached us be correct, their arduous enterprize is likely to have a very successful issue.

In painting the chamber assigned to the Divina Comedia, the artist commenced with the roof, which he has allotted to the Paradiso. In the middle, the circle or sphere of the Angels forms a centre, round which, on the vaulted sides of the roof a series of groupes are ranged on an appropriate ground, the ætherial blue of heaven. From the angelic circle, rays descend through the blue ground to the lateral groupes, of which there are two to a side, and each of which is distinguished by the sign of the sphere to which it belongs. By this arrangement eight groupes are formed, corresponding to the eight spheres through which Beatrice conducts Dante; and the groupes consist of the principal characters which figure in the Poet's description of those celestial regions; that is to say, of the first sphere, or the Moon; of the second, or Mercury; of the third, or Venus; of the fourth, or the Sun; of the fifth, or Mars; of the sixth, or Jupiter; of the seventh, or Saturn; of the eighth, or the Twins. The whole is closed in, and united by the central work, which, as we have already mentioned, represents the sphere of the Angels, or the ninth heaven, and which forms an oval picture in the middle of the roof. The Kunst Blatt, a Journal printed at Stuttgard, having published outline sketches of the figures represented on one of the sides of the roof, we are enabled, by transferring the plate to the Parthenon, to present our readers with the groupes in two of the spheres, Venus and the Sun. For the more ready reference to the figures we have marked them alphabetically, as we suppose that a brief indication of the characters of which the groupes are composed, will not be unacceptable.

The figures to the left are in the planet Venus; those to the right in the Sun. In the 8th Canto of the Paradiso, Dante, conducted by Beatrice, ascends from Mercury to Venus, the third sphere, where he meets the spirits over whose terrestrial existence love, or, in the language of the Poet, the lucidity of this planet had predominated," but whose errors are now expiated. The first who addresses him says :—

——————— il mondo m' ebbe,
Giu poco tempo——————

——————Me did the world below
Short time detain——————

and proves to be the spirit of Carlo Martello, (Fig. A.) not the Charles Martello of early French history, but a prince of the same name, a contemporary and friend of Dante, who was King of Hungary, and who died in the twenty-third year of his age. He was eldest son of Charles the Lame, King of Naples, and of Maria of Hungary, daughter of Stephen the V., and sister of Ladislaus IV. King of Hungary. On the death of Ladislaus, in 1290, this Italian Charles Martell ought, in right of his mother, to have ascended the Hungarian throne, but if the principle of legitimacy was really acknowledged

in those times, its claims were little regarded in practice, and Dante's friend enjoyed only the barren honour of the title of King. His competitor, Andrew III., who died in 1301, obtained possession of the crown, and reigned over the whole of Hungary. The son of Charles Martell, named Carlo-Roberto, was, however, placed on the throne of Hungary in 1308. In the mean time Charles the Lame declared his third son, Robert, Duke of Calabria, his heir; but this did not prevent Carlo Roberto from claiming to succeed to his grandfather in right of primogenitureship.

Of the injustice his posterity was thus destined to suffer :—

——— gl'inganni
Che ricever dovea la sua semenza,

Dante makes Charles Martell complain.

Having done with Charles Martell, Dante encounters another spirit.

Ed ecco un altro de quegli splendori
Ver me si fece, e'l suo voler piacermi,
Significavia nel chiarir di fuori.

——— And lo! toward me, next,
Another of those splendent forms approach'd,
That, by its outward brightning, testified
The will it had to pleasure me. CARY.

This is Cunizza (B.), sister of the tyrant Ezzelino, or Azzolino, sovereign of Treviso, a Lady famed for her love adventures. She tells Dante her name, and informs him that she is doomed to sparkle in Venus, because the influence of that planet had been too powerful for her :—

Perchè mi vinse il lume d'esta stella.

The next figure (marked C.) is Folco, or Folchetto, of Marseilles, whose spirit Cunizza points out to Dante, as a resplendent and precious jewel of their heaven. Though called of Marseilles, he was a native of Genoa. He celebrated in Provençal rhymes a Lady named Adalagia, of whom he was enamoured. On her death he retired to a cloister, but became afterwards Bishop of Marseilles, and Archbishop of Tolosa. His two characters, the Troubadour and the Ecclesiastic, are preserved by the artist, who has represented him playing on a guitar.

The female figure (D.) is Rahab, who concealed in her house the two spies, sent by Joshua to Jericho. Falco, on introducing her to Dante briefly relates her history. She is represented holding in her hand the rope with which she let down the spies from the window of her house, which was over the wall of Jericho.

On ascending with Beatrice to the Sun :—

Lo ministro maggior della natura,
Che del valor del cielo il mundo imprenta,
E col suo lume il tempo ne misura.

Nature's great minister, by whom impress'd
Is heav'n's power, upon the nether world,
And, with lucid rays, Time's track is measur'd.

Dante finds among the luminous spirits which float around him, and form what he calls the fourth family, that is, the inhabitants of the fourth sphere, the soul of Thomas Aquinas (E.). The Angelic Doctor, who was a Dominican, is here represented in the act of relating the life of St. Francis. He stands before Dante (H.) and Beatrice (I.) with one hand raised, and the other holding a book.

The figure (M.) opposite to Thomas, on the other extremity of the group, and also holding a book, is Bonaventura, who was a Franciscan, and became General of that order. He was born at Bagnarea, in 1221. Clement IV, offered him the archbishoprick of York, which he refused. After the death of Clement, the Cardinals had, as usual, a warm contest about the choice of his successor, and as they were so divided, that they could come to no decision, they entered into a compact, to choose whomsoever Bonaventura should name, even if it should be himself. Bonaventura named Thibaut, Archdeacon of Leige, who was then in Palestine, and who took the title of Gregory X. The Pope did not forget his real elector. He made him a Cardinal, and Bishop of Albano. Bonaventura was considered one of the most profound theologians of his age, and obtained the title of the seraphic doctor. Thomas Aquinas concludes his biographical eulogy of St. Francis, in the 11th Canto, and Bonaventura begins to sound the praises of St. Dominic in the 12th. Dante makes the two saints, with equal courtesy, pay compliments each to the other's order, while each at the same time admits the defects of his own.

Next to Thomas Aquinas stands a figure (F.) who, he tells Dante, was his brother and master. This is Albertus Magnus, admired in his time, for his writings in Theology, Logic, and Natural Science, but perhaps more generally celebrated on account of the false imputation of his being a magician, than of the knowledge he really did possess. He died in 1280. Thomas Aquinas was his favourite pupil.

Thomas Aquinas, in pointing out the spirits to Dante, mentions Gratian immediately after Albertus, but that Benedictine is omitted by the artist, and the next figure (G.), whose head only is seen, is intended to represent the spirit of Petrus Lombardus, of whom Thomas says :—

> Quel Pietro fu che, con la poverella,
> Offerse a santa chiesa il suo tesoro.

> That was Peter, he, who like the widow,
> To holy church gave all his treasure.

This alludes to the Liber Sententiarum, written by Petrus, which commences thus :—Cupientes aliquid de tenuitate nostrâ cum paupercula in gazophylacium Domini mittere. A formula of presentation, which Dante seems to think rivals in humility that of the widow's mite. The offering of Petrus was, however, no mite in size, but an enormous folio, of no slight value, at least as to weight of paper. This book obtained for its author the title of the Master of the Sentences. The system of theology it contains has had numerous Commentators, and it may be regarded as the source from which the scholastic divinity of the Latin church sprung.

The Cardinal Bonaventura, who comes forward while Thomas Aquinas is speaking, is here represented as a listener. After he has in his turn delivered his oration on St. Francis, he introduces a number of spirits, who accompany him, to Dante, but the artist has found room for only two, the Prophet Nathan (L.), and Sigieri (K.), a Professor of Logic in Paris, who flourished in 11th and 12th centuries, and taught, according to Dante, in the "vico degli strami," or Straw-litter Street *. The head of the latter is seen between the Prophet and Beatrice.

The Frescos in the Marchese Massini's villa, though yet in an incomplete state, are generally spoken of in terms of great approbation, by artists and others, who have had the opportunity of seeing them. The accompanying Sketch will afford the reader an idea of Viet's composition.

* In French Rue de Fouare, from *Fouare*, an old word signifying *straw*. The street was so called, because there being in those times no seats or benches in the public schools, each student used to bring with him a bundle of straw to sit on.

MUSICAL MEMORIALS IN SALZBURGH.

No city in Germany, and perhaps none in Europe, is more remarkable for beauty of situation than Salzburgh. Thus it is always an object of curiosity to travellers visiting that part of Germany. But the interest attached to the city itself, is frequently forgotten amidst the admiration which the picturesque scenery of its neighbourhood naturally excites. In the lovers of music, however, a visit to Salzburgh cannot fail to rouse an interesting train of recollections. While Salzburgh was under the dominion of a Prince Archbishop, the magnificent performances of church music, which took place at the Spiritual Court, were highly celebrated. Even now, in its present decayed condition, Salzburgh presents a memorial of musical glory, which will never cease to awaken curiosity and interest, while a single vestige of it survives the destroying hand of time. We allude to the house in which Mozart was born, and in which he passed the first years of his life. It is an antiquated looking structure, somewhat in the old Italian style of building, the walls rising several feet above the lower part of the roof, very little of which is visible. The house has four stories, with a range of five windows to each, and the ground story is arched. The windows look out upon two streets, or more properly speaking, on a square *(the Kollegienplatz)*, and a street *(the Getraidestrasse)*. Round the principal room, which is on the right wing of the house, runs a wooden gallery, which, when Mozart's family resided here, was in rainy weather set aside as a place for the children to play in; and here the great musician passed many of the happiest hours of his childhood, in the society of his youthful companions.

Salzburgh also contains another monument, the sight of which must be gratifying to those who may be induced to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of Mozart. This is the tomb of Michael Haydn, the celebrated Joseph Haydn's brother. The works of Michael Haydn are but little known, even in Germany, having been chiefly composed for the church service; but those who have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, pronounce them to be compositions of first rate merit in the class to which they belong. Michael Haydn was Chapel-master at Salzburgh, where he died in the year 1806. In 1821, a monument was erected to his memory in St. Peter's church, at Salzburgh. Beside an altar, on which stands a funereal urn, is a black crucifix, with golden rays emerging above it. A lyre rests against the urn, and both are partly concealed beneath the folds of drapery. At the foot of the altar is an hour-glass, and a music scroll, inscribed "Requiem," one of the principal productions of the composer. Other scrolls are also scattered about the pedestal of the altar, inscribed with the commencing words of the composer's works: as for example—*Domine Deus—Tres sunt—Tenebræ fortæ sunt—Kyrie eleison*, &c. The urn bears the following inscription, *Hic requiescit caput*; and on the altar appear these lines, in gold letters on a black ground:—

MICHAELI
HAYDN,
NATO DIE 14, SEPT.
1737.
VITA FUNCTO.
DIE 10 AUG.
1805.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON SEEING A MADONNA, BY CARLO DOLCE, IN A PRIVATE COLLECTION AT ANTWERP.

Madonna! sweet Madonna, I could gaze
For ever on that heav'nly face of thine.
Albeit I do not worship as I praise,
Or bend my knee devoutly at thy shrine;
For surely there was something of divine
Within the wond'rous pencil that pourtray'd
The tender softness of those deep blue eyne,
That brow's wan beauty—those bright ringlets' braid,
And the sweet mother's smile upon those soft lips laid.
Sure they who worship thee will be forgiv'n,
Nor bear the penalty of that fond crime,
For in that crime is less of earth than heav'n.
Beauty was ever worshipped—from the time
That fabled goddess from the ocean's slime
Arose—Then well may adoration move
Man's breast for one of beauty more sublime,
(That fabled queen of smiles far, far above)
Whose offspring was indeed a God—a God of Love!
Madonna! thy own rosy hour is near,
The hour of calm, of softness, and of pray'r,
And, 'tis not well that I be ling'ring here,
Lest my too yielding heart that error share
Which to thy shrine doth countless vot'ries bear;
And music too is weaving her soft spell,
And heav'nly fragrance floats upon the air,
And feelings sad but sweet my bosom swell,
And tears are in my eyes—Madonna! fare thee well.

ALCIDOR.—A NEW OPERA.

BY SPONTINI.

The first performance of this Opera took place in Berlin, on the 23d of June, during the festivities in honour of the marriage of Princess Louisa of Prussia, and the Prince of the Netherlands. The text of the piece is a French production, from the pen of M. Theaulon; and it has been translated into German by Herklotz. It was brought out with a degree of splendour far exceeding that of any piece which has for some time past appeared on the Berlin stage; and like Spontini's former compositions, it has excited enthusiastic admiration. We apprehend, therefore, that an analysis of the story,

accompanied by some remarks on the music, will prove acceptable to our readers *.

Alcidor, the hero of the piece, is an Oriental Prince, whose fate is dependent on the power of Almovar, the King of the Genii, and of Ismenor, the ruler of the Gnomes. Ismenor seeks to urge the youthful hero to the pursuit of ambition, but Almovar determines that love shall constitute his happiness, and he accordingly destines the Princess Selaida for his bride. Thus the indecision of Alcidor, between the allurements of love and glory, forms the ground-work of the drama.

At the opening of the piece, Ismenor and his subject Gnomes are discovered engaged in destroying a Temple of Love, and in forging a Magic Sword, which is destined for Alcidor, as the instrument of his self-destruction, and also of the vengeance of Ismenor against Oriana, Selaida's mother, who has rejected the offer of his hand. Alcidor receives the sword, but he beholds with dismay the destruction of the temple, which his father's spirit had commanded him to protect and preserve. He is, however, consoled by Ismenor's assurance, that love serves but to dim the splendour of the warrior's renown. The Gnomes withdraw, and the young Prince falls into a magical sleep, during which he sees in a dream Selaida surrounded by a group of Sylphs, singing in praise of love. We give a few bars, which may afford some idea of the style of this chorus (see No. 1.) On awaking, the Prince discovers Almovar, the tutelary spirit of his house, and he receives instructions to select from among the fairest Princesses of Asia, a bride for the King of the Genii. —Almovar informs the Prince, that she who may be deemed worthy to share his throne, must be of surpassing beauty, while her heart must be an utter stranger to love. The Prince is, moreover, required to make a solemn vow, that he will not himself even desire to possess the lovely object whom he is thus destined to convey to the arms of another.

The next scene discovers Alcidor surrounded by a train of warriors. A chorus is sung, in which the power of Spontini's genius is strikingly developed. We give a few bars (No. 2.) as a specimen of this composition, though it is impossible to convey any idea of the magnificent effect it produces in the performance. Oriana, the mother of Selaida, enters and entreats that Alcidor will procure the restoration of her daughter, who she suspects has been carried off by Ismenor. The Great Magus, too, reveals to the Prince his father's last will, in which it is declared that he, Oriana, and Selaida, are pursued by the cruel vengeance of Ismenor, and that he must by force of arms rescue the Princess from the hands of her persecutor. Alcidor receives a charmed chain, and sets off, accompanied by Oriana, to effect the deliverance of Selaida.

In the second Act, the Princess is discovered asleep on a magic island, where she in her turn has seen Alcidor in a dream. The Prince arrives on the island, and each recognizes the visions which have haunted them in their slumbers. Oriana joins their hands, and all offer up a prayer, which the composer has adapted to a canon, and of which we give the commencement of the Motivo. (No. 3.) After the three voices have been interwoven in a variety of ingenious combinations, Ismenor and his Gnomes appear in the back ground, and join in the canon, venting imprecations on the lovers. The whole of this canon produces a highly novel and imposing effect.

Alcidor now proceeds, in fulfilment of his promise, to choose from among the brightest beauties of Asia, the one who may be found worthy to become Queen of the Genii. A song which he sings to the assembled Princesses, is remarkable for the freshness and beauty of its melody. (No. 4.) The Prince carried along with him a crown, and it had been determined that she who might be the first to touch it, should be the bride of Almovar. Selaida, ignorant of the compact which Alcidor has entered into, accidentally touches the crown.

* A few brief examples of some of the most remarkable passages in the Opera of Alcidor, willbe found in the musical notes which are subjoined. The music is not yet published.

Almovar, immediately appears, and claims her as his own, in spite of the condition which he himself had made, that his bride should be a stranger to love. Alcidor is unjustly accused of treachery, and by a most unaccountable injustice towards himself, he admits that he has violated his oath to Almovar.—But in spite of this acknowledgment, he refuses to surrender up Selaida.—Alcidor is however subdued by the power of the Genii, and Selaida and her mother are carried off through the air. The music, throughout the whole of this scene, possesses merit of the highest order.

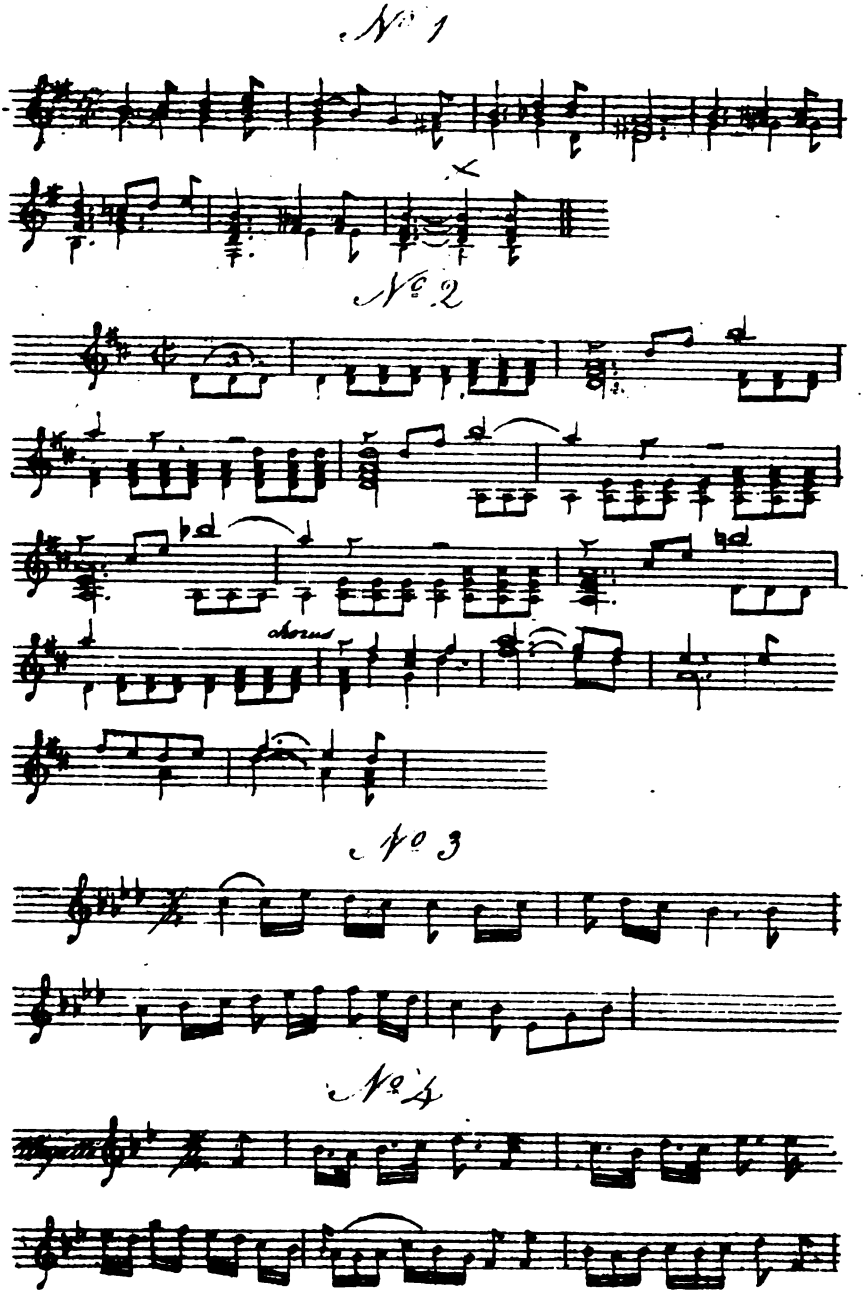
The commencement of the third Act, exhibits the interior of Almovar's palace. A Hymn is sung by the Gnomes, and closed by a chorus of Sylphs, (No. 6.) this last is a composition of remarkable originality and elegance. Almovar offers Selaida his hand, and the gift of immortality; but she, faithful to her plighted lover, steadily refuses to become the bride of another, upon which the palace, and all who are in it, suddenly disappear. Alcidor finds Selaida in a desert whither he has wandered in quest of her, but no sooner have the lovers discovered each other than Ismenor appears, and acquaints Alcidor that while he has suffered himself to be enslaved by the allurements of love, his throne has been subverted by treason, and that his warriors loudly call upon him to return and lead them once again in the path of victory. Selaida, and her mother, though they have but little cause to place faith in Ismenor, join him in entreating Alcidor to repair immediately to his disturbed dominions. Selaida, that she may no longer impede her lover in the pursuit of glory, suddenly throws herself into the sea, and Alcidor in despair for her loss, attempts to fall upon his sword, which is shivered against his charmed chain. Ismenor and his Gnomes rush forward to seize him, but they are destroyed by a thunderbolt, and the closing scene discovers the lovers in a splendid temple, where Almovar joins their hands, with the assurance that all the trials to which he has subjected them, have been intended only to prove their virtue.

The above analysis will sufficiently shew that the story of his Opera is deficient even in the small degree of consistency which one expects to find in a tale of enchantment. The history of Prince Zeyn Alasnam and the Sultan of the Genii, in the Arabian Night's Entertainments, has furnished the author with one or two ideas which he has incorporated with another story *.

But we cannot help regretting that he did not strictly adhere to the original tale, which we think might have been made the ground-work of some interesting dramatic situations. One of the principal faults of Alcidor is, that no real interest is attached to any of the characters. They are merely the playthings of superior beings, whose conduct, and the motives by which it is influenced, are alike incomprehensible. The author has thus sacrificed all marked delineation of character, and the action which might naturally have arisen out of it. He has presented to the composer incidents instead of action; and sentimental declamation instead of traits of character; so that the dramatic effect of the music must be wholly ascribed to the genius of Spontini. This distinguished composer has, indeed, imparted a high degree of spirit and energy to the better portion of the text, while he has rendered agreeable even those parts which in themselves would have been wholly devoid of interest. As to the music which belongs to the character of Prince Alcidor, the frequent melismatic graces in the vocal parts, and the soft murmuring ornaments assigned to the flutes and clarinets, would of themselves be sufficient to shew that Spontini did not compose the part for a hero like his Cortez. But feeble and faulty as the text of the Opera unquestionably is, the composer has rendered it the vehicle of music, the excellence of which will in no small degree augment the well deserved reputation he already enjoys.

* The idea of making the young Prince select a bride for the Sovereign of the Genii, is taken from the Tale here alluded to. The incident of the Ninth Statue from the same story is also introduced into the Opera of Alcidor, though not noticed in our description of the piece, which merely embraces the points essentially connected with the musical composition.

PASSAGES TO EXEMPLIFY THE MUSIC OF ALCIDOR.



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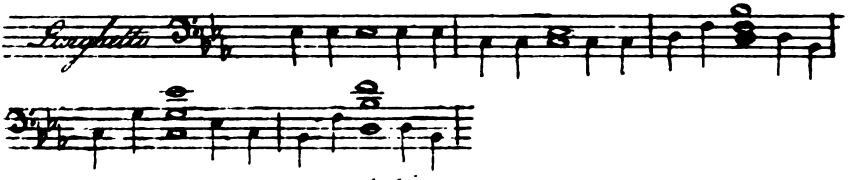

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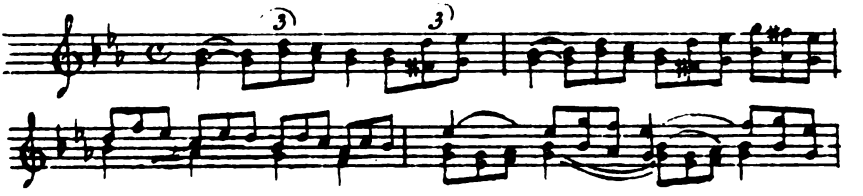
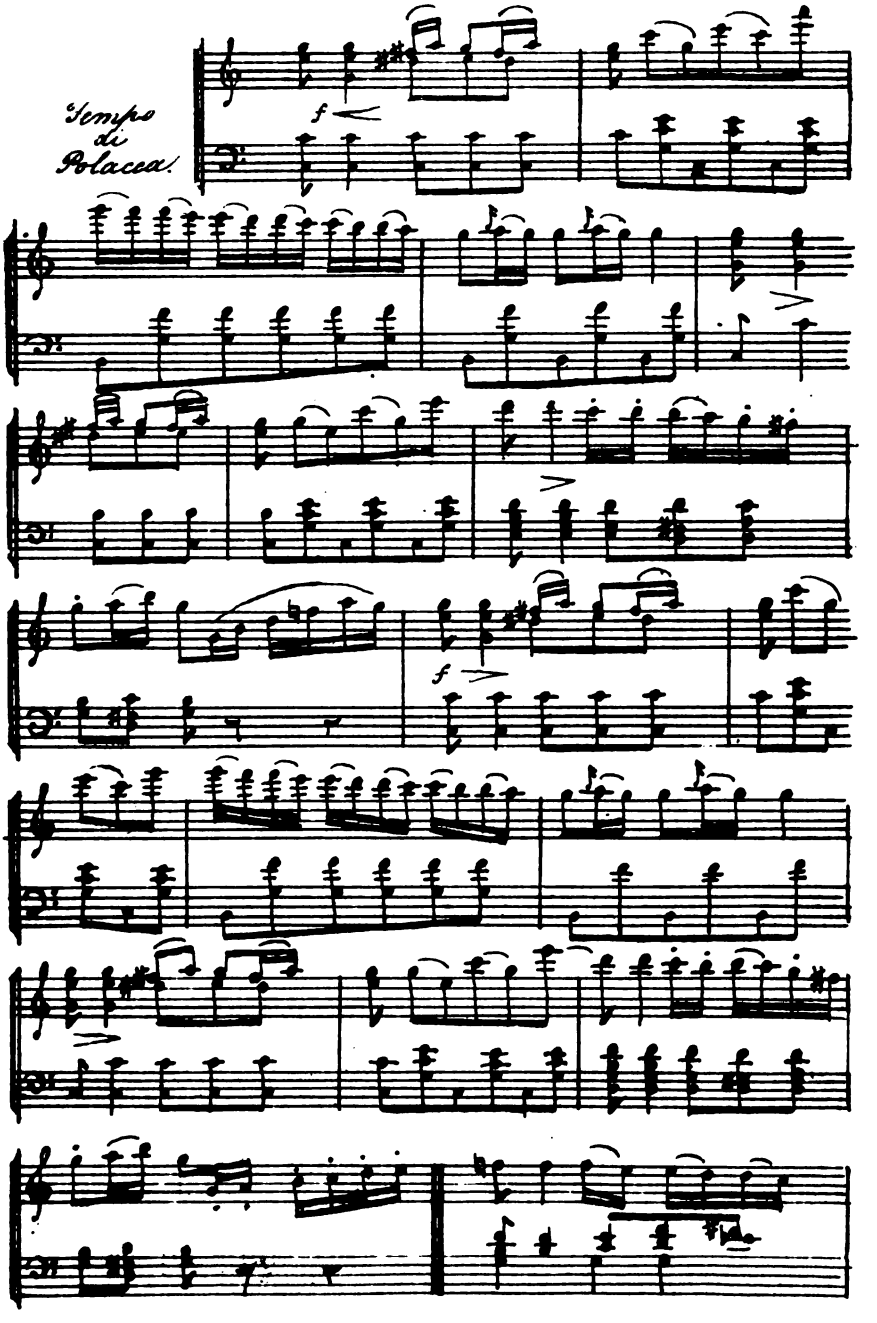
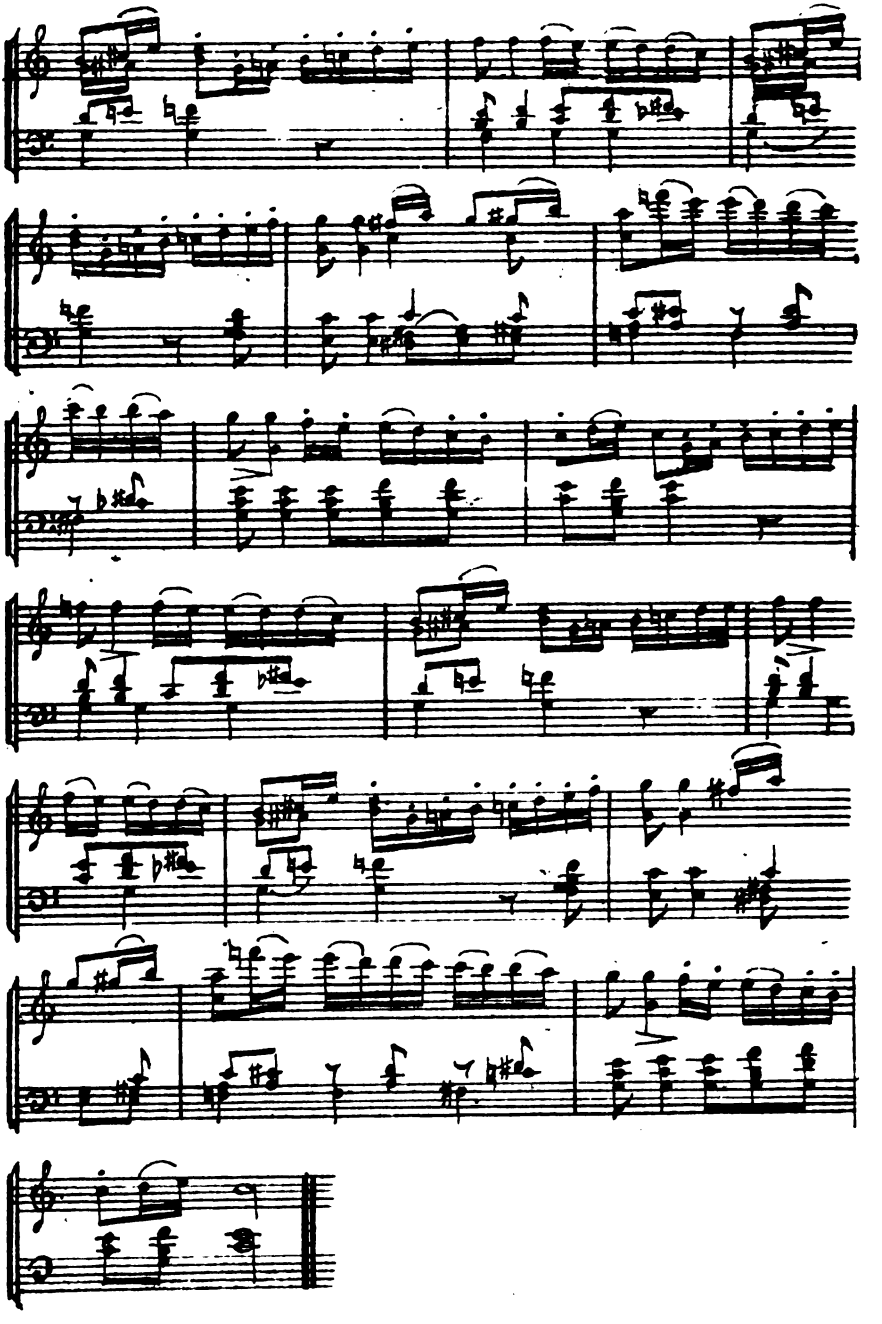


Spontini

DANCE FROM SPHOR'S FAUST.





ITALIAN TALES.

It has long been the fashion to speak of the Novelists of Italy with an admiration, which would imply, that their works are as well known as their names. With the exception however of Boccaccio, and perhaps of Bandello, very little indeed is generally known of a very large number of authors, who hold an eminent station in the literature of Italy. The history of Fiction, by Mr. Dunlop, was the first book, in English, that gave any satisfactory information to ordinary readers on this subject. Warton, and several other writers of respectability, knew nothing of it themselves, and therefore wisely avoided it as much as possible. Of all that they did say, it unluckily happens, however, that their statements are commonly incorrect, and always useless. Mr. Roscoe's recent Collection of Novels, translated from the Italian, is not only ably executed, but of much service as far as it goes, to improve the acquaintance of the English public, with works which are well worth knowing. But excellent as both these works are in their way, they are too general to give any minute particulars. A history of Fiction, from the earliest Greek romances, to the modern Novels, can afford only a small space for discussing the merits of the Italian Novelists, and Mr. Roscoe, has been more bent upon giving specimens of the works, than particulars of their authors. As it was, moreover, the object of the latter gentleman to make up a book which should suit the present taste of the public for narratives, of almost all kinds, he has rather selected such Novels as were remarkable for this feature than those which would have afforded the best specimens of the author's style, and such peculiarities of construction or diction, as they may happen to contain, which, in a critical point of view, are so much more interesting.

Of all the authors mentioned in Mr. Roscoe's work, none has suffered more in this respect than Sacchetti, the contemporary and friend of Boccaccio. His Novels are any thing but narratives; there are few of them which contain a connexion of incidents, or the shadow of a plot; nor can they be compared with those of his great fellow-citizen, in any of the higher qualities which distinguish the Decameron from all other productions of a similar character. There is not in Sacchetti, any thing like that ingenious and agreeable fiction by which Boccaccio first introduces his story-tellers, and links their novels together; there are none of those pathetic tales which the Decameron contains, and the wit is of a much less refined description; but although Sacchetti's merit is thus far inferior to Boccaccio, it is eminent as well with regard to his cotemporaries as to his successors. He succeeds chiefly in a grave dry way of telling a ridiculous story, and reminds the readers of those people, who have the happy faculty of making others laugh, while they themselves remain as grave as judges, and much graver than certain judges. His jokes are somewhat the worse for wear now-a-days, and their wit not unfrequently consists in *coups de main*, which, when we have done laughing at them, we must confess are too much like larceny, to be tolerated in any well regulated society. Some of his stories too, although in this respect he is much less objectionable than Boccaccio, are tainted with that grossness and indecency, which was too common at the period in which he lived, to excite any disapprobation.

In an historical point of view, Sacchetti's Novels are highly valuable. They explain the habits and customs of the people, and throw a light upon the circumstances of the period to which they relate, that cannot be found in the writings of historians. The personages who figure in the Novels are all the author's cotemporaries. He speaks of them with great familiarity, and

always as either knowing them personally, or as being perfectly well acquainted with the faults which he relates of them. One of his most favourite heroes is a certain Gonnella, a Court buffoon, who plays a part very much like that of Grimaldi, in one of our Pantomimes; that is to say, he cheats and robs all who come in his way; and sometimes gets rewarded, sometimes beaten and disgraced for his pains; but in all events manages to make the people with whom he has to deal laugh at his tricks. Upon one occasion, he offends a Duke, in whose Court he lives, and by way of punishing him, the Duke exiles him, and orders him never to set foot again on any ground that belongs to him. Gonnella departs, but returns soon afterwards in a wheel-barrow filled with earth, and is carried into the Duke's presence standing upon it. "Did I not order you," said the Duke, "never again to set foot on ground of mine?" "This is no ground of yours," replied Gonnella; "it belongs to the State of Bologna, and I have been all the way thither to fetch it." Upon this the Duke laughs, and applies to the Buffoon a great many abusive epithets, making puns upon his name, which signifies a petticoat. "You are a ragged petticoat," he says, "a good-for-nothing petticoat, a patched petticoat;" but at length he pardons him.

There are some stories respecting the artists of the day with whom Sacchetti was evidently intimate. The great Giotto, and one Bartolo Gioggi, with the facetious Buonamico Buffalmaco, figure away in many of the Novels; and from the numerous traits which are given of them, they seem to have been a social jocund set of people, and not less remarkable for their excellence in the art which they professed, than for the total absence of that coxcombry and pedantry which in later and less happy times have distinguished some painters. The story of Buonamico Buffalmaco and the beetles, and the way in which he sickened his master Tafi, of calling him up too early in the morning, has been told in a previous Number of this work (No. 4, p. 50.) In the following tale is related another contrivance of his, by which he got rid of a subsequent annoyance which disturbed his rest. The Novel is intituled thus:—

"BUONAMICO, BY A NEW TRICK, MANAGES SO, THAT A WOMAN WHO MADE SUCH A NOISE WITH HER SPINNING-WHEEL THAT HE COULD NOT SLEEP, LEAVES OFF SPINNING, AND HE SLEEPS AS LONG AS HE PLEASES."

"The same Buonamico," the Novel goes on to say, "of whom the former story was told, having now become a painter on his own account (he was previously Tafi's pupil), was quite as fond of his bed as before, but at a different time, which had become more convenient to him, now that he painted for himself, than when he was the disciple of another. He had a house which was separated by a brick wall from that of his neighbour, a woollen manufacturer, who was rather well to do in the world. This neighbour's name was Capodoca; he was not the wisest man in the world; and it was on him that the tricks were played in the shop of Andrea di Veri *. He had a wife, who was in the habit of getting up very early in the Winter mornings to work, and she also sate herself down to her spinning-wheel just opposite the head of Buonamico's bed, there being no other partition between his chamber and that in which she was working than the wall before mentioned. (This must of course mean a very different brick wall from those of our houses.) Buonamico always worked from after supper to day-break, and then used to betake himself to his bed, so that his pencil was at rest just when the good woman's spinning-wheel was put in motion. Buonamico, who knew that the fire-place joined his own, began to turn over in his brain

* An allusion to another Novel.

some new device, and having considered for a good while, it occurred to him that his neighbour, when she was dressing the breakfast, placed the pot upon the fire close against the wall. He, therefore, set about making a small hole with a gimlet, just at that part of the wall to which the pot reached, and having completed it, he stopped it up with a piece of brick, so that the poor woman could not perceive it. Watching then his opportunity, when the pot was put on the fire, and her back was turned, he pushed through this hole a thin hollow cane filled with salt, and resting the farther end of it upon the edge of the pot, he blew as much salt as he thought fit into the porridge; and this was so much, that when Capodoca came home to his breakfast, he could not eat it, but abused his poor wife out of all measure, threatening, that if ever she did this again, he would punish her in some frightful manner."

Our limits do not permit us to translate the whole of this Novel, which is rather long; but the altercations between the husband and wife, every morning about the salt, are told with great humour. At length from hard words Capodoca comes to blows; his wife cries out, and Buonamico runs in to see what is the matter. He listens to the woolcomber's complaints and his wife's justification; and at length tells Capodoca that he ought not to let his wife get up so early in the morning, because, he says, as she has not had sleep enough, she does not know what she is doing, and puts the salt in by mistake. The same thing happens several mornings running, until at length Capodoca gets tired of scolding and beating his wife, and adopts Buonamico's advice. Every thing then goes on well. The woolcomber has his breakfast, and the painter his sleep.

In another of the Tales, a company of artists are disputing about the best living painters, when one of them says and proves, that the Ladies of Florence are the best painters in the world. Though the simple humour may now appear stale, the reader will recollect that it was not so at the time the story was written, which is, besides, curious as an early specimen of that kind of satire on the love of personal embellishment in the fair sex, which has since been often repeated in a variety of forms. It is as follows:—

"In the city of Florence, which has always abounded in ingenious men, there lived some time back certain painters and other artists, who happened to be assembled together at a place called San Miniato a Monte, a short distance from the town, for the purpose of doing certain paintings, and other works which were wanting to the church. After they had breakfasted with the Abbot, and had regaled themselves amply, they began to talk upon various subjects. Among other questions which were mooted amongst them was one proposed by Orcagna, the chief of the famous oratory of our Lady of the Garden in St. Michael's, as to who was the best painter then living, putting Giotto out of the question. One said he thought Cimabue, another Stefano, another Bernardo, another Buffalmaco, and some this person and some that. Taddeo Gaddi, who was one of the company, said, "Certainly there have been some excellent painters, who carried the art to such a pitch that it is impossible for any human being to surpass; but that time has passed, and painting is not now what it was, and is getting worse every day." Master Alberto, who was present, and who was an eminent artist in carving marble, replied, "I think you are very much mistaken; and I am inclined to believe I can convince you that folks never were so ingenious and skilful, as now-a-days, in painting and carving. All the painters when they heard this set up a great laugh at him, as if he was out of his wits. You may laugh, replied Alberto, but what I have said I will make good, if you choose to listen to me. I do beseech thee then, cried one Nicolao, "as thou lovest me, to tell us how." That I will do readily, replied Alberto, if you will only be quiet and listen (for they were all talking together and making a noise like so

many hens cackling). Alberto then began as follows: "I do verily believe, that formerly the Creator of all things was the greatest master in painting, and in making figures; but in these degenerate times, it seems that many human forms are full of glaring defects, and that certain artists of the present day are very skilful in correcting them. And who are these modern painters and restorers? Who, but the Ladies of Florence? What painter could ever change black into white as they can? Sometimes, if a girl was born as black as a beetle, they will, by dint of rubbing, and scrubbing, and plastering, make her as white as a swan. And tell me what artist or painter, by the same means, can make a black thing white? Certainly none; for it is contrary to Nature. Let a face be pale and yellow, they by means of artificial colours, can make it blooming like roses. Another, which by accident or time has become dry and hard, they will make fresh and flourishing. Neither Giotto, nor any other painter could colour as they do. And what seems better than all this is, that if a face should be ill-proportioned, and have the eyes too large, they will in a twinkling make them like a falcon's: if a nose is crooked they make it straight, they can smooth down a hunched back, and stuff up a crooked side with cotton, so as to bring it into exact proportion: and the same thing with the bosom and all the other parts of the human body, doing that easily and without a chisel, which Polycletes himself would have been puzzled how to set about. And to be brief, I say and repeat, that the Ladies of Florence are better painters and carvers, than any others that ever lived, because, as I have shown you, they repair the mistakes which Nature herself has made. And now, Gentlemen, he said in conclusion, what have you to say to this?—Then they all set up a sort of "Long life to Messer Alberto, who has pronounced so able a judgment." And then they gave him the staff of authority, and sent for more wine from the cellar, which they drank very merrily, telling the Abbot that they would come and see him again on the following Sunday, when they would give him their several opinions of the matters on which he had consulted them.

The manuscript is deficient here; but the Tale appears to be concluded.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

However much foreigners may upbraid us with the want of a great National Collection of Pictures, they certainly cannot but be surprised at the amazing number of picture-galleries which are to be found scattered about the country, and which have been formed by private individuals at immense expense. Some of these descending from father to son, through a line of picture-loving generations have gathered fresh supplies, like the mountain stream, in their descent; while others, checked in their hereditary progress by some unfriendly obstacle, have only divided their treasures, to increase the contents of other depositories. Yet rich as England is in this respect—richer perhaps at this moment than any other country in Europe, it is not a little surprising that a very few of those collections should have been formed expressly with a view to forwarding the interests of the Arts of our own country. Undoubtedly the possession of some of the fine works of Old Masters, thus made, as most of our great private collections are, accessible to the public at large. is of immense importance to the progress of the Arts; but it is equally certain, that nothing can be more pernicious to their welfare than the sort of fanatic zeal with which the works of the early painters are so frequently coveted, to the neglect of existing and indigenous talent.

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The Cottage Door.

Among the few picture-collectors who have had the spirit to pursue a less popular course, and, we may add, the taste to do it with judgment and propriety, Sir John Leicester is undoubtedly one of the most conspicuous; and we think that whatever observations we may in future find occasion to insert on the subject of different private galleries in this country, may not improperly be introduced by some short notice of his. Sir John Leicester's collection of pictures has been repeatedly thrown open to public inspection, at his house in Hill-street, Berkeley-square. It consists entirely of works by British artists; and indeed, for the greater part, we think, by living British artists, and is contained in a capacious gallery, admirably adapted for the purposes of exhibition, and two or three private apartments. It is composed of works in almost every class of Art—historical and poetical compositions, scenes in familiar life, landscapes, animal pieces, and, in a few instances, even portraits, contribute towards its stores. One little *bijou* is set apart from the rest, enshrined in a little sanctuary devoted to itself alone. Here, heightened by the judicious arrangement of the light and surrounding accompaniments, the "Cottage Door" of Gainsborough possesses a perfectly magical effect. Glowing with the richest and most voluptuous, yet subdued and mellow tones, it meets the eye with that peculiar charm which is yielded by the mild splendour of the evening sun, tinging the harmonious surface of the autumnal landscape with a still more luxuriant hue. The composition of this picture is of the most simple kind. It consists of a rustic groupe, of a mother and her children, at a cottage door, two or three trees growing in all the wild luxuriance of Nature, and a little streamlet gushing out over a few loose stones, with an old broken plank thrown across, by way of a bridge. To attempt to describe the beauty of the interesting groupe which animates the picture, would be as idle as it would be vain. Words, which are always insufficient to express the pleasure derived from the contemplation of works of Art, are never more so than when that pleasure is produced more by the associations of feelings awakened in the mind, than by the mere outward effect of the objects presented to the eye. Suffice it to say, that here those objects possess the charms of simplicity and Nature; that they are in perfect harmony with the surrounding scene, full of warmth, and voluptuous repose. Such, indeed, is the delight with which the eye rests on this exquisite picture; and such the spell with which it affects the mind, that it is almost impossible to observe its faults, while engaged in contemplating it. Few, indeed, and trifling they are; but the jealous voice of criticism should arm the spectator against the defects of *manner*, which are concealed under the beauties of Gainsborough's *style*; and particularly against that excessive negligence, from which few of his works are free.—

We annex a Lithographic pen and ink Sketch, of this beautiful specimen of English Art; and we intend to make it the subject of another Plate,—of a Lithographic chalk drawing, in the manner of the St. John with the Lamb, which forms the frontispiece to the present Number of the Parthenon.

(To be continued.)

A THOUGHT.

The shadow we pursue, still flees us,
  Fast pacing as we faster pace,
That which we flee from, will not ease us,
  By pausing in the fearful race.

Thus pleasure, vainly we implore thee,
  To stay thy flight, and longer bloom,
And thus, oh Death! we flee before thee,
  But only flee into the tomb.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

BY GOETHE.

Vicenza, Sept. 21st.

I WENT to-day to see a pleasure-house, called the Rotunda, which is agreeably situated on an eminence, about half a league from the town. The building is quadrangular, but has within it a circular saloon, which is lighted from the roof. On each of the four sides, you ascend by ample stairs into a portico formed of six Corinthian columns. The luxury of architecture was perhaps never carried farther. The space taken up by the stairs and the porticos is far greater than that occupied by the house itself; for each side looks like the front of a Temple. As to the interior, it may be habitable, but cannot be comfortable. The great circular saloon or drawing-room, is of the most elegant proportions, and so are the other apartments, but still, to a family of rank it would not be sufficiently commodious for a Summer residence. From every quarter in the surrounding country, this building presents itself to the eye under the most magnificent aspect. The effect of the mass and of the projecting columns varies at every step; and the object of the founder, who wished to leave to his successors an unalienable property, which should at the same time be a striking proof of his wealth, seems to have been completely attained. The extensive prospect which the house commands, is not less agreeable than its own aspect is interesting. The course of the Bacchilione, and the vessels leaving Verona to navigate the Brenta, are distinctly seen; and the eye surveys all the vast possessions which the Marquis Capra was ambitious of preserving undivided in his family. There is an inscription which deserves to be noticed; but the words being distributed over the four sides of an obelisk, require to be put together to make out the following whole :—

Marcus Capra Gabrielis filius
qui ædes has
Arctissimo primogenituræ gradui subjecit
una cum omnibus
Censibus, agris, vallibus et collibus
citra viam magnam
Memoriæ perpetuæ mandens hæc
dum sustinet ac abstinet.

The conclusion is not a little singular. The man who disposes of such enormous riches, himself feels that he must submit to privations. This, I think, is a truth which might be learnt at less expence.

Sept. 22d.

This evening, I attended the meeting of a Society called the Olympic Academy. A certain degree of gaiety presides over the discussions of this Society. In a spacious and well lighted hall, near the Theatre of Palladio, I found assembled some of the Nobility, the Governor, and a numerous party, composed of persons of education, among whom were many ecclesiastics. The total number present might be about five hundred.

The question proposed by the President for the debate of the evening, was, "Whether invention or imitation had been the most useful to the progress of the fine arts?" The subject was happy enough; for it was one which, under different views taken of the question, might be discussed for centuries without coming to a decision. The worthy Academicians did not

neglect this opportunity for the display of their talents, both in prose and verse. Some very good remarks were, however, made in course of this debate.

The auditors were very animated. They laughed and clapped, and also testified their approbation by shouting "bravo." Would a German ever venture to exhibit himself thus, for the amusement of the public? Our plan is to put our thoughts on black and white, to sit down in a corner to read what we have written, and thus get over the business in the quietest way we can.

The name of Palladio, as might naturally be presumed, was frequently referred to in the course of the evening, by the advocates both of invention and imitation. Towards the conclusion of the debate, the main object seemed to be to amuse the audience, and the idea of one of the speakers was pleasant enough. Every one, said he, has sounded the praise of Palladio; my subject shall be an eulogium on Franceschini, the great silk manufacturer. He proceeded to show the advantages which the imitation of the silks of Lyons and Florence had secured, both to Franceschini, and to the City of Vicenza, and he concluded, by insisting that imitation was vastly superior to invention. His idea, which was kept up with a great deal of humour and vivacity, excited the merriment of the audience. The honours of the evening belonged to the partisans of imitation; for they supported their arguments by common ideas, which came within the scope of every understanding. Any common-place remark in favour of imitation was eagerly seized, while many excellent observations in honour of invention were neither felt nor understood. However, I was not the less gratified with the discussion. It is very delightful to see Palladio, thus triumphing over time, and still honoured by his fellow citizens, as the guide and glory of his native city.

September 23.

This morning I visited Tiena, which is situated to the North, in the direction of the mountains. I there saw a new edifice, built after an antique plan: there was nothing else remarkable about it. Here every thing that belongs to antiquity is sure to command respect; and this feeling leads to the adoption of ancient plans for modern buildings. The scite is beautiful, situated in a large plain in the midst of hills. Streams of water flow from the building along both sides of the highway, and pass through vast fields of rice, which must be crossed in the approach to the house.

I have yet seen only two towns of Italy, and I have had but few opportunities of conversing with the Italians. Yet I think I am already well acquainted with them. Like courtiers, who have the highest possible opinion of themselves, the Italians fancy they are the first people in the world. In regard to certain advantages, the possession of which cannot be disputed, this vanity may be pardonable. They seem to be a good sort of people, and every one who has the opportunities of seeing the children and the populace, and has observed them as I have done, must be of this opinion. Besides, there are such striking figures and countenances among them!

I was particularly pleased with the free habits and independent manners of the inhabitants of Vicenza; every one does just what he likes, and nobody seems to overlook his neighbour. In conversation the people are affable and polite. The women appear to me particularly engaging. I do not mean to disparage the Ladies of Verona. The elegance of their figures, and the fine character of their profiles, are remarkable advantages; but their pale complexions, and the singularity of their head-dress, are serious detractions from their beauty. With regard to dress, neither fancy nor neatness is sufficient; it ought to be graceful. In Vicenza, however, there are some very handsome

women, with dark ringlets and fine black eyes, which exercise a particular influence on me. The fair beauties do not please me so well, though I cannot deny that they are also very charming.

Padua, Sept. 26. Evening.

I travelled to-day in four hours from Vicenza to Padua, in a small calash, with only one seat, called a Sediola. The journey may be performed in a shorter time, but I wished to enjoy the beauty of the day at my ease, and I therefore did not disapprove of the slowness of the driver. I advanced towards the south-west, across a fertile plain, in the midst of hedges and trees, which intersect the view, until at length a fine chain of mountains running from west to south opens on the eye to the right. The abundance and beauty of the vegetation, and the fruits with which the hedges, the walls and the trees are covered, surpass all conception. The roofs of the houses are loaded with gourds and cucumbers of amazing size, planted in rows.

I have viewed the city from the Observatory, and admired its magnificent situation. On the north are seen the mountains of the Tyrol, covered with snow, and half enveloped in clouds; on the north-west, the Vicentine mountains, which join the former; and towards the west the forms of the nearest hills of Este are clearly discernible. On the south-west, there is nothing to be seen but one continued plain of verdure, the surface of which is not broken by a single eminence. The trees, bushes, and various plants form one compact mass of vegetable surface, through which an infinite number of white houses, towns, and steeples arise. I perceived very distinctly in the horizon the spire of St. Mark, at Venice, and some others of less considerable height.

Padua, Sept. 27.

I have at length procured the works of Palladio, not indeed the original edition which I saw at Vicenza, and the plates of which are engraved on wood; but an exact copy of it, a *fac simile*, engraved in copper, under the direction of Mr. Smith, formerly English Consul at Venice. We must do the English the justice to allow that they have long learnt to appreciate whatever is good, and to propagate it with singular generosity.

To make this purchase, I went into a bookseller's shop, a place which in Italy has quite a peculiar appearance. The books are not bound, but merely stitched. Good society is always to be found in these places. Ecclesiastics, persons of distinction, and artists; in short, all sorts of persons who have any taste for literature, are continually moving in and out. They ask for a book, open it, and glance over it, and then enter into a discussion on the subject of which it treats. I found five or six persons assembled in the shop into which I entered. On my asking for the Works of Palladio, they fixed their attention upon me. While the bookseller was looking out the book, they lavished their encomiums on the author, and gave me some information respecting the original edition, and those more recently published. They talked of the work and the author like persons of information. Taking me for an architect, they applauded the preference which I gave to Palladio over other masters, for the study of the art. They observed, that in practical utility he was preferable to Vetruvius; for he had profoundly studied antiquity and ancient authors, and had taken pains to apply their principles and conceptions to modern customs. I conversed for some time with these gentlemen, and after asking them some questions about the curiosities of the city, I took my leave.

In erecting churches to their Saints, the people of this town have had the good sense to reserve places for memorials of rational men as well as fanatics. The bust of Cardinal Bembo is placed in one of the churches between columns of the Ionic order. He is represented as rather handsome, with a venerable

beard, the expression of the countenance is that of a man, whose feelings are powerfully concentrated within himself. Beneath the bust is the following inscription :—

Petri Bembi Card. imaginem Hier. Guerinus Ismeni F. in publico ponendam curavit ut cujus ingenii monumenta æterna sint, ejus corporis quoque memoria ne a pasteritate desideretur.

The University, with all its dignity, is a repulsive looking building. I cannot but congratulate myself, that I had not to study at Padua. Our German Universities are certainly not constructed on the most convenient plan; but it is impossible to form an idea of the degree of embarrassment which must be experienced here. The anatomical theatre, in particular, is a model of skill in compressing the students. It is a sort of funnel, in which the auditors are pressed together in closely graduated seats. Their eyes are directed downwards to the narrow space at the bottom, in which the Professors' table is placed. As there is no opening for the day-light, he is obliged to lecture by the light of a lamp. The botanical garden, however, is very rich and beautiful. Many rare plants are preserved here in the open air, even during the Winter, provided they are placed against the walls, or near them. They are all covered in at the end of October, and are supplied with artificial heat during the remaining Winter months. It is both amusing and instructive to walk through a garden of foreign plants. The sight of ordinary plants, as of objects with which we are acquainted, gives rise to no ideas: and what is the use of seeing without reflecting? This variety of plants, so new to me, has impressed me more strongly than ever with the idea that all the different forms of plants are probably only developments of one primitive form. The prosecution of this inquiry would furnish the only means of determining exactly the families and species of plants, which seems to me to have been done hitherto only in an arbitrary manner. Here lies the difficulty which arrests me in the pursuit of my botanical philosophy, and I see at present no way of overcoming it. The study seems to me to be equally profound and extensive.

The *Prato della Valle* is an extensive oval space, in which a grand fair is held in the month of June. The wooden huts in the middle of the Prato have not a very fine effect, but the inhabitants confidently affirm that there will soon be shops built of stone, like those at Verona. The monuments which surround and ornament the Prato serve to encourage this expectation.

The whole circumference of this immense oval is adorned with statues, in honour of celebrated men, who have taught or studied at Padua. Any individual, whether a foreigner or a native, is allowed to erect here to a fellow-countryman, or to a relation, a statue of a determinate size, provided the merit of the person and his connexion with the Academy of Padua be proved.

This oval space is surrounded by a canal, across which are thrown four bridges, adorned with colossal statues of Popes and Doges. Other statues of smaller dimensions have been erected by corporations, private individuals, and foreigners. The King of Sweden has erected one in honour of Gustavus Adolphus, who, it is said, once attended a course of Lectures at Padua. The Archduke Leopold has erected two in honour of Petrarch and Galileo. These statues are executed with skill in the modern style. Some of them are in an affected taste, others are distinguished by a good deal of nature, and they are all habited in the costume suited to the dignity of the individual represented, and the age in which he lived. The inscriptions are also very good; they betray no puerile affectation or bad taste.

It would be well if all Universities followed the example of Padua in this respect. It is delightful to see thus restored to us, after death, men whose talents commanded our respect while living. The *Prato della Valle* will be a

fine place when its wooden huts are removed, and handsome stone-built shops are substituted in their stead.

In a Chapel, belonging to some Friars of the order of St. Anthony, there are some pictures in the style of our old German masters: there are also some by Titian, which exhibit striking proofs of those improvements in art which are yet almost unknown on the other side of the Alps. Here I also saw some pictures by modern artists, who, not being able to attain to the sublime, have succeeded in pleasing by beauty of effect and truth of expression. Piazetta's decollation of St. John the Baptist, is, in these respects, making due allowance for the manner of the master, a very fine work. St. John is represented with his right knee resting on a stone; his hands are joined and his eyes are raised to heaven. A soldier who is standing behind him, holding a cord with which the Saint is bound, stoops downwards, and looks him in the face. The countenance of the soldier expresses astonishment at the calm devotion of the martyr. Another soldier, to whom the execution is entrusted, stands a little higher up; he has no sword, but is represented trying his strength, by imitating with his hands the action of cutting off a head, while a third soldier is drawing the sword from the scabbard. The conception of this picture is not without its merits, though it may be deficient in grandeur; the execution of the whole has a striking and admirable effect.

In the church of the Hermits I saw some pictures of Mantegna, one of the painters of the old school: this artist astonishes me by the spirit and fidelity of his pencil. He never attempts to dazzle the eye or seduce the imagination by false splendour, but always aims at the imitation of truth and Nature. Vigour and purity of effect, beauty of finish, an exact and delicate touch, and the perfection of contour, united to a system of colour, which is evidently the result of the most careful and laborious study, are the characteristics of his style. Succeeding artists did not fail to profit by the attainments of this able master; and I have myself remarked in the pictures of Titian enough to convince me that he was familiar with Mantegna's works. Thus, enlightened by the energies and talents of their predecessors, and stimulated by a knowledge of their own powers, men of active and brilliant genius rose higher and higher, till at length soaring, as it were, above this terrestrial world, they succeeded in producing images of celestial beauty, without overstepping the boundaries of Nature and truth; and thus were the improvements of art developed, after ages of barbarism.

The audience chamber of the Senate house is so immensely large, that it would be impossible, by memory alone, even at the very moment after seeing it, to recall an adequate idea of its extent. It is three hundred feet in length, a hundred in breadth, and a hundred in height, throughout the whole extent of the roof. The people here are so accustomed to live in the open air, that in this instance the architect seems to have thought he ought to roof in a market-place.

A vast covered space certainly produces a very peculiar impression. It is a sort of bounded infinity, and harmonizes better with our feeble conceptions than the boundless extent of the celestial canopy. The expanse of heaven carries us beyond ourselves; the other, on the contrary, brings us back again.

I was also much pleased with the church of St. Giustino, which is four hundred and ninety-five feet in length, and of proportionate height and breadth. Grandeur and simplicity characterize the style of the architecture. I retired into a corner of the temple to indulge in tranquil meditation. I felt myself in complete solitude, and certainly nobody in the world would ever have thought of looking for me there.

To-morrow I must pack up again, and embark on the Brenta. I hope

soon to enjoy the sight of the lagunes, and of the ancient Queen of the Adriatic. When once safely lodged in her bosom, I will continue my correspondence with my friends.

VENICE.

It was written in the Book of Fate, that on September 28th, in the year 1786, and, according to our mode of computing time, at five o'clock in the evening, I should, sailing into the lagunes from the Brenta, for the first time obtain a sight of Venice; and that I should forthwith enter this city of islands, this beaver-like Republic. Thank heaven, Venice is no longer to me an empty word, an unmeaning name. I have a mortal dislike to words which are nothing but empty sounds.

On nearing Venice, we were met by the Gondolieri, who come and take up those passengers who are anxious to arrive as speedily as possible at Venice. The first gondola that came along-side the vessel reminded me of a toy which had amused me in my childhood, and which I had not thought of for perhaps twenty years. It was a very pretty little model of a gondola, which my father had brought from Italy. He valued it greatly, and I was only allowed to amuse myself with it by way of a treat. In the bright tin prow, and the black body of the approaching gondola, I immediately recognized an old acquaintance, and I enjoyed an agreeable revival of youthful feelings.

I am very comfortably lodged at the hotel of the Queen of England, only a short distance from the Piazza di San Marco, and this vicinity is the greatest advantage of my situation. I have beneath my windows a bridge with a single arch, and directly opposite them is a very bustling little street. I propose to remain here until I have prepared my packet for Germany, and until I have formed a complete idea of this celebrated city. I am now able to enjoy the solitude which I have so ardently wished for. A man never feels so much alone as in the midst of a multitude to whom he is a stranger. I believe there is in Venice but one person who knows me; and I mean that it shall be some time ere we meet.

September 28th.

The account of my passage from Padua to Venice will be soon given. I sailed along the Brenta in the passage boat, and in very agreeable company; for the Italians behave with great respect towards each other when they meet, without being previously acquainted. The banks of the river are adorned with gardens and pleasure-houses. Small villages appear now and then, and sometimes a well-frequented road runs along the river side. On arriving at a lock, the passengers avail themselves of the delay which occurs, to go on shore and take a view of the country, as well as to taste the fruits, which are abundant, and may every where be readily procured. On passing the lock they go on board again, and proceed onward through scenes full of life, and glowing with the richest vegetation.

On board the passage boat were two individuals, who though coming from Germany, were more properly in their place here in Italy. They were pilgrims—the first beings of the kind I had ever seen in real flesh and blood. Their character of pilgrims entitled them to a passage gratis; knowing that the passengers were not very anxious to have them near them, they did not come into the cabin, but sat down in the stern, beside the steersman. As such persons are seldom seen now a-days, their appearance was a matter of surprise; but their pilgrims' garb had been too often prostituted to inspire respect. Learning that they were Germans, and that they spoke no language but their own, I entered into conversation with them, and found that they were natives of Paderborn, and had both passed their fiftieth year. They had a melancholy, but, at the same time, a benevolent expression of countenance.

After having visited the tomb of the Three Kings, at Cologne, they had travelled through Germany, and were now on their way to Rome and Upper Italy. One of them intended to return to Westphalia, while the other was to accomplish a final pilgrimage to St. Jago de Compostella. Their dress was the well known pilgrim's garb; but it was much better than the costume of the pilgrims who are seen at our masquerades. They had the large hood, the round hat, the staff, and the shell, which served the purpose of a drinking cup. Every thing connected with their dress had its intention and its use. A tin case inclosed their passports. A small red morroco case contained a few articles necessary for their simple wants. We saw them resort to them when they had occasion to repair a part of their dress.

The steersman, who was delighted at meeting with an interpreter, begged me to put some questions to them. From their answers I became acquainted with the plans they had in view, and the incidents of their travels. They complained bitterly of the usage they experienced from a people professing the same faith as themselves, and even from ecclesiastics, both secular and regular. True piety, they said, must have become very rare, for no one would give credit to theirs. In vain did they present their passports in Catholic countries; the signature of the Bishops did not ensure them against being suspected or treated as rogues and vagabonds. They dwelt, on the contrary, with emotion on the kind reception they had experienced among the Protestants. They mentioned an instance of a clergyman in Swabia, and particularly of his wife, who, in spite of a sort of repugnance on the part of her husband, determined to give them a good repast, of which they stood very much in need. On their departure she presented them with a piece of money, which had proved very serviceable to them on their entrance into a Catholic country. "That excellent woman," exclaimed one of them, with the utmost fervency, "is daily remembered in our prayers, and we implore the Lord to open her eyes, as he has opened her heart towards us; and that sooner or later he may receive her in the bosom of his holy church. We hope to meet her again in Paradise."

I communicated what they said, whenever I thought it might be of use to them, to the master of the boat, and to the rest of the passengers, who were assembled round us. By this means I procured some pecuniary aid for the pilgrims; trifling indeed, for the Italians are not fond of giving away their money. They then showed me some small bits of paper, on which was printed a consecrated picture of the Three Kings, with a Latin prayer in honour of them. The poor fellows begged me to give them to the company, and explain their sacred nature and value. My trouble was not thrown away; for as the wanderers seemed very much embarrassed where they should find, in so large a city as Venice, the Convent for the reception of pilgrims, the master took pity on their situation, and promised to hire a guide to shew them the way. He at the same time informed them, that there were no great funds at the Convent, which had, it is true, been very richly endowed as an asylum for pilgrims, but the establishment had fallen into decay, and the revenues were applied to other objects.

While thus employed with the pilgrims, we sailed down the fine River Brenta, leaving behind us the gardens, superb palaces, and populous villages, which line its banks. On entering the lagunes, a great number of gondolas surrounded the passage boat. One of the gondoliers, a Lombard, who was well known at Venice, offered to take us more speedily than the rest, and get us clear of the custom-house inquisitors. A trifle served to bribe some of the officers who seemed inclined to search; and gliding rapidly along by the light of a beautiful setting sun, we soon reached our destination.

October 29. Evening.

So many accounts of Venice have already been published, that I do not think it necessary to enter into a detailed description of it, but shall content myself with giving my own impressions, and painting this extraordinary city as it appears to my eyes. What particularly engages my attention is the people, that immense living mass, in a state of existence, involuntary, and unavoidable.

It was not mere caprice that induced this people to seek refuge in these Isles, where new colonies hastened in succession to join the first refugees. Necessity taught them to look for an asylum in a situation whence, in spite of its natural defects, they at length derived the most important advantages, compelled as they were to depend on their own resources, while the whole of the North of Europe was still grovelling in darkness. Their progress in population and in wealth were the happy result of this local disadvantage. Houses rose with rapidity. The live rock was hewn to give consistence to the sandy and marshy soil. The dwellings of the inhabitants grew up like trees, which, being confined at the root, seem to increase in length, in proportion as they are circumscribed in width. Jealous of every inch of ground, and hemmed in by their lagunes, they allotted to their streets only just as much space as was absolutely necessary to separate one row of houses from another, and to afford the customary communications between them. With them the water was destined to take place of fine streets, squares, and promenades. The Venetians became a new race of men, as Venice was a new kind of city. The great canal, with its serpentine windings, yields to no street in the world; and what can be compared to the vast space which fronts the Piazza di San Marco? I allude to that immense sheet of water, smooth and brilliant as a mirror, round which Venice rises in a semicircle. The Island of San Giorgio is seen across this liquid plain to the left; a little farther on, to the right, is discovered the Giudecca, with its canal, and a little higher up is the Custom-house, and the entrance of the great Canal, adorned with two magnificent marble temples. Such is, in a few words, the principal objects which strike the eye of the spectator on advancing between the two colonnades of the Piazza di San Marco. The numerous engravings of views of Venice, taken both from the interior and exterior of the town, give a very good idea of the reality.

After dinner I determined to form an accurate notion of the effect of the whole, and I plunged, unassisted by a guide, into the labyrinth of the town. It is impossible, without having traversed the city, to form an idea of the limited nature of the communications, which are incessantly interrupted by canals of all sizes, notwithstanding the quantity of bridges that are thrown across them. In general, a man may measure the breadth of the streets by stretching out his arms, and some are so narrow, that if he walks with his hands in his pockets, his elbows will touch the walls. Others, however, are broader, and there are also some small squares; but all are on a very confined scale.

I found my way with ease to the great canal, and to the great bridge of the Rialto, which, by the way, consists of merely one arch of white marble. It affords a very extensive and agreeable prospect. The sides of the canal are lined with small vessels, unloading near the bridge, the stores which they have conveyed from the main land, and in the midst of these, crowds of gondolas are seen rowing up and down. To-day, in particular, which happens to be the Festival of St. Michael, the effect of the scene was truly enchanting, but to give you an idea of its beauty, I must describe it somewhat in detail. The great canal separates Venice into two parts, which are united only by the single bridge of the Rialto; but there is a sort of open boat which is used to facilitate the communication from one bank of the

canal to the other. These ferryings were more frequent to-day than usual. Many boats were seen filled with a number of well-dressed females, all covered with black veils, who were crossing to attend the church dedicated to the saint of the day. Anxious to procure a nearer view of the fair devotees, I left the bridge and proceeded to one of the landing places, where I was rewarded for my trouble, by the sight of some really charming women.

At length, tired of walking, I quitted the narrow streets, and stepping into a gondola, I rowed to the Northern extremity of the great canal. I thus made the tour of the island of St. Clara, and proceeding along the lagunes and the canal of the Giudecca, I at length arrived opposite the Piazza di San Marco, thus enjoying my share in the sovereignty of the Adriatic Sea, of which every Venetian fancies himself master, when he is seated in his gondola. At this moment I could not avoid recollecting, with feelings of respect, my excellent father, whose greatest delight used to be to relate all the wonders of Venice. Every surrounding object has an air of dignity. I saw before me a mighty work which bears evidence of what the united powers of man are capable of; it is a magnificent monument, not of a monarch, but of a people. Even now when the lagunes are gradually filling up, when unwholesome vapours are exhaling from their marshes, when the Venetian trade and power are daily declining, the genius which created this Republic still commands and receives the homage of the stranger. If Venice, like all that is bright, has faded, she has yielded only to the hand of Time.

September 30th.

Towards evening, I again wandered without a guide to the remotest quarters of the city. There are steps at the sides of the bridges, for the convenience of the gondolas and the larger boats, which are thus enabled to land their passengers under the arches. I tried to thread the labyrinth without asking my way, and I succeeded at last. It is impossible to form an idea of the intricacy of its windings. The mode which I adopted of directing my course by the position of the sun was certainly a good one. While I thus explored every corner of the city, to the very extremest point of inhabited ground, I was enabled to examine the manners and habits of its citizens, and I found in each different quarter of the town a style of physiognomy and manners distinct from the rest. Man is really a singular creature.

Many houses are built on the very edge of the canals; but here and there quays are erected on which one may walk very agreeably in the midst of canals, palaces, and temples. The most pleasant of these is the long North quay, from which there is a fine view of the islands, and particularly of Murano, which looks like Venice in miniature. The intermediate lagunes are enlivened with swarms of moving gondolas.

September 30th. Evening.

I procured a plan of Venice to-day, and was thus enabled to form a more complete idea of the place. After having studied it a little, I went to the top of St. Mark's steeple, whence there is an uncommonly fine view. It was about noon, and the sun shone brightly, so that I could clearly distinguish every object both near and distant. The lagunes were flooded with the tide. Turning my eyes in the direction of Lido, a small tongue of land which terminates the lagunes, I beheld, for the first time, the sea, and saw some vessels upon it. In the lagunes, too, there were galleys and frigates, which were destined to join the squadron of the Chevalier Emo, now employed in chasing the Algerine pirates. These vessels have been detained by contrary winds. The Paduan and Vicentine Mountains, and the Tyrolese Hills, magnificently closed the back ground of this splendid picture, on the North-west.

October 1st.

I have examined the city under more than one point of view: to-day, though it is Sunday, I was disgusted with the extreme filthiness of the streets. There is, indeed, a sort of police, whose duty it is to look after the state of the streets; and the ordure is now and then heaped up in certain corners, whence it is removed in large boats, by those inhabitants of the neighbouring islands who have occasion for manure. But the work is done in a very negligent way. This want of cleanliness is the less excusable, as the local situation of Venice would enable the inhabitants to obviate the evil as easily as in any of the towns of Holland.

All the streets are paved. Even those in the most remote districts have pavements, if not of stone, at least of brick. The streets are raised in the middle, having gutters on each side to carry off the water to the subterraneous drains. Other constructions and plans of old standing, prove how much it had been the intention of skilful architects to render Venice the cleanest, as it is the most singular of cities. I could not help meditating, as I walked along, on a plan for the attainment of this important object, and for the better regulation of this department of the police. We always feel a pleasure in meddling with other people's affairs.

October 2d, 1786.

The first place I visited was *La Carita*. The works of Palladio informed me that the great architect had here constructed a convent, on the model of the supposed residence of a rich and hospitable individual of antiquity. The design appeared to me to be perfect, both as a whole and in detail. I was delighted with it, and I expected to see a master-piece. But alas! scarcely a tenth part of the building was completed. However, what there is of it is well worthy the genius of Palladio. I had never yet seen so perfect a design, and such finished execution. It would require a whole year to study such a work. I certainly never beheld any thing so grand and so perfect. To form a notion of this superb design, let it only be remembered that the great artist, endowed with an innate perception of beauty and grace, and imbued with a profound knowledge of the genius of antiquity, conceived the idea of constructing, after an antique model, an edifice to serve at once as a monastery and a refuge for travellers.

The building is entered by a portico of the Corinthian order, and the admiration it inspires banished all ideas of the superstitious devotion to which it is dedicated. On one side is the sachristy, and on the other the chamber of the chapter. Near this chamber is a magnificent open spiral staircase. The steps are fixed into the wall, and so contrived that the one supports the other. One could walk up and down this staircase for ever without being tired. The beauty of this part of the edifice, may be judged of by the value which Palladio himself attached to it. The front court leads to a spacious inner court. According to the design, this court was to be surrounded by the building, of which, unfortunately, only the left side is completed. The portion that is finished presents three divisions for stories of three orders of architecture. The first division above the ground is a range of porticos; the second is a row of arcades, fronting the cells; and the third consists of walls with windows. I must now say a word or two respecting the execution.

Only the capitals and bases of the pillars and the key stones of the arches are of stone; the rest is composed of a kind of baked clay, I cannot call it brick, for it differs from all the brick or tile that I have hitherto seen. The frizes, cornices, and arches are of the same material. The cement of the building consists of a composition of lime. The whole seems to have been formed at a single cast. If it were finished, cleaned,

and white-washed, it would present the most superb spectacle that can be conceived.

The plan seems to have been formed on too extensive a scale; a fault common to many modern edifices. The great architect did not foresee that it would be necessary not only to pull down the old convent, but also to purchase many of the neighbouring houses; and both money and inclination were wanting for those undertakings. Oh fate! thou who hast so often favoured and immortalized folly! could'st thou not have decreed the completion of this magnificent master-piece of art?

October 3d.

I have just seen the church of *Il Redentore*, a superb monument of the genius of Palladio. The front is even finer than that of the church of St. Giorgio. The numerous engravings of these buildings have made them well known.

Palladio was profoundly imbued with the sublime spirit of the ancients. He abhorred the mean and narrow ideas of the age in which he lived. He was too noble minded to consent to sacrifice his genius; and he therefore sought to inspire his contemporaries with his own sublime taste. Some passages of his works shew that he disapproved of the practice of following the model of the old basilisks in the construction of churches, which he endeavoured to approximate to the form of the ancient temples. Thus we may account for certain incongruities which he has avoided in the church of *Il Redentore*, but which are very apparent in that of St. Giorgio.

The interior of *Il Redentore*, is no less beautiful than its exterior. All, even the designs for the altars are the work of Palladio. It is painful to see the niches which were intended to be adorned with statues, filled with painted wooden images.

The Capuchins of the Church of St. Peter, have erected a splendid side altar, in honour of St. Francis. The only part of the architecture left visible in this altar are the capitals of some Corinthian columns; the rest is covered with magnificent and tasteful embroidery, in the Arabesque style. It is altogether as pretty a thing in that way as can be imagined. What particularly attracted my notice was some foliage which I at first supposed to be worked in gold. On a nearer approach, however, I discovered the deception. The leaves which I had mistaken for gold, were merely cut out in straw, after an elegant pattern, and fastened upon paper. The ground consisted of the most vivid colours; and the whole was executed with so much variety and taste, that this trifle, the materials of which were of no value, and which was probably the work of the monks themselves, appeared at first sight, to be a rich and costly article. It would, indeed, have been worth a considerable sum of money had it been really gold embroidery, as it seemed to be.

I have occasionally seen on one of the quays a man, surrounded by a crowd of people, to whom he appeared to be relating some story. As he spoke in the Venetian dialect, I could not understand a word he uttered. His auditors were chiefly composed of people of the lowest class. They laughed but little. Indeed the man betrayed nothing ludicrous or buffoon-like in his manner; on the contrary, his air was rather serious and composed. He exhibited an admirable variety and precision in his gestures: his action altogether indicated judgment and talent.

With the map of the city in my hand, I found my way to the church of the *Mendicanti*, after having lost myself several times. The conservatory here is held in high estimation. The pupils executed an Oratorio behind the grating; the church was crowded, the music delightful, and the singing excellent. An old man, with a soprano voice, performed the part of Saul: this astonished me; I had formed no idea of such a voice. Some parts of

the Oratorio were admirable. The words, which were a kind of Italanized Latin, were, occasionally, rather ludicrous; but, upon the whole, they were well adapted for singing, and afforded fine scope for the skill of the composer.

I should have been highly gratified with this performance, had not the odious Chapel-master mercilessly persevered in beating time with a roll of music against the rails, as if he had been giving a lesson to beginners. The performers were perfect in their parts; and consequently this eternal beating was wholly unnecessary, while it destroyed the impression which the music was calculated to produce. The effect was similar to that which might be expected if the muscles of a fine statue were tinged with red to render them the more apparent. Harmony can but be injured by any sound that is disconnected with it. How could the vanity of a musician induce him to force himself upon the notice of the audience by creating such an unpleasing discord? Should he not rather have been gratified with the praise due to the perfection of the execution; I know that the French make use of what they term the *baton de mesure*, but I did not expect to meet with it in Italy. This, however, is not the only instance in which I have observed people fancy that they are heightening our enjoyment, while they are doing everything in their power to destroy it.

LE MAÇON.—AN OPERA,

BY AUBERT.

Among the Operas which have for some time past been brought out at Paris, *Le Maçon*, performed with success at the *Theatre de l'Opera Comique*, in Paris, deserves some notice.

The first scene presents a view of a guinguinet, near one of the barriers of Paris. Rogers a Mason, is celebrating his marriage with Henriette. The friends of the young couple are playing and dancing in front of the house, while Roger, sings a rondo, the burthen of which is—*Du courage, du courage: les amis sont toujours là.* A young gentleman, Leon de Mérinville, happening to pass by, is astonished to recognize Roger. Mérinville had a few days before been attacked by robbers, in a solitary situation in the outskirts of Paris, when the mason returning from his work, and singing the rondo above mentioned, hastened to his assistance, and put the robbers to flight. Mérinville presented to his deliverer the sum of fifty louis d'or, which he happened to have about him; and Roger, overjoyed at his good fortune, returned home singing his rondo, with the determination of getting married without delay. Roger requests that Mérinville will do him the honour of joining his wedding party, but the young gentleman is better engaged. He has made an assignation with a lady, and hurries off to keep his appointment. Meanwhile evening draws in: the wedding party prepare to return home: all depart except Roger, who stays behind for a few moments to settle the reckoning. On a sudden two strangers rush behind him and seize him by the arms. They inquire whether he is a mason, and on his replying in the affirmative, they blindfold him and lead him away.

The opening of the second Act discovers the Turkish ambassador's residence. The scene represents the interior of a beautiful grotto, in which his Excellency's female slaves are assembled. Among them is a young Greek female, named Irma, whom the Ambassador intends to marry on his return to Constantinople. Irma discloses to one of her friends, that as the Ambassador and all his suite are to leave France on the following morning, she has

found means to convey a note to a young French gentleman, who is enamoured of her; and that they have appointed to meet each other in the grotto that very evening. Meanwhile Abdalla, the Ambassador, has, unknown to the lovers, obtained information of their intended meeting, and he determines on taking a truly Turkish kind of revenge. Mérinville presents himself at the appointed place, when a party of Turkish slaves rush in, and after fastening the lovers in opposite parts of the grotto, order a mason to wall up the entrance. This mason is no other than Roger. He recognizes his benefactor, but is too closely watched to have an opportunity of speaking to him. But while he is closing up the wall, he holds out to him a signal of hope, by singing *Du courage, du courage! les amis sont toujours là.*

The third Act opens with the interior of Roger's house. It is morning, and Henriette, who has been up all night, is alarmed at the unaccountable absence of her husband. One of her female companions endeavours to rouse her suspicion respecting his fidelity. Meanwhile Roger, whom the Ambassador's servants have conducted blindfold to the *barrière*, whence they took him, now returns home. He knows not where he has been, and has no clue by which he can hope to discover and liberate his benefactor. Henriette overwhelms him with reproaches; and her companion declares that she saw him with a party of strangers alight from a coach, and enter a house. "What house?" he eagerly exclaims. "The Turkish Ambassador's," is the reply. Roger, after capering about in a transport of joy, embraces his wife and then runs away. Henriette, filled with amazement, concludes that he has lost his senses. The mystery, however, is speedily cleared up by the reappearance of Roger, who returns accompanied by Mérinville and Irma; and the mason closes the Opera by singing his favourite rondo, in which the other characters join him in chorus.

The plot of this Opera, though full of improbable incidents, is nevertheless worked up in a very amusing way. The literary part is the joint production of MM. Scribe and G. Delavigne. The authors appear to understand the art of writing for music; and in this last production M. Aubert has proved himself to be gifted with the talent requisite for dramatic composition. The music of *La Maçon* differs in style from that of *La Niege*, which, in spite of the popularity it has attained, possesses no extraordinary degree of merit, in a dramatic point of view. If the music of *La Niege* be considered without reference to the scenic action, and the words of the text to which it is adapted—if judged as an independent composition, it will be found inferior to many productions in the class to which it belongs. With regard to dramatic colouring, M. Aubert's style is, however, decidedly improved; and the performance of this last Opera has been attended with complete success.

CASTLE HOWARD COLLECTION.

The occasion which induces us to say a few words in this Number on the excellent collection at Castle Howard, is one which we deeply regret. The noble possessor, the late Earl of Carlisle, by whom we believe the collection chiefly was made, died on the 4th of September, in the 78th year of his age, having in the course of his long life distinguished himself by serving his country in the highest stations, and by his love of Literature and the Arts. He was the author of two tragedies, and some elegant poems, which were printed and circulated among his Lordship's friends. In the Fine Arts to which he was fondly attached, his knowledge was extensive; and of his correct judgment and delicate taste, his collection of pictures, which is much more remarkable for its value than its magnitude, bears incontestible evidence. This noble lord was not only a generous but a judicious patron of

the arts. He loved to bring merit to light wherever he found it, and many artists who have risen to eminence, owe much of their success to the approbation and encouragement he bestowed on their early labours. He was an early friend and patron of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and when that eminent painter was occupied on his celebrated picture of Ugolino, Lord Carlisle made, at the request of the artist, a translation of the passage of Dante, in which the dreadful story is told. The collection in Castle Howard consists, with the exception of a few family portraits, almost entirely of pictures by the old masters, in various schools and classes, but particularly of the Italian schools. They are partly contained in a picture gallery, and partly dispersed about the different apartments, the former, indeed, being not well constructed with regard to light, it has been found expedient to hang all the best pictures in the dwelling rooms. The chief point of interest in this collection is a small picture by Annibale Caracci, well known under the name of the "Three Marys." This picture was formerly in the possession of the Duke of Orleans, and passed into the hands of the late Earl of Carlisle on the sale of that Prince's collection. Fuseli should have made an exception in favour of this picture, when he talked of the school of the Caracci's, aiming at a combination of every excellence, and falling short of all; for this surely comes as near to the perfection of painting as any work can be expected to do. In all the executive departments—in drawing, colouring, chiaroscuro, composition, its excellence is astonishing, and in the still more important quality of expression, it is inimitably fine. Had Annibale Caracci painted no other work than this, his fame would probably have stood much higher than it does; but it is not by a single work that a painter is to be judged. His talents can only be justly estimated by a general examination of his various productions, and Annibale Caracci must be content to take a much lower station on the list of painters than the excellence of such a work as the Three Marys would seem to entitle him to *. His relation, Ludovico Caracci, whose sober twilight effects have given such an air of grandeur and solemnity to his compositions, was perhaps the greater genius of the two, though his qualifications as a painter were of a less varied and extensive character. The "Entombment of Christ," at Castle Howard, which is also from the Orleans collection, is a very fair specimen of his powers of execution. The figure of our Saviour is drawn with admirable science, and the whole composition is distinguished by a degree of repose and solemnity beautifully adapted to the subject.—There is a curious and interesting specimen in this collection of an early Flemish painter, named Mabeuge, a composition of a considerable number of figures in a great variety of rich dresses, with landscape, architecture, animals, &c. all finished with the most elaborate nicety, and of the most brilliant colours; a picture which, one would fancy, must have consumed the greatest part of a lifetime to execute, and no doubt obtained the highest reputation for its author, at the period at which he lived, though now it can only be interesting as a specimen of the antiquity of art. There are several very fine portraits; one particularly, by Velasquez, full of depth, richness, and powerful effect of Nature. One excellent specimen of Vandyke, a portrait of his friend Snyders; and a fine head of the famous Earl of Arundel, by Rubens. The Snyders possesses all that simplicity and truth which characterize the best works of Vandyke, and is evidently painted *con amore*. It is a specimen of his very best style, before his love of money, and the extraordinary demand for his works in England had led him into partial negligence and manner. The Earl of Arundel has, like most of Rubens' portraits, a powerful look of Nature, combined with a great display of executive

* It is much to be regretted that there exists no tolerable print of this admirable work. Sharpe, we understand, was occupied in an engraving from it for some years previous to his death, but we have not heard whether it was ever accomplished.

skill. It shews a power of seizing on the most prominent characteristics of objects, and of rendering them with a bold fidelity of hand. Greatly similar, though with less vigour and confidence, is the style of Reynolds's portraits, of which there are also two or three very charming specimens at Castle Howard. Lady Cawdor, when a child, and the late Countess of Carlisle are the best, the former full of the expression of infantine simplicity and artless grace, the latter teeming with the more finished elegance of maturer beauty. A fine St. John, by Domenichino, some excellent specimens of Canaletti, and a variety of other pictures, by different masters, contribute towards the contents of this collection.

Some Sketches from this Collection will be given in future Numbers of the Parthenon.

ANTIQUITIES.

[FROM THE MONITEUR OF SEPT. 23.]

Report to the Academy of Fine Arts, of the French Institute made by M. Huyot, in the name of the Section of Architecture, on the measures taken by M. Bibent for drawing a Plan and exhibiting a complete restoration of the ancient city of Pompeii.—Sitting of July 16, 1825.

BURIED under the ashes of Vesuvius, on the first recorded eruption, in which Pliny perished in the year 79, the ancient city of Pompeii was quite forgotten until 1769, when the King of Naples ordered diggings for the discovery of such bronzes and statues as might still be found in its scite. The first object was to collect every thing of value which might be discovered. Marble statues, articles in bronze, and paintings, deeply engaged the attention of men of letters and artists; but the principal edifices of the city, which were gradually uncovered, soon presented to architects and archeologists accurate data respecting the customs and habits of this Greek colony. The Neapolitan Museums were quickly filled with statues, marbles, paintings, and bronzes of every description, and these collections have had a great influence on the arts, and the taste of the present age.

A learned society proposed to publish all the interesting discoveries in Pompeii, and undertake, at the expense of the Royal Treasury, a work which was of too considerable an extent to satisfy the eager curiosity of artists and amateurs. This society published prints of the bronzes and paintings; but as yet no plates of the buildings have appeared, though they are daily decaying, and are liable, on every new eruption, to be again covered with ashes.

This may account for the attempts which have been made by different architects to give to the world plates of the principal buildings of Pompeii, but the prohibition against drawing and measuring was an obstacle which defeated any publication which could be relied on. However, about 1810, the brothers Gasse, two students of the architectural school of Paris, who were maintained by the Government at Rome, and who have lately been appointed correspondents of the Academy of the Fine Arts, commenced a very elaborate work on the architecture of this city, and were preparing to submit it to the public, when Mazois, another student of the same school, brought out his publication of the "Monumens de Pompeii." By order of the Government, every facility was afforded him, and he drew up, under the protection of the Queen, the most interesting work which had appeared on Pompeii.

The Section of Architecture takes this opportunity of pointing out the fact, that the first important illustrations of this ancient city were undertaken by the pupils of the Royal School, and also of calling your attention to the materials which the students, maintained by the government of Rome, have

been, during several years, gathering together, and which forms their most interesting collection. These materials, when all united, will be capable of giving a perfect idea of Pompeii. You had last year laid before you an excellent work, the Restoration of the Forum of that city, by one of your architectural students. This work belongs to the Government, and its publication, which the Ministers have promised, will extend the interest which the ruins of Pompeii never fail to excite—an interest too which is connected with utility; for the studies thus made in Italy form a basis for our liberal arts, and models for our manufacturers.

The lively interest attached to every thing connected with the ruins of Pompeii has induced M. Mazois to undertake a very extensive work on the public and private buildings, the paintings, and the architectural details of that town. He had not terminated his labours when M. Gell, an English geographer and antiquary, published a small work, in octavo, on Pompeii, which is highly respectable for the manner in which it is executed. The views taken by the Camera Lucida are marked by precision and truth; some restorations, judiciously made, are certainly interesting; but the plan being on too small a scale, affords only an imperfect idea of the distribution of the monuments; and in this respect the work can only be regarded as a well constructed Itinerary.

After, however, all that has been published at Naples on the bronzes and the paintings, and notwithstanding the work of M. Mazois on the details of the architecture, and of M. Gell on the views, there was still wanting a general plan, in which the whole extent of Pompeii, the situation of the monuments, the houses already discovered, and what parts remain to be dug up, in order to render the town perfectly known, might all be seen at one view. This task has been undertaken by M. Bibent, and the Academy will doubtless learn with pleasure that it falls to the lot of a pupil of the Royal School of the Fine Arts to unite in one work everything capable of affording an exact idea of the taste, the knowledge, the customs, and the manners of this Greek colony, as explained by its monuments.

Pompeii situated on the sea coast, extends to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, Its length was about 1200 metres, and its breadth 730. It was surrounded by well-built walls, and had at least seven principal gates, six of which have been completely laid open. Besides its palaces and private houses, it had within its boundaries a forum, or public place, surrounded by edifices, two theatres, temples, and fountains, all of which are now exposed to view Twenty streets are completely cleared out. These streets, formed of shops and fronts of houses, on which are paintings and ornaments of every description, make altogether in length about 4600 metres, which is equal to more than 400 houses. It was no inconsiderable labour to measure and draw ruins which appear in disorder. The slightest inaccuracy was sufficient to produce great errors. But M. Bibent has executed his work with infinite care and address. His plan embraces a faithful representation of all the public and private buildings of this interesting city. He has neglected no details whatever. An undertaking of this importance deserves the highest praise, not only on account of the manner in which every part of the work is executed, but also for the courage and constancy requisite to surmount all the difficulties which the artist had to encounter. Completely directed to his work, M. Bibent has spared neither money nor assiduities to win the confidence of the inferior officers, who are often induced, by a false national spirit, to withhold from foreigners the advantages which the royal benevolence grants them; and, notwithstanding the protection of the sovereign, M. Bibent would have been more than once obliged to abandon his task, had not the hope of being useful to the arts, and of maintaining the reputation of the Royal School of Paris, inspired him with the most ardent zeal. The work of

M. Bibent possesses the great advantage of being executed on the spot; and the numerous details of the admeasurements which we have seen, are a security for the correctness of all his operations.

The plan consists of sixteen sheets of grand-eagle paper, which when united, form a parallelogram of four metres by two and a half. Eight of the sheets contain all the ruins yet laid open. The other sheets only serve to shew the totality of the town with its walls and gates. In thus presenting to the public the whole of the boundary of Pompeii, the author is influenced by the wish of soon seeing the two-thirds of the town, which yet remains buried, cleared out. He is persuaded that the lively interest which that already done must create, will be sufficient to stimulate the exertions for laying open the whole town. In fact, how many monuments, interesting places, and edifices, remain yet to be discovered? In this spirit, M. Bibent has so arranged his plates, that he will every year be able at very little expence to mark on the copper the new discoveries which are making, slowly it is true, but without interruption. It is essential that the artist should be on the spot to enable him to execute such a work in a satisfactory manner. It often happens that fragments remaining in their place indicate the nature of the original plan, but if they are deranged by an unskilful workman, who think only how they can most easily clear away the ruins, the plan is lost, and it is no longer possible to determine whether you have before you a gallery, a court, or a hall. The method adopted by M. Bibent has the merit of remedying this very serious inconvenience, and his drawings shew the appropriation of several interesting arrangements of the buildings, with respect to the habits and manners of the ancients. The plan, besides the advantage of making artists and antiquaries acquainted with the discoveries annually made, preserve what is daily recovered from the earth, and more particularly from the ashes thrown out by Vesuvius in new eruptions, which are very considerable; for the ancient soil, cleared in former years, is already covered two feet deep. In this point of view, we cannot too much applaud M. Bibent for having, as it were, devoted himself to the city of Pompeii. He has sacrificed all his time, and placed all his ambition, in the completion of this enterprise, being persuaded that the only way of doing any thing well, is to give up one's self to it without reserve.

To this interesting work, the artist intends to add a second, which will include the general sections of the town in different directions; and, scrupulously confining himself to an exact representation of the existing state of things, accompanied by some perspective views; men of erudition will then have the opportunity of interpreting the ruins according to the different restora tions which may be made of the city. The work will terminate by different details of the orders of architecture, considered with respect to the various proportions which the ancients gave to the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian. M. Bibent not only draws, but engraves the plans himself, which is the right way to secure correctness. The work is thus rendered highly valuable, to amateurs and artists.

Your Committee, therefore, propose to communicate to the Minister of the Interior the opinion, that of all the works of this kind, few present a greater interest, either with respect to the study of art, the researches of antiquity, or the history of architecture, and that M. Bibent has sacrificed many years of his life, and incurred considerable expence in carrying it on. The Committee is therefore persuaded, that it would be for the interest and honour of France, to enable this architect to publish the second part of the work, which he has announced, and which will be a real conquest made by art, over time and destruction.

The Academy approves the Report, and adopts the recommendation,

Signed, QUATREMERIE DE QUINCY,

Perpetual Secretary to the Society of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts.

We have inserted the above Report, not merely on account of the interest which belongs to itself, but also because it serves to prove the attention paid to the encouragement of the fine arts, by the French Government, and explains the machinery through which its Patronage is distributed.

As the following statement has a direct connexion with this article, we take the opportunity of inserting it here, although it has already appeared in several of the public Papers.

The most recent excavations made at Pompeii have brought to light some of the most interesting objects which have yet been discovered. They consist of a house, which, from its paintings, has been named the "Casa del Poeta Dramatica," a public bath complete; a marble statue, similar to those of Cicero; a large equestrian statue in bronze, supposed to be that of the Emperor Nero; and various other objects.—The "Casa del Poeta," by its commodious distribution the elegance of its decorations, and the manner in which every thing appears to have been perfected, is superior to any that have been yet discovered. At the door is the figure of a watch-dog, well traced in Mosaic with the following motto, "cave cane." On another part of the pavement is a Mosaic of a woman playing on the tibia, an old man exhibiting two tragic masks, and two actors preparing for exhibition. The paintings on the wall represent a poet or an actor, reading a manuscript before three handsome women, who seem to listen to him with great attention. In a bed-room is one of those obscena so frequently found in the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In the public bath every thing is complete. There are four rooms, which the ancient Romans required in these establishments, namely, the hypocaustum, or furnace, the warm bath, the vapour rooms, besides the room which served as a dressing-room, the corridor for the persons who waited their turn, and the entrance hall. These balnearia, are very highly ornamented, the ceilings and walls are covered with handsome stucco-works, and the floors are all of different coloured marble or mosaics; the roof of the chamber wherein is the cold bath, is a dome with an opening in the centre, through which the light penetrates; the bath is lower than the pavement: it is about twenty feet square, and is composed entirely of white marble. In the hall of the warm bath is a large concha, or shell, on the edge of which is written, in large letters of bronze, the name and quality of the donor, and the price he paid for it. In the corridor is a bronze furnace, at which the frequenters of the baths warmed themselves. Several strigiles (a kind of brush which the Romans made use of) have been picked up, which have been sent to the Royal Museum.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

The Opera of Tarrare, from the first night of its production down to the period of Mr. Braham's departure for York, continued to be unremittingly performed, and Salieri's fine music seemed to rise in the estimation of the public the oftener it was heard *. The spirited manager of this Theatre has within the last few weeks presented to the public a variety of entertainments, consisting either of new pieces or old favourites revived.

A new Operatic Drama, called the "Shepherd Boy," has been performed with perfect success. The piece is obviously of French origin, and though in itself possessing no remarkable merit, affords Miss Kelly an opportunity for the display of some very impressive acting, in the peculiar style in which she stands unrivalled. The other principal characters are sustained by Mr. Cooper and Miss Goward, a clever young actress, whom we have not as yet had an opportunity of noticing. To a clear, sweet, and sufficiently powerful voice, she unites a pleasing and unaffected style of singing; and we think she bids fair to become a distinguished public favourite. She is, we are informed, a pupil of Miss Kelly. The appearance of Mathews has proved a

* It was our intention to have selected for the Parthenon a few pieces from the Music of Tarrare, in addition to those which appeared in our two last Numbers. This design we however, abandoned, on observing from the advertisements that Mr. Hawes, one of the gentlemen who were engaged in superintending the production of the piece, at the English Opera, has published the Music, with his own judicious arrangements. It was no part of our plan to present to the readers of the Parthenon, publications which may be procured at the shop of any Music-seller in town.

high gratification to the lovers of comic humour. He performed in the "Stout Gentleman," a piece founded on Washington Irving's Tale of that name. After an unsuccessful trial of two nights, however, the piece was withdrawn, and Mathews has since appeared in the "Bashful Man," and "Jonathan in England." In both pieces, which have proved exceedingly attractive, Mr. Broadhurst introduces some of the Irish melodies, which he sings with sweetness and simplicity.

The Opera of "Inkle and Yarico," has been revived. The part of Yarico by Miss Kelly; while Miss Paton and Mathews were the representatives of Wowsky and Trudge. With such a combination of talent, the performance was of course highly attractive.

Drury Lane and Covent Garden opened for the Winter season, the former on Saturday the 24th, and the latter on the 26th of September. Both have been newly repaired and ornamented during the late recess. There has been no novelty hitherto at Drury Lane. At Covent Garden, a Mr. Warde has appeared in the arduous part of Brutus. This gentleman performed some years ago at the Haymarket. He is evidently a man of talent, though not capable of standing in the very first rank as a tragedian.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Opera of *Il Crociato in Egitto*, was brought out a few evenings ago at the *Theatre Italien*, in Paris. The principal characters were represented by the same performers, who appeared in the Opera on its production at the Academie Royal de Musique. Madame Pasta performed Armando, Mesdames Mombelli and Schiassetti were the Palmide and Felicia. Adriano was represented by Signor Donzelli and Levasseur, the celebrated basso, sustained the character of Aladino. Mayerbeer's music is highly praised by the Parisian critics, one of whom, in the course of his remarks on the Opera, proposes that the absurd character of Felicia should be omitted, and the music of her part allotted to the female attendant of Palmide. This change, which would doubtless be a material improvement to the piece, might be very easily effected at our Italian stage, where the beautiful song "Ah ch'io l'adoro ancor," the only solo piece which the composer has assigned to the character of Felicia, is omitted for the substitution of a noisy unmeaning composition, wholly unconnected with the Opera. The parts of Mayerbeer's Opera, which excited the highest degree of admiration in Paris, were precisely those which have proved most generally attractive in London, viz. the cavatina "Caro mano," the terzetto "Giovinetto Cavalier," the prayer "O, Cielo clemente!" &c.

There seems to be at present a rage for duets on the piano-forte, a style of performance which is admirably adapted for compositions of a certain class. We have recently seen a selection of airs from Spohr's Opera of Jessonda adapted for two performers on one piano, published by Boosey. The arrangement is extremely creditable to the author, whose name does not appear on the title page. He has had the good taste to confine himself solely to Spohr's composition, and to avoid the introduction of any extraneous matter. Among the pieces selected for this publication are the Military dance and chorus, which we some time ago inserted in the Parthenon.

M. G. A. Schneider is appointed Chapel-master to the King of Prussia, during the temporary absence of Spontini, to whom the King has granted a short *congé*. Spontini is about to proceed to Paris, where his Opera of Alcidor will be brought out at the *Academie Royale de Musique*.

The Concert pitch employed in the Orchestras of Paris (which is rather

higher than that which custom has determined in London,) has been ascertained to be full a semi-tone higher than it was in Gluck's time. On the revival of the Opera of *Alceste*, a short time ago, at the *Academie Royale de Musique*, it was determined to reduce the Concert pitch of the Orchestra to the point at which it was fixed when the Opera was composed. The purchase and alterations of instruments, together with the other Orchestral arrangements required for effecting this object, cost, it is said, the sum of 30,000 francs. This, it must be confessed, was paying rather dearly for half a tone!

At a Concert lately given by Moscheles, in Paris, the Overture to the Freyschutz was played in a manner which must have produced a novel and striking effect. It was arranged for six performers on three piano fortes. Each of the instruments on which the piece was performed comprised six octaves and a half.

The King of Prussia, in token of his admiration of Spontini's last work, the Opera of Alcidor, has presented to the composer the gold medal, which was struck in commemoration of the marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess of the Netherlands.

On the first night of the performance of Alcidor at Berlin, the approbation which the exquisite music of the Opera was calculated to excite, was repressed, in consequence of the presence of some member of the Royal Family, for in the German Theatres, it seems there is no clapping when Royal persons form part of the audience. On the succeeding representation, however, public admiration was manifested in the most decided and rapturous manner. Spontini, having been loudly called for, appeared on the stage, and addressed the audience in the German language, a circumstance which served to increase the applause which his talents had elicited.

Mayerbeer's *Crociato in Egito* was lately brought forward at the Opera of Munich. A female singer made her debut in Armando d'Orville, Velluti's part, but her performance, it appears, was not very successful.

A Parisian music-seller has announced his intention of publishing by subscription Beethoven's Opera of *Fidelio* in score. This, we fear, is a circumstance which every admirer of Beethoven must seriously regret; for the advertisement contains the following piece of information:—*Cet Opera sera gravé tel qu'il peut être représenté au theatre de l'Odeon.* To those who are capable of fully enjoying the genuine music of Beethoven's Opera, the proposed alterations will, we presume, be as little satisfactory as the French version of the *Freizchütz*.

A German musical professor, named Bayer, who recently discovered a mode of performing double notes on the flute, has, it is said, now brought his invention to such a degree of perfection, that any one acquainted with his method may, on a flute of ordinary construction, play double notes, consisting of correct thirds, fourths, fifths, and sixths, in any key.

Our musical readers will regret to hear of the death of the Abbe Gelinck. whose elegant Piano forte compositions are well known in this country. The Abbé had for some years past resided at Vienna, in the capacity of domestic Chaplain to Prince Esterhazy. He was a friend of the late celebrated Salieri,

Yorkshire Musical Festival.—The second celebration of this Festival instituted for the benefit of the York County Hospital, and the Infirmaries of Leeds, Sheffield, and Hull, commenced on Tuesday, Sept. 13th, and was continued during the three following days. The entertainments consisted of four morning performances of music at the Minster, and of four evening Concerts at the York new Concert Rooms. On the evenings of Monday the 12th, and Friday the 16th of September, Balls took place at the Assembly Rooms, the receipts of which, together with those of the evening Concerts, are intended to defray the expense of erecting the new Concert Room to be for ever held in trust for the benefit of the four Charities. The price of

tickets of admission to the best places in the Minster was fixed at one guinea, and the Concert tickets were sold at 15s. each.

The Festival had been most anxiously anticipated for several months previous to its commencement, and extensive preparations were made for the music in the Cathedral. The part appropriated to the performance extended from the west entrance to the end of the choir, being a distance of 275 feet, and the width of 107 feet. At the last Festival, which took place in 1823, the transepts were left open, but galleries were now erected over them with fronts corresponding with the architecture of the building, and the west gallery was enlarged by taking in an additional pillar. The seats and the backs were all covered with scarlet cloth, and the general effect even before the company had assembled, was grand and imposing. The musical arrangements were admirable; and the addition to the force, vocal and instrumental, since the last Festival, was not less in efficiency than number. The number of vocal performers consisted of 365, of whom 15 were of the first rank in talent and musical reputation; and the instrumental performers of 250, constituting an Orchestra upwards of 600 strong.

The principal vocal performers engaged on this occasion were—Madame Caradori, Madamoiselle Garcia, Miss Stephens, Miss Travis, Miss Goodall, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Farrar; Signor de Begnis, Messrs. Braham, Knyvett, Sapio, Vaughan, Terrail, Bellamy, and H. Phillips. Madame de Begnis was also engaged, but was prevented by severe indisposition from attending. The list of instrumental performers included many of the most distinguished individuals in the profession; among whom were Messrs. Cramer, Mori, Kierwetter, Loder, Gratorex, &c. Dr. Camidge, the Organist of the Cathedral, presided at the organ.

The first morning's performance at the Cathedral consisted of a selection from Handell's "Samson," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," and other works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Purcell, &c. Among the most remarkable pieces was Handel's *Gloria Patri*, composed for the Peace of Utrecht. The symphony was omitted, so that every voice and instrument was heard in one simultaneous burst, in the magnificent key of D. Madame Caradori sang some pieces in English. An *Agnus Dei*, by Mozart, was admirably executed by Miss Travis; and Miss Stephens delighted her audience by her manner of singing "If guiltless blood."

The Messiah was performed on the morning of Wednesday. The opening recitative, "Comfort ye my People," was sung by Mr. Vaughan, a circumstance which could not but excite the astonishment of all who have witnessed the admirable effect produced in that celebrated movement, by Mr. Braham, to whom it is invariably assigned at the London Oratorios and Concerts. It was reported that this novel arrangement had been made in compliance with the wishes of a distinguished individual, who took considerable interest in the Yorkshire Festival. The circumstance has, however, been differently and more satisfactorily explained in the *Times*. It appears that at the last Yorkshire Festival, the recitative above alluded to was given to Madame Catalani, to whom the Directors made the concession of suffering it to be transposed half a note lower, to the great injury of the effect, for a most disagreeable impression was produced, when the chorus to which it belongs followed in the key in which Handel composed it. When, on completing the arrangements for the performances at the present Festival, it was determined that Madame Catalani was not to be engaged, Vaughan obtained a promise from a high dignitary of the church, that the introduction to the *Messiah* should be allotted to him to sing; and this point, when an engagement was offered to Braham by the Directors, created an impediment in the negotiation, that singer insisting that the movement in question should be given to him. This point, as regarded Braham, the

Directors were willing to concede, but the promise which had been made to Vaughan stood in the way, and could not be broken. After a long correspondence on the subject, Braham, out of deference to the distinguished Prelate before alluded to, resigned his claim to a distinction which, in his case, was of comparatively minor importance to that of any person, because his professional pre-eminence, without forcing an invidious comparison with the gentleman who had taken precedence of him on this occasion, cannot be disputed.

The selection on Thursday was principally from Haydn's "Creation," with some pieces from "Judas Maccabeus." Braham exerted his full powers in "Sound an alarm." Madame Caradori gave the recitative, "And so shall the lute," with exquisite brilliancy. The ease with which she ascended to C, and having touched it, gracefully relapsed, excited general admiration. Notwithstanding the extreme delicacy of her voice, every note was distinctly heard in the remotest part of the Cathedral. The chorus, "Despairing, cursing," was astonishingly grand. Braham's "See splendour bright," was as perfect as usual. The music at the Minster, closed on Friday, with a grand selection of sacred music. After one or two movements from the *Dettingen te Deum*, Miss Travis sung "What though I trace," with exquisite expression. It was her best effort during the Festival. Philips's "Tears such as tender fathers shed," was also well given. The "Dead March in Saul," was a truly awful performance; but the effect would have been still more impressive had the kettle drums been muffled. "Praise the Lord," which Miss Stephens next sang, was not well adapted to her powers. A motett by Haydn, "The arm of the Lord," followed, with striking grandeur. In the third part, Braham shone forth with his usual solemnity. The recitative from Jephthah, "Deeper and deeper still," was sublime; and the air, "Waft her angels," as touching, tender, and affecting a melody as he could pour out on the delighted senses. We despair of ever finding, in the same class of English music, an equal to this great vocalist. Miss Stephens introduced, "Angels ever bright and fair," and sang it enchantingly. The performances did not conclude till near six o'clock in the afternoon. The last piece was the Coronation Anthem, which the crowd around the great West doors were enabled to hear in consequence of the Dean's direction that those lofty portals should be thrown open for that purpose.

The evening concerts were excellently attended, the New Concert Room, which adjoins and opens into the Assembly Room, is an elegant hall, ninety-three feet in length, sixty feet wide, and forty-five feet high, elegantly decorated with Ionic pilasters, with capitals, after the models of the temples of Asia Minor, and with a rich Etruscan frieze.

The performers engaged for the Concerts were chiefly the same as those who assisted at the Minster, and the music for the most part consisted of selections from Italian Operas.

The Ball at the Assembly Rooms on Friday, which closed the Festival, was exceedingly splendid, and was attended by many individuals of rank.

The receipts arising from the Festival, which were considerably greater than those of 1823, amounted altogether to £20,462, and an additional £50 was presented to the Committee by the Marquess of Aylesbury.

It is not determined at what period the next Festival shall be held.

The Festival was under the Presidency of the Archbishop of York, but his Grace did not attend the Music meetings, until after the funeral of his noble relative, the late Earl of Carlisle.

Active preparations are making for the approaching grand Musical Festival at Derby, which is to take place in All Saints's church in that city. The Orchestra, which has been carefully selected, will, it is said, contain 300 performers, vocal and instrumental.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

We can seldom spare room for detailed examinations of books, or for extracts of any length, unless they be of that description to which we have resolved to pay particular attention, namely, works relative to the arts of Design and Music. We have, however, at present before us several works, of which, without attempting any thing like a regular Review, we think some brief notice ought to be taken.

Franz der Este Koenig, von Frankreich &c.—Francis 1. King of France; a picture of manners in the 16th Century, by August Lebrecht Herrmann. Leipsic; one Vol. 8vo.

This work, which has reached us from the Continent, is one of the class of books which is calculated to create a taste for that most delightful and profitable study—History. Historical knowledge is too frequently presented in a form which rather revolts than attracts the youthful mind. It is no easy task to get through a thick quarto, or half a dozen octavos, occupied perhaps in a great part with uninteresting details; but one sits down with pleasure, to a single tome, containing agreeable and well told anecdotes of the principal characters, of the period of which it professes to treat. In addition to the advantage of compression, we think the author of the present work has displayed judgment in the choice of his subject. There are few periods in the history of France more eventful than the reign of Francis, and the character of the monarch himself is interesting, on account of his patronage of learning and the Fine Arts, which obtained for him the title of, "the Restorer of Letters." This is indeed a point of time, from which, whether we look forward or backward, the view of human society is interesting. The style of the work has also the merit of being easy and agreeable. In making room for a short extract, we prefer, on account of its connexion with English History, the following passage, which describes the interview between Francis and Henry VIII. near Guines, on the 6th of June 1520.

"At their first interview, Francis and Henry saluted and embraced each other on horseback; the horse of the English king stumbled. A magnificent tent had been erected, in which it was proposed to entertain the illustrious guest on the following day; but a storm destroyed it in the night. Superstition did not fail to draw a bad augury from these accidents. The interviews of the two kings were at first carried on under the constraint of a frigid etiquette and mistrustful circumspection. The suite of each was strictly limited as to number, and the distance at which they were to stand from each other was determined and measured by paces. When the King of England went to see the Queen of France at Ardres, it was settled that at precisely the same time the King of France should visit the Queen of England at Guines, so that the Monarchs served as hostages for each other. All those formalities however soon became insupportable to Francis. One morning having, contrary to his usual practice, risen very early, he mounted his horse, and accompanied only by two of his gentlemen and a page, rode at full gallop to Guines. On the bridge of Guines, he met the Commandant of the place, with two hundred archers. Francis called out to them, "You are my prisoners, conduct me immediately to the apartment of the king my brother." The archers were surprised, and replied that the King had not yet risen; but Francis went straight to the King's apartment, and after knocking at the door was in a moment at the English Monarch's bed side. Henry, quite surprised, said, "Brother, you have played me the most agreeable trick in the world! Well! I am your prisoner, and I give you my parole of honour. You have now shown me, how one ought to bear one's self towards you." At the same time Henry, presented his visitor with a collar, of the value of 15,000 Angels, saying, "Wear this collar, I beseech you, for the love of your prisoner." Francis accepted it, and in return presented Henry with a bracelet, worth more than 30,000 Angels. Henry now thought it time to rise, and Francis said, handing him his linen, "Brother, you must have me to-day for your valet

de chambre." Francis shortly after mounted his horse and returned to Ardres. Some of his suite, alarmed at his unaccountable absence, met him on the way, and Fleurages, in the excess of his zeal, exclaimed, "Master, you are a fool for acting in this way; the devil take him who has advised you to do so."—"I asked no advice, replied the King, because I was well aware that nobody would advise me to do what I wanted to do."

Next morning Henry followed the example which had been set him, and returned the King of France's visit in the same style.

Alphonsus, A Tragedy.

As the tragic muse is difficult to woo, and loves to play the jilt with her votaries, those who aspire to win her often have to encounter the mortification of disappointment. It is fortunate therefore when the candidates for her favour possess, as in the present instance, not only talent, but the courage which belongs to youth to sustain them in this arduous attempt. The truth is, that the public, that is the Theatre going public, has little predilection for regular tragedy, while few of the latter attempts at that species of composition, have been calculated to produce a change in this respect. It would not be difficult to account for these circumstances, and especially for the first, by the existing state of society, by the usual composition of a theatrical audience, and by the manner in which the taste of that audience must necessarily be formed, to shew, that tragedy will often be doomed to give place to her larmoyante and illegitimate sister of the melo-drama. It does not appear, however, that Mr. Hyde, the author of the tragedy before us, ever intended it for the stage. It ought therefore to be regarded as a dramatic poem, and in that character it certainly possesses very considerable merit. The scene is in Spain, and the period that in which the Spaniards were making efforts for the expulsion of their Moorish conquerors. More variety in the language would have been an advantage, but though the style is too uniform, it is always chaste and elegant. The few extracts which we insert, we are persuaded will justify the favourable opinion we have formed of this Dramatic Essay, and will probably induce the readers to refer to the work itself.

Hatred is thus apostrophised by one of the characters:—

"Or is it hatred, thou destroying fiend,
That thus dost drive from off their natural seats,
Honour, and loyalty, and all that should
The name of man ennoble? Art thou not
The fallen Satan of humanity,
That for thy foul and wicked deeds being thrust,
From out the shining Heaven of men's virtues,
Dost with thy legions war against its power?"

The truth of the following passage will, unfortunately, be but too generally recognized:—

"Oh happiness! how barren are thy springs,
And yet how many scorching suns dry up,
Their scanty waters! whilst the tide of woe,
When it hath set its current, onward rolls,
Resistless and relentless; and its ebb,
Dost seldom come while there is ought to save."

The idea conveyed in the few words which follow, is pretty and well expressed.

———"Friendship's girdle
Must not be put on slackly; 'Tis a chord
That with disuse decays, but never breaks
With straining."

We could find in every page lines well worth extracting, but we must confine ourselves to one more passage:—

"'Tis ever thus with woman, her young heart
Will view the boundless vista of its hopes
As though the glowing present were eternal.
Alas! she sees the flowers, but still forgets
That in their very buds, nay, even with
Their gaudiest hues, the noxious weed is mingled.
And while she walks the Eden of her love,
Remembers not a dreary wilderness
May be beyond it!"

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GUESTS.

Among the many books of amusement which have recently been published, we have seen none more deserving of praise, or more likely to become popular than that whose title is here given. It is a Collection of Tales, supposed to be narrated by a party assembled at the house of the author's grandmother, and hence the name of the book.

The merit of the work seems to consist as much in the manner in which the stories are told, as in the incidents which compose them. The author's style is distinguished by spirit and a delicate vein of humour; these qualities are particularly observable in the sailor's account of his running away from school, and the story of the Yellow Bonze. Nothing like justice could be done to the excellent specimens of story-telling which this little volume contains, by extracts of the very limited extent which we could be able to give; but we may confidently point out the work as one which is likely to prove a favourite with readers in the agreeable and popular branch of literature to which it is devoted, without any apprehension of our opinion being controverted.

THE ARABS, A POEM.

The scene of this poem is, as may be implied from the title, laid in Arabia. The author, Mr. Driver, however, has thought proper not to imitate the style of the Oriental poetry, which he thinks would not suit the public taste. "The higher authorities of the day," he says in his preface, "Southey, whose fine Tale of Thalaba has much of the Arabian glow in its complexion—Byron, into whose depths we are left to dive for the richest of his Orient pearls—and Moore, who comes before us like an Eastern Bride, bearing her rich and splendid dowry at once about her. All have adopted a sort of Anglo-Oriental style, which is highly beautiful and perfectly congenial with our taste: such steps, therefore, I may humbly follow." Among these models, however, the author has evidently given the preference to Byron, and so closely has he studied his great original, as not only to resemble him in his general style, but even to adopt on many occasions, we doubt not unconciously, the same forms of expression. The story is not very clearly told, and the incidents appear somewhat improbable; faults, which connected with the talent displayed in the poem indicate a want of experience in the practical part of authorship. The poem, opens with a comparison between the allusion of a distant horizon, and the mirage which if not very ingenious, is at least quite in accordance with the subject and the scene.

Broad glared the sun upon Tehama's waste,
When o'er its scorching sands, on foaming steed,
A lonely wanderer bounded, wild with haste,
As though the hope of life were in its speed.
And yet, like that false phantom lake, which gleams,
Beneath the desert's unrelenting beams,
Luring the pilgrim, but to leave his tongue
To curse the baffled hope to which he clung—
The far horizon, as he onward sped
Enticed him still;—still mocked his gaze, and fled.

The whole of the description of the desert, however, is very beautiful. We give two stanzas as a specimen :—

Around—around—oppressed by earth and skies,
He turns his gaze :—far off his straining eyes
Discern a single palm tree, which they bless,
As 'twere the land-mark of the wilderness.
Onward again he speeds :— 't is reach'd—'t is past :
But lo !—still others—each too like the last—
Stretch forth their withered arms, as if to shew
In mockery, the way he yet must go.
Blot of Creation ! when the world was reft
From Chaos's grasp, wert thou, drear desert ! left,
A blemish spot upon its form, to give
The rest more beauty, as the skies receive
A rosier tint when clouds bespeak the morn ?
Or is it that from realms—once fresh and fair,
The devastating hand of time hath torn
The earth's green robe, and laid her bosom bare?

The traveller meets with a troop of Bedouins, by the leader of whom he is recognized, as the Prince of Yemen, under whom he had formerly served. It appears, that Morad, the Turkish Pashaw, had about eighteen years before conquered the territory of the Prince, and still kept possession of it, together with the Prince's niece, whom he held in captivity. This Morad had recently encountered a Christian and his party, travelling under the warrant of the Soldan's firman. This, however, proved no protection, for Morad and his followers attacked them. In the fight, Malic, Morad's son, is killed by the Christian knight, who is at the same moment wounded by a blow dealt by Morad's insiduous hand. The reader would expect from the author's previous description of Morad's ferocity, that on witnessing his son's death, he would doom the author of the deed to instant destruction. He, however, on the contrary, grows suddenly calm, has the wounded knight conveyed to his palace, restores him to health, by unremitting attention, encourages the growth of an attachment between the Christian and his fair captive, for the purpose it appears of ultimately sacrificing them both in cold blood, to the manes of his slaughtered son. All this, it must be confessed, is not very probable. But to proceed with the story :—It is to prevent the intended murder of his niece, and to attempt the recovery of his dominions, that the Prince of Yemen comes to the desert, to solicit the assistance of the Bedouins. The Arab Chief promises his aid, and it is determined to attack Morad on the morrow, which is the day appointed for the destruction of the two lovers. Zobeidé, the Prince's niece, is thus prettily described :—

But thoughts of innocence in darkest night,
Like fire-flies sparkling in an Indian grove,
Will court the gloom, and with their own pure light,
Illuminate the solitude they love.
Such were the thoughts that cheered Zobeidé's bower,
Radiant and lovely in the loveliest hour.
But O ! how weak, how vain were words to trace,
Th' unfolding charms—the ever varying grace
Which brightened o'er that more than mortal face.
He who beheld her, dropped his dazzled eyes
As if some being of celestial birth,
Had passed the golden threshold of the skies,

To wander, plumeless, 'midst the scenes of earth.
From the deep darkness of her glance there beamed,
That heavenly light by Paynims fondly dreamed.
Such as 'tis said the Houris' orbs possess,
Fire, tempered by the dews of tenderness.
On her small lips a silent sweetness hung,
Like ambient perfume on the unshaken rose.
And, ere ye listened to her dulcet tongue,
Ye knew each sound which broke their soft repose
Must be all music; as ye know—though mute.
How sweet *would* be the accents of the lute.
If her fair hand a garland wreathed
In rival sweetness o'er the rose she breathed;
And not a lily there had ought to shew,
Which were its blossom, which the hand of snow.
Save that her slender nails with henna dyed,
Looked more like little rose buds by their side.
Dim on such skin were Ormus' purest pearls,
As cloudy streaks upon the virgin moon;
And not a gem that lit her night black curls,
Not all the lustres of her starry zone,
Gave forth one ray to equal that soft charm,
That native elegance which like the beam
That glances o'er the surface of a stream,
Played round her at each movement of her form.

The Arabs arrive in time to rescue the knight, who in his turn flies to save his mistress, who had been by Morad's command placed under an impending rock on the sea shore, to be overwhelmed by the waves. He succeeds in getting her into a boat, when he is killed by an arrow from Morad's bow, and the lovers locked in each others arms, fall beneath the waters. The bodies are afterwards found:—

———there pillowed on the shore,
The hapless pair still undissevered lay.
Ye have beheld the tendril of the vine,
When rudely rent, still round its stem entwine:
So clung the maiden, so in death still prest,
With twining arms, his cold unconscious breast.
T'was the first time those arms had ever held,
Upon her bosom, him whose image filled
The heart within:—though one in soul before,
They never thus were linked till life was o'er.

The Poem is dedicated to Mr. Thomas Moore.

Our limits do not permit us to mention several other publications which have been recommended to our attention. We cannot, however, pass over an elegant little work which we find among them, entitled, "Zoë, an Athenian Tale." The construction of the story though simple, is ingenious, and much good taste and good feeling pervades the composition. A talent for description is shewn in very different ways, both in the dreadful picture of the Plague in Athens, and the pleasing sketches of scenery near that city. Between the opening of the story of Zoë and an article which appeared in No. 8, of the Parthenon, under the title of "Athens, a Sketch for a Picture," there is a remarkable resemblance, which could only arise from the coincidence of the writers having pursued similar classical studies.

Raphael, pinx. F. Ryo del.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO.

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RAPHAEL.

THE portrait which forms the frontispiece to the present number of the Parthenon, being a fac-simile of one given in a life of Raphael, published last year in Paris, by an eminent writer on Art, we are induced to take this opportunity of briefly adverting to the work which has enabled us to lay the print before our readers. It is entitled *Histoire de la Vie, et des Ouvrages de* Raphael, *ornée d' un Portrait, par* M. QUATREMERE DE QUINCY, with this motto:—

Soleva dire Raffaello che il Pittore, ha obligo di fare le cose non come le fa la natura, ma come ella le dovrebbe fare.—Fed. Zuccharo, Lett. Pitt., 6., p. 213.

The biography of a painter, since the days of the merry Bruno and Calandrino, who have furnished the writers of their period with so many diverting tales, seems to offer but slight materials for the entertainment of the general reader. The monotonous life of an artist, spent, as it ought to be, in investigation and study, is seldom of a nature to present that variety of feature and incident which is required to give interest to a biographical narrative. The most distinguished painters are, with few exceptions, usually those who have devoted the greater proportion of their time to the practice of their art, and the history of whose lives can, consequently furnish little more than an enumeration of their various productions. Such is particularly the case with regard to the distinguished individual who forms the subject of these memoirs. His devoted attachment to his art and the quiet tenor of his unostentatious career, leave very little opportunity for any notice, except of his professional engagements, or any discussions, except on the comparative merit of his works. With such a painter as Raphael, this presents, indeed, no limited field for speculation, and M. Quatremere has contrived so to combine the statement of former biographers with his own observations, as to form on the whole a very interesting and instructive work. He has fallen, indeed, into the fault, very common with biographers, that of indiscriminate praise of the objects of their notice, and an unwillingness to allow their merits to have originated any where but with themselves. Thus M. Quatremere is too fond of dwelling on the great difference of style between Raphael and Michael Angelo, and of inferring from that circumstance the improbability of the former having been affected by the works of the latter. Surely, the fact of Raphael's sudden change of manner after his inspection of the great works of the Sistina Chapel, may lead us to infer that those works were the real cause of the change, particularly as it consisted chiefly in the acquirement of a certain degree of that energy and power which so peculiarly characterized the productions of Michael Angelo. It is true that these qualities are so softened down in Raphael's works, and so blended with that grace which "o'ersteps not the modesty of nature," as to leave the styles of these two great painters still very distinct. Michael Angelo looked at Nature with a generalizing eye, and seized her grand characteristic masses, while Raphael examined her more in detail, under all her little varieties of age, sex, condition, and man-

ner. These distinctions are sufficiently obvious to the least-experienced eye, and we do not complain of the author for dwelling on them, but for the inference which he endeavours to draw. On the contrary we look upon his judgment of their relative peculiarities as extremely accurate, and think we need make no apology for laying the following comparison of their styles before our readers:

——————The genius of these two great men had really nothing in common. The germ was different, and the fruit produced could not be the same.

To be convinced of this, it will suffice to refer to the period of their birth, and to consider the state of inefficiency to which the want of practice favourable to the imitation of the human body, must have condemned the art of design. By profound research, and laborious study of anatomy, Michael Angelo opened to himself, and pointed out to his successors, that course, which, among all the diversified paths of imitative art, was the only one directly leading to the fundamental knowledge of the form of the human body. Raphael formed his style of design by observing the combined merits of the best works of his age; but he above all improved himself by the study of antiquity. Vasari informs us that he devoted himself unceasingly to this object: *ch' egli studiasse continuamente.*

It may be asked whether these two courses of study were the result or the cause of the particular bent of mind and taste which distinguished Raphael and Michael Angelo. Whatever may be the reply, it is certain that either the one or the other course will necessarily exercise an influence both on the works of an artist, and on the impression which those works may produce. Michael Angelo early accustomed himself, in his study of the human form, to regard merely the physical man, or a compound of bones, muscles, and tendons. The exquisite skill which he attained in developing the various springs by which the machinery of the human frame is animated, led him to prefer such subjects as were best calculated to display his talent. But the disadvantage of anatomical knowledge, when it predominates over every other acquisition possessed by the artist, is, that it occasions the energetic expression of corporeal form to be substituted for the expression of mind and sentiment. Thus, Michael Angelo always seems to have been intent on making his figures move (in which indeed he has no equal) rather than on making them think. In general, there is no sensibility in his heads, no grace in his composition, no attempt at either expressing beauty, or marking the varieties of age, sex, and rank. He understood only one quality, that of force; and but one kind of expression, that of a gloomy temperament.

The talent of Raphael was formed out of a greater variety of elements, which were ultimately refined and properly adjusted by his taste for antiquity. Already prepared and early inclined to embrace the universality of qualities requisite to constitute a painter, he constantly tended, and rose progressively, from his first to his last work, to that kind of moral point of view which elevates the impressions of sentiment above those of scientific knowledge. This, however, was not his object, still less his only object, but it was the means of his giving the best form to his ideas, and of his expressing the character of every subject in all its most appropriate aspects. Thus, whilst in form and design his rival has but one manner, Raphael changes his at will, or it might rather be said that his manner is changed at the will of the subject he is treating. In short, he possessed the advantage of being familiar with all kinds of subjects, from the most simple to the most sublime. He embraced every branch of composition, religious, historical, mythological, allegorical; and he revived among the moderns all the inventions of the poetic world of Greece.

If Michael Angelo be the greatest of designers, Raphael is the first of painters. But to constitute a painter, many things are requisite, which are not essential to a designer. If, in his original style of drawing, Michael Angelo has the advantage of not being placed

on a parallel with any one, Raphael has the merit of encountering every point of comparison in all styles, and particularly in those of antiquity.

M. Quatremere is sometimes, we think, too sanguine in his calculations on the powers of his favourite painter, particularly where he infers from the background to the celebrated cartoon of Christ delivering the Keys to Peter, that Raphael might have become a fine landscape-painter. With respect to the capabilities of Raphael, if we were to calculate what he *might* have been, from what he *was*, we should indeed be justified in forming almost any expectations from a genius of so vast and extensive a character, had he lived long enough to perfect his powers. But whatever additional talents we might expect him to have acquired, that of landscape-painting seems to be one of the last to be anticipated, more particularly when the inference is founded on such a specimen as that to which the author has alluded. The background in question appears to us to be characterized, *at least as much* as any of Raphael's landscapes, by that extreme poverty and meagreness, and that total want of all attempt at selection or effect, by which they are all more or less distinguished.

M. Quatremere's critical judgments are in general more just than his reasonings, and though they convey little that is new, little that has not been repeated over and over again, of works which have been the admiration of centuries, yet they are sometimes given with a degree of force and piquancy which renders them more than usually interesting. But we have not room for long extracts, and must at present confine ourselves to the following specimens :—

The picture of the Transfiguration completed the glory of Raphael, not only because it was the last fruit of his genius, but because it is the work in which the union of the greatest number of the qualities which distinguish him as a painter are recognized ;—that in which he has carried to the farthest extent the excellence of the pencil, the force of colour, the magic of chiaro-scuro, and other technical beauties of which language can give no idea ;—and we may without prejudice add, that in which are most eminently displayed all the moral perfections which we are accustomed to discover in his other productions. Who does not know that this picture, considered under all the relations of intelligence, sentiment, or imagination, has often given exercise to all the observing faculties of critics or connoiseurs, and that it still affords to writers of learned analyses, an abundance of materials for suggestions and observations of advantage to art ?

We are far from pretending to follow this course, or to enter with the same spirit of discussion, into a detail of all the considerations which naturally arise from so fertile a subject. Restricted to the notice of a few principal points, we can only endeavour to point out the difficulties attached to this composition, and the uncommon ability with which Raphael has overcome them.

He at once perceived, from the nature of his subject, morally and physically considered, that his composition should have a direction upwards. The consequence of this, as will appear in the sequel, was to produce two spaces or grounds, and therefore, in conformity with the text of the gospel, two kinds of scenes. Hence we discover what may be called the general motive of the work.

In the upper division of the picture, Christ has left the summit of the mountain, and appears as if extatically suspended in the air. He is not flying, he is not moving through the aerial space. In attitude he appears fixed and stationary between Elias and Moses, whose floating draperies, by contrast, indicate their descent from heaven. This is the luminous part of the composition. Christ is himself the focus of the light which is transmitted from him to the other figures. Such a subject treated entirely with the view of exhibiting a dazzling brightness proceeding from a totally radiant body, might doubtless

have suggested to a painter who was merely a colourist, the plan of a more brilliant effect; but it will be recollected that it did not accord with the practice of Raphael to speak to the eye, as Correggio or as Rubens might have chosen to do. And had this picture been so painted, who can tell how much the mind would have lost for what the eye would have gained? We mean not, however, to say that Raphael's painting leaves much to be wished for with respect to colour and effect, particularly in the transfigured Christ. Here, indeed, it is impossible not to perceive both the intention and the reality of a luminous, aerial, and skilfully-managed harmony over the whole of his person, over his head and his vestments; as well as over all the surrounding objects. But is not this merit inferior to that expression of divinity which shines throughout the whole of this scene, and the aerial disposition of the three truly celestial figures which contrast so well with the three apostles, who, overpowered by the lustre, lie prostrate on the mountain? How could the presence of the supernatural light of which the effect was to be shewn, or at least an idea to be given, be better indicated? One apostle has thrown himself down with his face to the ground, another turns away his head, and the third has placed his hand before his eyes, as a protection against a light which he cannot support.

The second, or lower scene, is chiefly occupied by the other apostles, who, according to the New Testament, remained at the bottom of the mountain. We are not sure that we do not some times give way to illusion with respect to certain effects of Raphael's pictures, by attributing to the painter intentions which he perhaps never entertained, or of which he really affords no trace. At least, is not this certain, that his works, in proportion as they appear to be dictated by the most profound and just sentiments, are fertile in suggesting motives always different, and interpretations always new? May we not then perceive, in the masses of this composition, the compact groupes of which occupy and completely fill all the inferior space of the picture, a very natural means of forming a contrast with the upper space, and of thereby giving greater value to its aerial effect.

* * * * * * *

Raphael has treated all possible subjects of all times, all ages, and all situations. It may be affirmed, that there is no passion, no feeling, no shade of mind or character, which he has not expressed in all varieties, and in all kinds of degrees:—love, hatred, maternal tenderness, filial affection, respect, adoration, devotion, contempt, pride, humility, ambition, jealousy, hope and fear, cruelty, gentleness, terror and pity, resignation and despair, rage, beatitude, surprise, admiration, bodily pain, anguish of mind, joy and sorrow. His works present the truest images, the most faithful imitations, of all those sentiments which contend for supremacy over the mind of man, and which also manifest themselves on his outward frame, particularly on the countenance, where, as in a mirror, the most secret affections of the soul are reflected.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the pencil of the artist most readily seizes those traits which characterize violent passions; but Raphael is almost the only painter who has accomplished that which constitutes the greatest difficulty in the art of expression. I allude to those delicacies of motion and physiognomy, which betray, in nature, the light shades of habit, manner, and inclination, and which, as several of his compositions attest, the observer may mark on the moveable features of a multitude of persons occupied in one object, or struck by any spectacle. The works of Raphael serve to suggest an infinite number of those fugitive observations which escape theory, like all that is engendered by sentiment and by it alone understood. One is almost sure to find in every object in Raphael's pictures, even in those which seem beyond the domain of thought, certain effects which bring them within it. Mengs has observed that many of his draperies, far from exhibiting that fixed appearance which the use of the mannequin gives to folds, indicate by

their arrangement or their falls, the moment preceding that of the motion in which the figure is represented; and nothing is better calculated to express action and to correct the appearance of immobility.

The little town of Urbino, in the Papal territory, was the native place of Raphael, who was born there in the year 1413. His patronymic name was originally *de Santi* or *Sancti*, which became Italianized into *Sanzio*. The family from which he descended was respectable, but by no means wealthy. The father of Raphael was himself a painter, who, though of moderate talents as an artist, is said to have been blessed, in an eminent degree, with that valuable mental quality called common sense, to which the world perhaps is indebted for the judicious education which contributed to the developement of the genius of his son. The young Sanzio was, at an early age, placed under the care of Pietro Vannucci, commonly called Pietro Perugino, who, though, like other artists of his age, crude and monotonous in his style, was, upon the whole, one of the best instructors then to be found. Painting in his time, as Quatremere observes, had made but little progress, but it was advancing by the best path, that of simple nature. Great poverty, both in invention and in the handling of the pencil; meagreness, and dryness, but also clearness and purity of line; a deficiency in depth and softness of tint, but a fairness and freshness of tone; childish composition, absence of expression, and scarcely any thing like motion, but an artless simplicity in the attitudes, and the truth of portraiture in the heads. These were the characteristics of the contemporary schools of Bellino at Venice, of Francia at Bologna, of Guirlandai at Florence, and of Pietro Vannucci at Perugia; and such also are the qualities to be found in the first productions of Raphael. In No. XI. of the Parthenon, we inserted a sketch of a Virgin and Child, by Pietro Perugino, and contrasted it with a picture of his great pupil, the *Madonna del Cardellino*, which was painted by Raphael at the age of twenty, and which we thought justified the remark, that though the latter picture afforded proof of a great advancement in art, it still bore a strong resemblance to the former, that there was a similarity of character in the action of the figures, in the cast of the draperies, and in the whole composition. It seems, then, notwithstanding his vast superiority of talent, and the immense distance at which Raphael left Perugino behind him, that at the bottom the master and the pupil were still guided by the same principles of art, and that there was between them a congeniality of taste and judgment.

With regard to the work of Quatremere de Quincy, we may venture to recommend it to artists and persons of taste, as containing an interesting view of the life and works of one of the greatest geniuses of modern times. The criticism is often ingenious, and, generally speaking, judicious, but the style is affected, the manner of expression is almost invariably *trop recherchée*, and thus the reader sees at first more in the words than he afterwards finds in the thoughts. Besides, the work supplies, as we have already said, little new information. This indeed could scarcely be expected, after what has already been written on the subject, and particularly the recent accounts of Lanzi and Fiorillo. To the able digest of the latter we shall hereafter have occasion to refer.

Though M. Quatremere de Quincy has very minutely described a great number of the paintings of Raphael, he has passed over in silence the very fine picture of St. Catherine, of which we give a lithographic print in connection with this article. But perhaps no opportunity of seeing it had occurred to him, and engravings of it, we believe, were, until very lately, not to be procured. It was long preserved in the Aldobrandi Palace in Rome, but a considerable period has elapsed, since it was removed to this country.

About a year ago, M. Desnoyers, an eminent French engraver, came from Paris for the express purpose of obtaining a drawing of this St. Catherine, from which he executed an engraving, some copies of which may be seen in town.* When the original, which is the property of Lord Northwick, was exhibited in the gallery of the British Institution, in the year 1816, a drawing of it was made by a young lady. We have endeavoured to reproduce from stone the effect of that drawing, though in a diminished form, for it is nearly of the size of the painting. We think it is impossible not to recognize in the whole of the figure, in the nobleness of the expression, the character of the head, the manner in which it is dressed, and the grand style of the drapery, the master-hand which gave existence to the original work. We solicit a comparison between our print and the French engraving: those who have seen Lord Northwick's valuable picture will judge which best represents it.

M. Quatremere de Quincy has been at much pains to correct a mistake respecting a picture supposed by Bottari to be a portrait of Raphael, and to prove the genuineness of that which forms the frontispiece to his work. As we insert a copy of the portrait given by M. Quatremère, some explanation on this point will not be out of place here.

Raphael painted a portrait of Bindo Altoviti which has always been considered the work in which his success as a colourist was most conspicuous —" Non cedendo," says Bottari, " nelle tinte, alle più fine e vive di Tiziano." An equivocal expression of Vassari, in speaking of this picture, induced Bottari to start a new speculation as to the individual it represents. He maintained that it is a portrait of Raphael himself. This notion, hastily taken up, and propagated without examination, has led the celebrated Morghen into the gross error of engraving and publishing the head of Altoviti as a portrait of Raphael. The phrase used by Vassari in his Life of Raphael stands thus—*A Bindo Altoviti fece il ritratto suo, quando era giovine, che e tenuto stupendissimo.* The question is, how does the word SUO, *his*, apply? In the languages of the south of Europe, a degree of uncertainty sometimes occurs in the use of the possessive pronouns, and a doubt might arise in English, if this passage were literally translated:—" He painted for Bindo Altoviti his portrait, when he was young, which is esteemed most admirable." Melchior Missirini has however shewn, in a dissertation, introductory to a publication on some of Raphael's works, that the conjecture of Bottari is destitute of all foundation, and that there is really no ambiguity in the words of Vassari. To his observations on the construction of the passage, M. Quatremere judiciously adds, that if it had been the wish of Vassari to say that Raphael had painted his portrait to present it to a person of high rank,† he would, in the turn he gave the phrase, have used the words SUO PROPRIO, *his own*. This he would have found indispensible.

* Upon a closer examination, we find that this picture is mentioned, but in a very obscure manner. After the table of contents at the end of the volume, and under the head " Additions and Corrections," there is a reference to a passage in the body of the work, in which it is stated that Raphael was in the habit of making cartoons or sketches in crayons, for his oil paintings. M. Quatremere then says, " His majesty's cabinet possesses one of these cartoons. It is a drawing in black chalk, done by Raphael, and of the natural size, for his picture of St. Catherine, which M. Desnoyers is now engraving." It is, however, rather remarkable that this drawing should be, at M. Quatremere describes it, *de grandeur naturelle*, for the painting is far from being of the size of life: the length of the figure may be about two feet. The enterprize of M. Desnoyers appears to have called M. Quatremère's attention to the picture after his work was printed. This St. Catherine is also omitted in the list of pictures given by Mr. Duppa, as an appendix to his elegant sketch of the Life of Raphael.

† Altoviti was a member of one of the most illustrious families in Italy, having a great 'ace at Rome, and another at Florence.

But the decision of the question does not depend upon a disputed point of construction. It may in the first place be asked, how it happened, that this portrait, which had been preserved in the palace of the Altoviti for two hundred and fifty years before it was seen by Bottari, should, during the whole of that period, have been regarded by the members of that family as representing their ancestor, if it really was the picture of Raphael? Besides, it is distinctly stated by Vassari and posterior writers, and confirmed by an uninterrupted tradition, that Raphael painted himself along with Perugino, Bramante, and others, in the frescos of the Vatican. Of all his portraits, the one in which he is most clearly recognized, is that in the right angle of the school of Athens. Now, Missirini has, with the greatest care, compared the two pictures throughout all their details, and the result is, that the two heads have really no resemblance either in feature or complexion. Bindo Altoviti is fair and of a ruddy colour, whereas Raphael's hair is brown, and his complexion inclines to olive. Such also, according to M. Quatremere, is the portrait painted by Raphael himself in the gallery of Florence, and from which our plate is taken. Another argument may be drawn from the very passage in Vassari on which the doubt was raised. If, as Bottari interprets it, Raphael painted his own portrait when he was young, *quando era giovine*, that may be understood in two ways, with respect to a man who died at thirty-seven, and therefore may be said to have died young. He may have painted a picture so as to make himself appear some years younger than he was—an explanation difficult to be acquiesced in, if even the painting did not in some measure bear testimony against it; for this portrait, in which the artist must be supposed to have designedly made himself look young, has mustachios. Or the picture may be one of Raphael's juvenile productions. But the youth of age implies the youth of talent; we should then find in this work the character of his first essays, and that it had little to recommend it except purity of line. On this supposition we must persuade ourselves that the master-piece of Raphael in colouring, and in which he is considered by Bottari himself as equal to Titian, was executed at an age when he was not capable, nor even ambitious of being a colourist. This painting is perhaps the one which of all others differs in that respect most from his early works. It was removed from the Altoviti palace in Rome, to the palace of the same family near Florence, about the time that Bottari circulated his opinion. The house of Altoviti having then ceased to consider it as a family picture, began gradually to attach less importance to its preservation, and in 1811 it was purchased by the King of Bavaria for 14,000 sequins, or about £7,000.

To return to the portrait with which we are more immediately concerned, namely, that which we have adopted from M. Quatremere de Quincy's work, we find that Ludovico Crespi, in two letters, published in the Lettere Pittoriche, speaks of a portrait of Raphael, painted by himself, which he had seen in the Palace Albani at Urbino. He describes it as really wonderful, and says that it is the only work of Raphael to be seen at Urbino, that it is painted on the wall, with a glass before it, and that it is enclosed in a very large frame. This description corresponds with the portrait at Florence in the collection of portraits of artists painted by themselves. It is covered by a glass, has a very thick frame, and it is painted on a ground of wall-plaster, *dipinto sul muro*. It is therefore probable that the picture to which Crespi alludes, was removed to Florence, for there is now no such portrait in the Albani Palace at Urbino, nor any work of Raphael whatever. The portrait of Raphaael engraved in the Museum Florentinum is the same as that given by M. Quatremere, and which we insert in the Parthenon.

The discussion into which the author has thought it necessary to enter, on the authenticicity of the portraits of Raphael, will doubtless appear to

many to be carried too far; but the question is one of importance to the critic who would form a right judgment of the progress made by the great artist in his successive works. It is known that a great proportion of the paintings which bear his name, were in part the work of other hands. His pupils were employed to a certain extent on pictures to which he gave the last finish. Thus there is now the greatest difficulty in ascertaining what works were completed by Raphael alone, and what were only partially executed by him. It is obvious, then, that to be able to compare some of his pictures painted in oil, would be the best means of ensuring accuracy in a critical decision of the kind to which we have alluded. Now his portraits are precisely the works which may be most successfully resorted to for this purpose. Portraiture, it may be presumed, would be in general reserved for himself; for in no description of painting is the division of labour, at least in the heads, less convenient. From these considerations it may be concluded, that the manner which properly belongs to Raphael is to be recognized with most certainty in his portraits in oil of distinguished persons and of himself.

Raphael was buried in the Pantheon, but his head was, at some subsequent period removed from the place of sepulchre, and deposited in the academy of St. Luke. M. Quatremere relates that this head, now regarded as a sacred relic, receives a sort of religious homage once a year. Every St. Luke's day, when there is a public meeting of the Academy, each student approaches the head, and touches it reverentially with his porte-crayon. But after this scene of innocent superstition is gone through, the feelings which dictate it yield to curiosity, and a physiological examination of the head takes place. Then, observes our author, every one is astonished to find that so diminutive a cranium should have belonged to a man of such extraordinary talents. He is of opinion that the fact of Raphael's head being small, is sufficient to confound what he calls the materialist systems of those who persist in seeking the thinking principle in the organs, and in making the properties of the soul or of the genius depend upon corporeal faculties or forms, a conclusion which, however erroneous the systems repudiated by the author may be, does not seem to follow with logical precision from his premises.

The following epitaphs, written by Cardinal Bembo, were placed on the tomb of Raphael by order of the Pope :—

Raphaeli Sanctio Joan. F. Urbinati
Pictori eminentiss. veterumque æmulo,
Cujus spiranteis propè imagines si
Contemplere naturæ atque artis fœdus facile inspexeris,
Julii II et Leonis X, pont. max. picturæ
Et architect. operibus gloriam auxit
Vixit A. XXXVII. integer integros
Quo die natus est eo esse desiit
VII Id. April. MDXX.

Ille hic est Raphael timuit quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens et moriente mori.

These two verses have been imitated by Pope, and applied, or rather misapplied, to Sir Godfrey Kneller, an association which renders the extravagance of the cardinal's *concetto* the more palpable. They form the concluding lines of Sir Godfrey's epitaph.

Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

Raphael pinx.

St. CATHERINE.

Printed at the Typolithographic Press, White Lion Court Wych Street

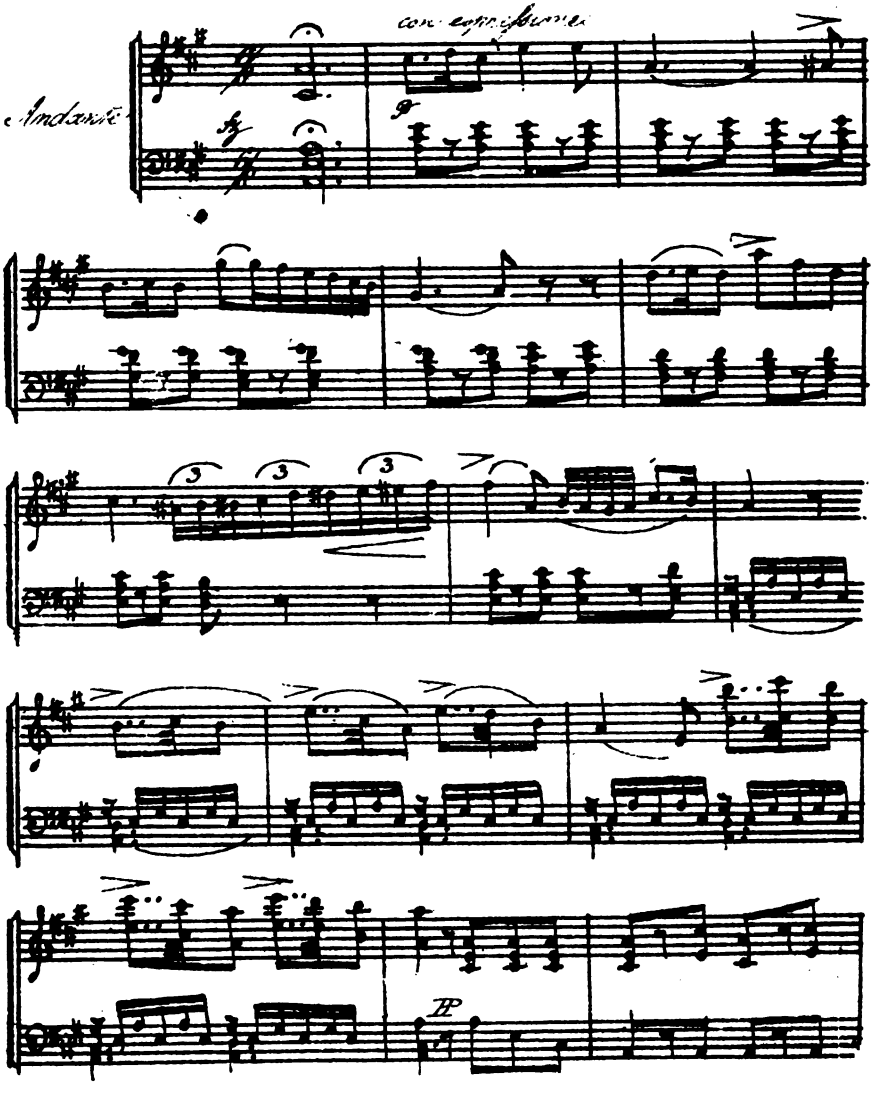
FOR THE PARTHENON.

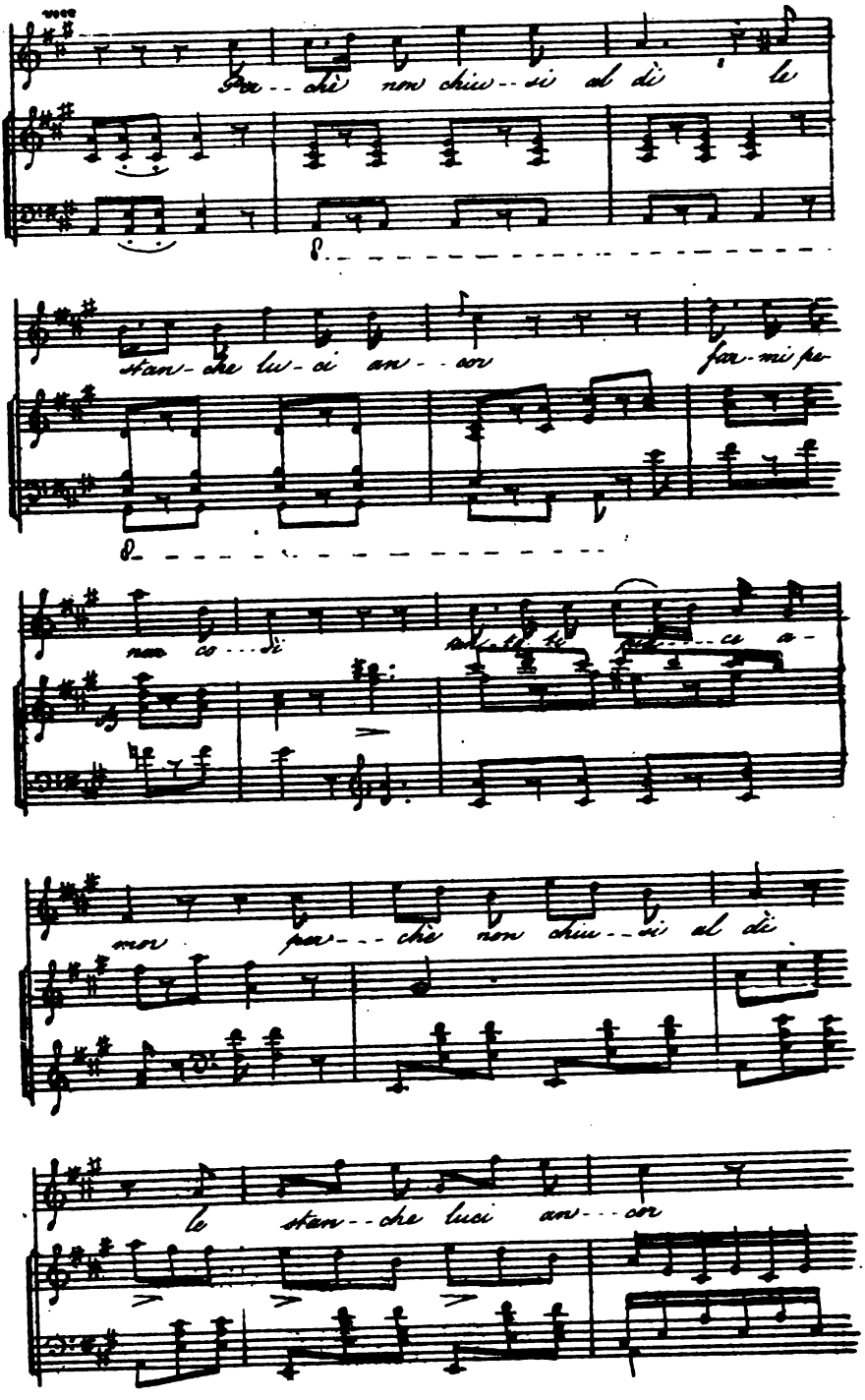
Published by Black Young, & Young, Tavistock St. Covent Garden.

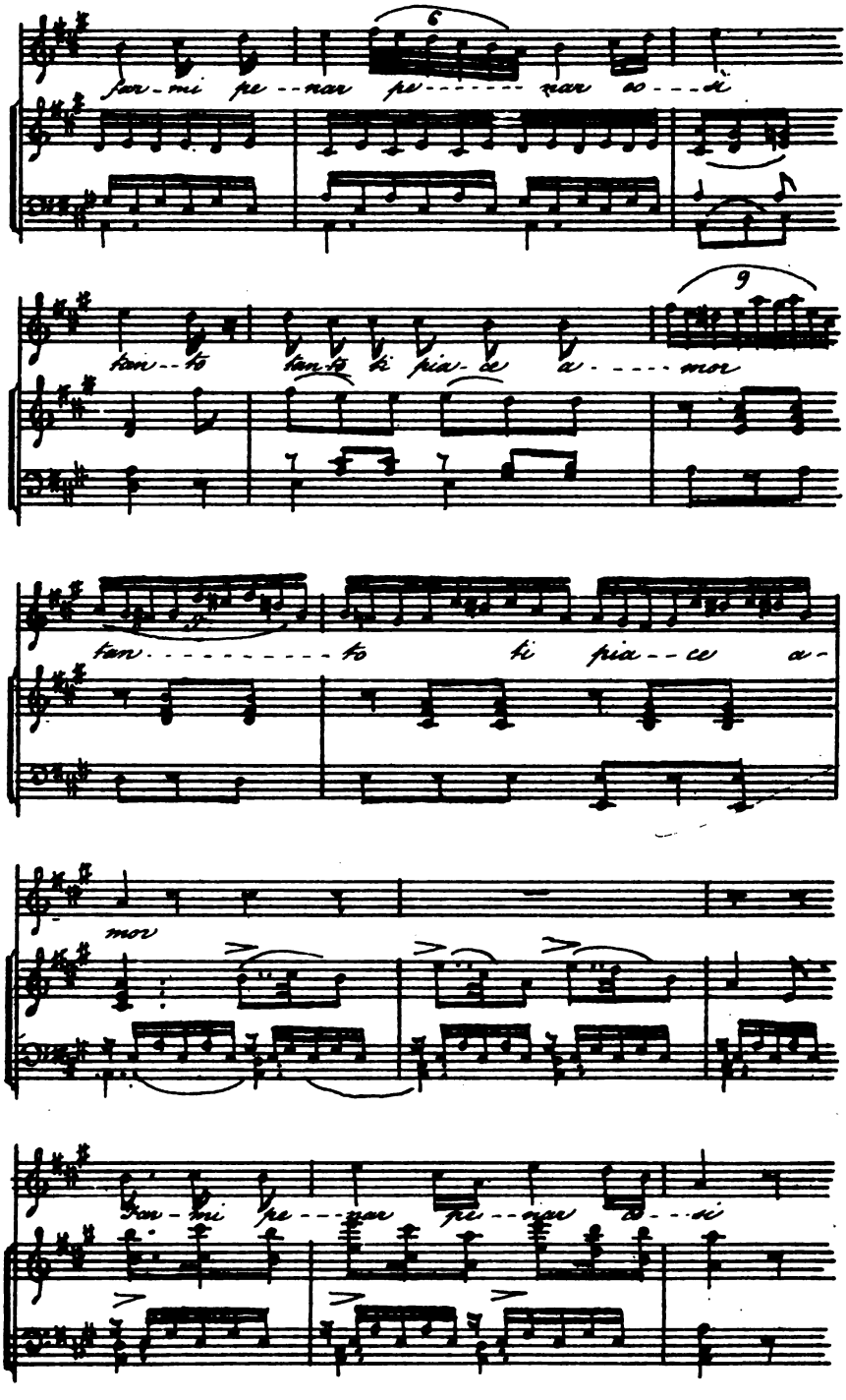
ROMANZETTA,

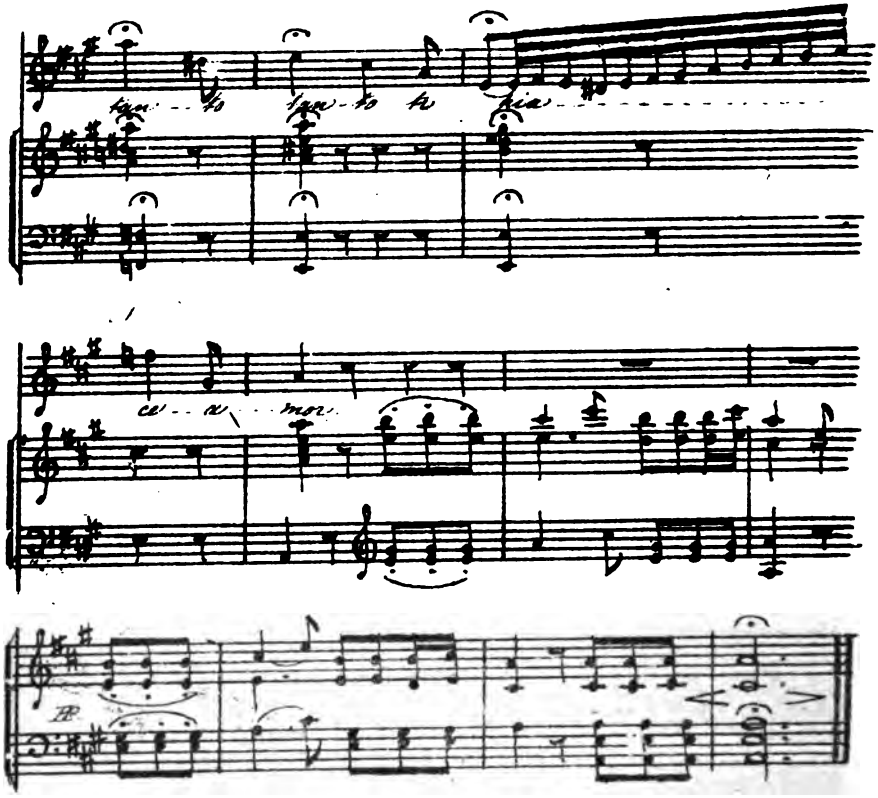
FROM CARAFFA'S OPERA,

GABRIELLA DI VERGI,




Per-chè non chiu-di al dì le
stan-che lu-ci an-cor far-mi pe-
ne co-di
mor per-chè non chiu-di al dì
le stan-che luci an-cor


far-mi pe--nar pe------nar co---si
tan--to tan-to ti pia-ce a-----mor
tan----------to ti pia--ce a-
mor
far-mi pe---nar pe--nar co---si


tan - to tan - to tu hia
ce - a - mor.

NUGÆ JURIDICIALES.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta nocte et caligine mersas.
VIRG. ÆN. VI.

Grey's Inn, October 11, 1825.

I AM going to relate an incident which befel me the other morning in my chambers, as I was sitting in one of those listless, yet meditative moods, which are not unfrequently the successors of a hearty dinner. I had just been left to "darkness and myself" by a fellow-student, who had been taking extraordinary pains to make me comprehend the beauties of Tidd's Practice and Chitty's Pleading, over a bottle of that compound of rats'-bane and sloe-juice, which the courtesy of England denominates port-wine. His luminous and voluminous speeches in elucidation of the various mystical properties belonging to declarations, pleas, replications, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, rebutters, and surrebutters, had produced such a narcotic effect upon my senses, that I was unable to rise up at his departure, either to shut my door, which he had left open, or to light my candles, which were standing on my table, and all but asking to be lighted. I was just preparing to sink back in luxurious indolence in my arm-chair, and to indulge in waking dreams about reaching the bench and sitting on the woolsack, when a slight noise at my side made me start up to learn what had occasioned it. My idea was, that my friend had returned to take "the other bottle" to which I had been pressing him; and I was instructing him where to find it, when a ray from the gas-lights beneath my windows enabled me to discover, that I had in my chambers a very different visitor from the one I expected. To my horror and surprize, I saw the chair, which my friend had vacated, filled by a stranger, whose face, though pale and wan and withered, had something extremely reverend and commanding in its lineaments. His dress, as far as I could distinguish it in the glimmering twilight, which the lamps afforded, was not in any respect similar to the costume of the present day. It consisted of a long dark, priestlike robe, which descended to his feet, and prevented me from seeing the form and fashion of his nether garments. Around his middle was a broad girdle of silk, ornamented with small stripes of different colours; and on his shoulders was a cope furred rather fantastically with lamb-skin, resting on a scarlet hood, which had two tippets attached to it. On his head he wore a *white* coif* of linen, made in the similitude of a skull-piece; and, as I recollected that, in olden time, a coif of such a shape was given to every serjeant learned in the law, to remind him, that, as a soldier was bold under a helmet in time of battle, so ought a serjeant to be bold under a coif in time of pleading, I conjectured that some ancient serjeant, for some wise object he could best expound, had come in full canonicals from the other world to pay me a visit. Of course, the sensation which gradually spread itself over my mind on the suggestion of this idea, was any thing but pleasurable. I would have risen to do homage to my venerable guest, but my legs faltered beneath me, as if they had to support the weight of the thousand and one volumes of the statutes at large. I would have offered him the ancient hospitalities of our inn, nay, I would have even got him, as a great dainty, a musty act of par-

* Vide Strutt's View of the ancient Dress and Habits of the People of England. Vol. II. p. 280.

liament to smell at, had not my right hand forgotten its cunning, and been incapable of dissolving the injunction, which glued it to my chair. I would have congratulated him too on his return from the other world, had not palsy seized my tongue, and chained it fast to the roof of my mouth. In this miserable state of anxiety, I felt my eyes irresistibly attracted to the antiquated appearance of this "great unknown." I watched all his motions with the most intense curiosity; I scrutinized his every glance with the utmost penetration I could command, until I found symptoms of displeasure in his countenance, at the minute investigation, to which, almost without being aware of it, I was rudely subjecting him. At length, after an awful silence of some minutes, which appeared as so many ages, and which were employed by him in examining my dress and features as narrowly as I had examined his, he leisurely raised his hand to his mouth, and gave that loud and solemn hem, without which no "man of law" ever yet ventured on a speech in the courts above, and without which, I make bold to predict, that he will never venture upon one in the courts below. He then stroked his chin, with that peculiar grace which belongs to the gentlemen of the bar, and having adjusted the bands, which I ought to have stated he wore around his neck with great formality, addressed me in that medley of law Latin, Norman French, and obsolete English, which, though it was once the favourite slang of the profession, would perhaps have long since fallen into complete desuetude but for the laborious exertions and sesquipedalian amplifications of the learned gentleman who now fills the office of Solicitor General. Of the various matters on which this venerable personage discoursed, I will endeavour to give a concise sketch; but as I am a plain matter-of-fact man, who detest and abominate that "Babylonish dialect," which certain learned persons so much affect, I will translate the "leash of languages" he spoke, into the English tongue, which is ordinarily employed in drawing-rooms and coffee-houses, and will, as far as in me lies, render the information he favoured me with, intelligible without the aid of a sworn interpreter.

"Young man," exclaimed this ancient graduate of the law, "dismiss your idle fears, and attend to the questions I am come to propound to you. This coif,"—and here he raised to his head a shrivelled hand, which was so transparent that I saw through it a passing cloud overshadow the moon,—"this coif will inform you of the dignity I was invested with, whilst, like you, I was a busy, buzzing insect of the earth. A rumour has reached the realm of pounce and parchment, reserved in Elysium for the sages of the law, that this dignity, once so venerable, now so little prized, is to be still further shorn of its glories by some strange innovation,* which is to let into the Court of Common Pleas, the whole rank and file of the legal profession. We have debated the impropriety of such a measure among ourselves with as much prolixity of eloquence as was ever displayed by Irish gentlemen in St. Stephen's Chapel, on an Irish question; and we have come to a resolution to employ Lord *Graves* and Sir I. *Coffin*, whom we have all known "intus et in cute," to present petitions against it to the two houses of Parliament, if on my being taken back to the place from which I came, I shall report that the idea of such a scheme is still persisted in. It is to gain information upon that point, that I have been deputed by my learned brothers to revisit "the glimpses of the moon;" and as I have still a lingering affection for the chambers in which I spent the infancy

* This rumour must have arisen from the observations of Mr. John Williams and Mr. Secretary Peel, in the House of Commons, in the month of June last, respecting the propriety of remodelling the machinery of our courts of law, and particularly of the Court of Common Pleas.

of legal life, I have come, in special favour, to you, their present occupant, to procure the intelligence I require. Say, can you, or can you not, procure it for me?"

This question, which was put in a very sententious and authoritative tone, increased the terror which already subdued me. Twice I essayed to answer it, but twice in vain. At last, I faltered out with excessive difficulty, that I knew nothing on the subject, except from the proceedings of the last session of Parliament, but that, if he would allow me, I would get him the newspapers, which might perhaps contain matter to satisfy his curiosity.

"The newspapers!" replied the learned sergeant, in that mixed tone of anger and contempt, under which certain persons, even in the present times, seek to disguise their fear and hatred of the press,—"The newspapers! let me not suffer a second death by a repetition of their absurdities. Your new-fangled principles of liberality may lead you to bear with such noxious vermin; but my antiquated notions of expediency teach me to scout them as the bane of society. In my time, we had a convenient mode of punishing the offences, in which it is now their system and their pride to deal. For a year and a day, we inclosed within four strong walls all the ingenious gentlemen who amused their leisure by devising tales to prejudice the prelates, dukes, earls, barons, and other great men of the realm.* But you,—you leave every puny whipster at liberty to defame his superiors, and shew no more respect to a lord chancellor than you do to his lacquered footman. In my time, too, a tipstaff and a warrant from my lord chief justice would have soon stopped the career of any scribbler who dared to describe the proceedings of his court without his formal *imprimatur;* but now you allow the mysteries of the law to be unfolded day by day to the eyes of the unlearned; and the consequence of your folly is, that the law itself, as well as those who follow it, is becoming a mere byword and reproach in the mouth of the vulgar."

The visage of the learned serjeant here assumed a most portentous longitude, and grew dim, marvellously "dim with sadness." He paused awhile, raised his lack-lustre eyes to heaven, heaved a sigh which would have won the heart of a sentimental sempstress, and, after wiping from his cheek one of those "iron tears," which lawyers sometimes shed, proceeded in tones more sepulchral than before, to mourn over the departed glories of his profession. "Think, young man, think with me, of the bygone days, when the coif of the law was proudly displayed among the mitres of the church and the coronets of the nobility! when we who wore it had summons to parliament with the justices of either bench! when we doffed it not in the King's presence, although in talk with his majesty's highness! when we marched in our solemn habits to St. Paul's, to select the pillar where we should dispense sage counsel to our clients, accompanied by all the chivalry of England! when we feasted them on our return for seven days, with banquets like those of a royal coronation!† when we rendered those banquets memorable to our guests by the presents we distributed among them! when every prince, duke, and archbishop, every abbott, notable prelate, and worshipful knight, every justice and baron of the King's supreme courts, who joined in our festivities, received

* This was done by virtue of the statute of *scandalum magnatum*, passed in the reign of Richard the Second,—a statute which, amidst all our reforms, is still unrepealed!

† The very expression of Fortescue in his immortal panegyric on the laws of England "Festum celebrant et convivium ad instar coronationis regis." This will not appear so surprising, when the reader comes to a sentence which follows closely after it. "Neque est advocatus in universo mundo, qui ratione officii sui tantum lucratur ut serviens hujusmodi."

from us massy rings of gold, agreeable to his rank! * when no man of law, throughout the universal world, made so much gain as those who were decked with the "white insignment of our habit!" Alas, ever since its colour has been changed to gloomy black, ever since our heads have been unshaven, and our close caps have given way to powdered periwigs, we have been retrograding in the world; and now, if the profits we have so long monopolized, be wrested from us, and divided among the bar at large, we who have carried bags so long, must hereafter carry wallets, and instead of living to study, must, like my worthy friend, the Ex-Chancellor Bacon, be content to study to live. Alas! alas! such foul scorn was never intended us, since England enjoyed the advantage of a parliament; and if it be inflicted upon us, we shall have to encounter many a dumb day † far more gloomy than that which I have

* The rings given to the chief justices formerly weighed twenty shillings a piece. In the year 1669, the rings which certain new-made serjeants gave to them weighed but eighteen shillings a piece. On the junior of them coming one day into the Court of King's Bench, the Lord Chief Justice Kelynge informed him that the rings which he and his brother serjeants had given, were under weight, and at the same time added, that "he spake not this expecting a recompense, but that it might not be drawn into a precedent, and that the young gentlemen in court might take notice of it." Mod. Rep. I. 9.

† As the allusion of the learned serjeant may not be understood by all my readers, I subjoin, for the purposes of explanation, the following anecdote from the Life of Lord Keeper North, by his brother Roger, attorney-general to James the Second.—"It hath been the usage of the King's Bench, at the side-bar below in the hall, and of the Common Pleas in the chamber within the Treasury, to hear attornies and young counsel, that came to move them about matters of form and practise. His lordship had a younger brother of the profession of the law. He was newly called to the bar, and had little to do in the King's Bench, but the attornies of the Common Pleas often retained him to move for them in the Treasury such matters as were proper there, and what they might have moved themselves. * * * The serjeants thought that method was or might become prejudicial to them, who had a monopoly of the bar, and supposed it was high time to put a stop to such beginnings, for fear it might get worse. But the doubt was, how they should signify their resentment, so as to be effectually remedial. At length they agreed for one day to make no motions at all; and opportunity would fall for shewing the reason how the court came to have no business. When the court was set (on this dumb day, as it was called) the Chief Justice gave the usual signal to the eldest serjeant to move. He bowed, and had nothing to move. So the next, and the next, from end to end of the bar. The chief, seeing this, said, "Brothers, I think we must rise: here is no business." Then an attorney steps forward, and calls to a serjeant to make his motion; and, after that, turned to the court, and said he had given the serjeant his fee, and instructions over night to move for him, and desired he might do it. But profound silence still. The chief looked about, and asked what was the matter?" An attorney, who stood by, very modestly said, that he feared the serjeants took it ill, that motions were made in the Treasury. Then the chief scented the whole matter, and "Brothers," said he, "a very great affront is offered us, which we ought, for the dignity of the court, to resent. But, that we may nothing too suddenly, but take consideration at full leisure and maturely, let us now rise, and to-morrow morning give order as becomes us. And do you, attornies, come all here to-morrow, and care shall be taken for your despatch; and rather than fail, we will hear you, or your clients, or the barristers at law, or any person that thinks fit to appear in business, that the law may have its course." And so the court rose. This was like thunder to the serjeants, and they fell quarelling one with another about being the cause of this great evil they had brought upon themselves. For none of them imagined it would have such a turn as this was, that shaked what was the palladium of the coif, the sole practise there. In the afternoon they attended the chief and the other judges of the court, and in great humility owned their fault, and begged pardon, and that no further notice may be taken of it, and they would be careful not to give the like offence for the future. The chief told them that the affront was in public, and in face of the court; and they must make their recognitions there next morning, and in such manner as the greatness of their offence demanded, and then they should hear what the court would say to them. Accordingly they did; and the chief first, and then the rest in order, gave them a formal chiding, with acrimony enough;—all which, with dejected countenances they were bound to hear. When their discipline was over, the chief pointed to one to move, which he did (as they said) more like crying than speaking. And so ended the comedy, as it was acted in Westminster Hall, called the Dumb Day."

heard my learned brothers say, befel them in the merry days of Charles the Second."

I had by this time recovered from the sudden damp which this extraordinary visitor had cast upon my spirit, and with a boldnefs for which I cannot now account, I determined to lower his pride by reminding him of some of the indignities which had formerly fallen to the lot of gentlemen learned in the law. I recollected, that a statute of Edward the Third declared all practising lawyers incapable of being elected members of Parliament, and that Henry the Fourth, some years afterwards, gave strict charge to the sheriffs of counties and other returning officers to see that this statute was carefully enforced. I thought it expedient, however, to forget the existence of such a statute, lest, in aiming a shot at the learned serjeant, I should be wounded by the recoil of it myself. I muttered, nevertheless, between my teeth, something about the first statute in which the ancient dignity of a *contour* or serjeant is mentioned. The words, though scarcely articulate, reached his ear and attracted his attention. He turned upon me a look of contempt, and said, "You are alluding to the statute * of Westminster, passed in the the third year of Edward the First, and because it provides a punishment for serjeants at law, if they do any matter of deceit or collusion in the King's Court, are gravely and logically inferring, that they must all have been shuffling pettifoggers, with little pretensions to probity and honour,—in short, a species of Old Bailey practitioners, with nothing to recommend them but their noise and their impudence. Why, you might as well infer from the dictum of Kenilworth, which provides that "all knights and squires, *who are robbers*, if they have no land, shall pay the half of their goods, and find sufficieut security to keep the peace of the kingdom," that all the knights and esquires of England, in the reign of Henry the Third, were not a whit better than common highwaymen. Wise and sagacious youth! proceed to argue as you have begun, and lucky will be the sons of women, who escape employing you as their advocate."

I protested with much seriousness against a conclusion so galling to my *amour propre*, but with so little effect, that I saw the learned serjeant was chuckling in his own mind at the overthrow he had given me. I allowed him to enjoy his triumph for some time, in hopes that it would render him as loquacious as serjeants at law generally are, and as by prescription they are entitled to be; but, when I found him lapsing again into a green and yellow melancholy, I thought that the best method of drawing him out of it would be by hinting a doubt of the truth of some of the boasts he had just been making. I therefore said to him, "You tell me of your giving feasts in former times like to the feast of a king's coronation:—in the name of goodness where did you hold them? Such feasts could never smoke on the boards of that deformed and tottering building in Chancery Lane, which bears your name; nor could that spot, which is now the resort of all the vagabonds in England, ever be the resort of all it once contained of great and honourable?"

"Young man," replied the learned serjeant, "you are again drawing false conclusions from erroneous premises. There have been noble feasts in Serjeant's Inn, and noble personages to grace them, too; but our great and

* "In the reign of Edward the First, in consequence of the mal-practises prevalent among all ranks of persons attendant upon courts, it was ordained that, if any serjeant pleader or other do, or consent to, any manner of deceit or collusion, in the King's Court, in order to deceive the court or party, he shall be imprisoned for a year and a day, and shall never after be permitted to plead in court."—Vide Reeve's History of English Law, vol. II. p. 128. Edit. 1788.

memorable feasts were given in the halls of Lambeth Palace, Ely House, and other great and spacious mansions, of which nothing but a name survives to posterity. Is it not written in the records of the inns of court, how in the reign of Henry the Seventh, when Edward Elliott, Lewis Pollard, and Guy Palmer, were invested with the coif, they kept their feast for seven days in Lambeth Palace? is is not written, too, how the King afterwards dined with them in Serjeant's Inn, how all the students of the Inner Temple attended at the dinner, and "many others, to the number of a thousand?" Again, is it not written by that rich and facetious alderman, who thought the dinners of the corporation of London, and the pageantries of its companies better worth describing than the victories of Cressy and Agincourt, and who saw nothing so memorable in the whole reign of Henry the Fifth, as the erection of a new cross on the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral,—is it not written, I say, by him, how in Ely House, divers great feasts were made by the serjeants at law? is it not written how "in Michaelmas Term, 1464, Matthew Philip, Major of London, with the aldermen, shireeves, and commons of divers crafts, being invited, did repair thereto"? Is it not written how, "when this major looked to keep his state in the hall, as it had been used in all places within the city and liberties, (out of the King's presence) the Lord Grey of Ruthin, then Treasurer of England, unwitting the serjeants, and against their will, was first placed"? is it not written, how "the said major, aldermen, and commons, then departed home," and how the major, with a proper regard to the gastronomic feelings of his brother magistrates, "made the aldermen to dine with him," but, with an aristocratic disregard to the hungry bowels of the commons, left them to get a dinner where they could? Is it not written that "the major and all the citizens were wonderfully displeased that he was so dealt with, and that the new serjeants and others were sorry therefore, and had rather than much good, as they said, that it had not so happened?" Is not all this—aye and more than this—written, not only in the chronicles of the inns of court, but also in those of the city of London, and will you still turn with incredulous ear from the description of the ancient glories of the law? If you are still obdurate to the evidence of facts, and can still "doubt truth to be a lyar," listen to the words of my excellent friend Lord Chancellor Fortescue. None of those discreet and elect persons, whom the Lord Chancellor, "incontinent, by virtue of the King's writ, has charged to appear before the King, at an appointed day, to take upon themselves the state and degree of a serjeant at law shall defray the charges growing to him out of the solemn feast he has to give with less expenses than the sum of 400 marks, so that the expenses which eight men,"—the number of serjeants which he says were usually made at one call in his time—"shall then bestow will amount to the sum of 3200 marks." And this too at a time when wheat was selling at twelve pence a quarter, and good wine of Gascony at forty shillings a ton, when forty shillings a year was deemed a sufficient estate to supply all the common necessaries of life, when eighty crowns a year was a competent allowance to maintain a student of rank at an inn of court, and a greater charge * than any

* Fortescue, in his tractate "de laudibus legum Angliæ" writes thus:—"In his majoribus hospitiis nequaquam potest studens aliquis sustentari minoribus expensis in anno quam octoginta scutorum; et si servientem sibi ipse ibidem habuerit, ut eorum habet pluralitas, tanto tunc majores ipse sustenebit expensas. Occasione vero sumptuum hujusmodi *ipsi nobilium filii* tantum in hospitiis illis leges addiscunt, cum pauperes et vulgares pro filiorum suorum exhibitione tantos sumtus nequeunt suffere, et mercatores raro cupiunt tantis oneribus annuis attenuare mercandisas suas." Mr. Amos, of Lincoln's Inn, in the

commoner could bear, when 30 marks was the annual salary granted to the justices of the King's Bench, and when even that salary was not paid to them by the Exchequer without considerable difficulty.* Why, your lawyers of the present day disturb earth and sea and sky with their indignation, if, when they wish to assume the coif, the coif be refused them; yet, in former times, your lawyers were more anxious to reject than to assume it, on account of the heavy expense it entailed upon them. I recollect one remarkable instance of this reluctance occurring in the time of Henry the Fifth. That monarch had not been more than three years upon the throne, when a formal complaint was presented to the Honse of Commons against my friends, Martyn, Babington, and others, whose names shall be nameless, that they, having received the King's writ, declined to take upon themselves the degree of Serjeant at Law, and thereby prevented the subjects of the King from being well served in his court. They were, in consequence, summoned to the bar to answer the complaint. There they pleaded their inability to meet the expenses such degree would occasion, and prayed the house to excuse them from taking it. The house, however, would do no such thing, but on the contrary enjoined them, at their peril, to shew no further disobedience to his majesty's command. Now this is proved by a record of Parliament; and "histories," as my Lord Coke observes, "may be safely believed, when there is a record to warrant them." Have you now any further objection to offer to the veracity of my statement? If you have, say on, that I may overwhelm you with a further accumulation of proofs."

I assured my unknown guest, that he needed not to add another word upon the subject, as I was perfectly convinced by the facts he had already stated; and I assured him so the more readily, as I saw him casting his eyes ever and anon, with great demureness, upon certain folio volumes of black letter reports, which had slept undisturbed for many a month, upon the shelves of my library. I was afraid that the accumulation of proofs was to come either from the year books, or from my Lord Chief Justice Dyer's, or from my Lord Chief Justice Coke's reports; and I would as soon have been overwhelmed by the wet sheets of a radical newspaper as by the dry sentences of such great legal authorities. I therefore began to consider, whether I could not withdraw his attention from those learned reports by some cunning stratagem; and, as good luck would have it, the idea of making a diversion for that effect, suggested to me the expediency of asking my learned visitor, what kind of diversion those feasts, of which he boasted so much, produced to the venerable personages who were called upon to give them. The question appeared to stagger my antiquated guest; but I could not guess why, till I heard his answer. After great deliberation, he broke silence in these words, which are yet tingling in my ear, "Young man, the new serjeants, in my time, sat down apart, two at one mess, and used to dine with sober countenances and little communication. THEIR dinner was not Epicuryous, nor very sumptuous, but yet moderately, discretely, and sufficiently ordered, with a wise temperance, without excess or superfluity, as it

excellent edition he has lately published of this author, appends the following note to this passage. "Mr. Hallam considers 16 to be a proper multiple, when we would bring the general value of money in the reign of Henry the Sixth, to our present standard."

* In the 17th year of Henry the Sixth, the judges of all the courts, the King's attorney, and King's serjeant, presented a petition to the commons complaining of the inadequacy of their salaries to their expenses, and also informing the house that they had not received any part of them for the last two years.—Vide Dugdale's Orig. Jurid. for this petition.

was most convenient, and to learned lawyers, and sober and expert counsellors, was most decent and requisite." *

I would have cried, "hear, hear," to this sententious reply, had I not still felt some little awe for my extraordinary visitor. In spite of all my efforts to the contrary, I could not help smiling when I heard him talking with such emphasis about what was decent in sober counsellors, recollecting, as I did, that these sober counsellors were many of them more conversant with the courts of love than the courts of law, and that they were all of them as expert in opening dances † as in opening cases before his majesty's justices. He observed my smiles, and answered it with a speech, almost as long and quite as tedious, as the pamphlet with which the Frenchman answered the silence of M. de Lamotte. The words of it have escaped my memory, but the tenor of it was, that it would not have been right to allow the serjeants to have become too merry upon such occasions, lest they should have belied, by intemperate behaviour, "the great commendation" which it was the business of the lord chancellor to bestow upon them, along with his solemn blessing that evening, at the conclusion of the feast, and lest they should have been too indisposed the next morning to attend to the "godly, but prolix declaration of their duties," which it was the business of the lord chief justice of the King's Bench to deliver to them in open court. He repeated to me many of the speeches made on such occasions, but dwelt with peculiar pride and pleasure on the eloquent oration which Lord Chief Justice Dyer made to sundry serjeants that were created in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He bestowed warm approbation on those passages of it, in which the learned judge counselled his learned brothers to be discreet, to ride in a short gown, to travel with six horses and their sumpter in long journeys, and to wear their habit in all places at good assemblies, and he lamented very bitterly that this counsel had not been followed so strictly as it ought, of late years. The passage, however, which attracted my attention most, and his

* These are the very words in which the dinner of the new-made serjeants is described in an account of one of them, which the reader will find in Sir W. Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales.*

† The number of illegitimate children exposed in the inns of court, and especially in Serjeant's Inn, was formerly so numerous, that the *ancients* (as the benchers were then called) were obliged, on more than one occasion, to make ordinances for their support. Slander asserted, that the gentlemen of the inns of court were in general the fathers of the infants thus exposed, and that they were performing nothing more than an act of duty in providing for the maintenance of their offspring. I may add, as a rider to this note, that, in the olden time, dancing was considered an essential part of a lawyer's education. Fortescue says, that the students in the four inns of court "cantare addiscunt, similiter et se exercent in omni genere harmoniæ; ibi etiam *tripudiare* ac jocos singulos nobilibus convenientes exercere." M. Amos, in a note on this passage, remarks that in the reign of James the First, barristers were put out of commons by decimation, for the *offence of neglecting to dance before the judges.* Nor will this appear so very extraordinary, when it is recollected that the very judges themselves were accustomed to dance at the antique masques and revels of their respective houses. Mr. Wynne, in the notes to his Eunomus, mentions a comparatively recent occasion, on which the learned judges tripped it merrily "on the light fantastic toe." The last revel, he says, held in any of the inns of court, was at the Inner Temple, in 1732, in honour of Mr. Talbot, when he took leave of that house, of which he was a bencher, on having the great seal delivered to him. Among the other mummeries then performed, the following could not have been the least amusing:—"After dinner, the master of the revels, who went first, took the Lord Chancellor by the right hand, and he with his left took Mr. Justice Page, who joined to the other judges, serjeants, and benchers present, *danced round about the coal-fire in the hall, according to the old ceremony, three times;* during which they were aided in the figure of the dance, by Mr. G. Cooke, the prothonotary, then upwards of sixty years old." What a pity it is that our theatrical managers cannot furnish us in the present day, with a ballet, danced by similar characters!

least, was that in which the chief justice read his brethren a lecture against being captious either with him or with one another. Such a caution naturally led to the inference, that the Court of Common Pleas was as often visited by discord two hundred and twenty years ago, as it is at this day, and that the present chief has not a more difficult task than his predecessors in preventing the peace of our sovereign lord the King from being disturbed by the contentious spirit of his learned brothers. I did not give a hint of this discovery to my learned friend, lest I should offend him by it; but I treasured it up in the storehouse of memory, to be made use of at a fitting opportunity.

My ancient visitor ran himself out of breath before I again ventured to address him; but observing that he was much delighted by the patient attention I bestowed upon his long-winded narrative, I made bold to put to him some indifferent question respecting the former condition of the inns of court. I soon repented me of what I had done,—for the old stager, in answer to my question, inflicted upon me a long history of those societies from their first institution, and favoured me with several observations, which I could have well dispensed with, on the excellent aim and tendency of these legal commonwealths. I collected, however, from the tenor of his discourse, that he was exceedingly wroth at the laxity of discipline which at present prevailed among them. The gay apparel of most of the students made him boil and bubble with disdain; and he more than hinted, that if he were again a master of the bench, the old sumptuary law should be revived, which compelled them to "order their habits and hair to decency and formality."* He admitted, however, that there was one improvement in the manners of our lawyers in embryo, which gave him unmixed satisfaction. None of them now went into hall with a beard of even three weeks growth; and the decree that any student sporting a beard there of longer growth should forfeit for it twenty shillings was happily become a dead letter."† He complained, how-

* In the 4th and 5th of Philip and Mary, it was ordered by the benchers of the Middle Temple, that none of this "society shall wear any great *brysches* in their hoses, made after the Dutch, Spanish, or Almon (German) fashion, or lawnde upon their caps, or cut dublets, upon pain of 3s. 4d. forfeiture for the first default, and the second time to be expelled in the house." In the 26th Eliz. it was ordered that no great ruff be worn, nor any white colour in dublets or hosen, nor any facing of velvet in gowns, but by such as were of the bench:—that no hat, or curled hair be worn, nor any gowns but such as are of a sad colour. In the year 1635, the benchers enjoined the students to keep the case, to perform their exercises, to order their habits and hair to decency and formality, and to yield due respect and observance to the benchers.

† The proper trimming of beards seems to have caused much anxiety in former days to the benchers of the inns of court. I subjoin some of the orders which were issued on this point. In the 33rd year of Henry the Eighth, an order was made that none of the fellows of Lincoln's Inn, being in commons, should wear a beard, and whoso did, to pay double commons, during such time as he should have *any* beard. This order not being strictly observed, the penalty was made greater in the first year of Queen Mary. Such as had beards were to pay twelve pence for every meal they continued them, and every man was to be shaven, on pain of being put out of commons. In the first of Elizabeth, the fine was still further increased. A fine of 3s. 4d. was inflicted for the first offence, of 6s. 8d. for the second, and of banishment for the third. Similar decrees were made in the other inns of court about the same time. In 38th of Henry the 8th, the gentlemen of the company of the Inner Temple were ordered to reform themselves in their cut or disguised apparel, and not to have long beards; and in the first and second of Philip and Mary, no fellow of that house was to wear his beard above three weeks growth, upon pain of twenty shillings forfeiture. Ridiculous as these orders may appear, (and there are many more like them in

ever, that many "lewd and dangerous persons" were suffered to lodge in the inns of court, and regretted that search was not made for them as formerly, every term, with a view to their punishment and expulsion. A cherry-cheeked damsel of eighteen, who tripped merrily from the pump with a water-pitcher in her hand into the chambers on the opposite side of the square to mine, drove him almost mad with indignation. He told me, that in his time, an order was made that no laundresses should come into any gentleman's chamber in Grey's Inn, unless they were full forty years old, and that they were forbidden, upon pain of dismissal to send their maid-servants of any age there, on any pretext whatever. The world, which had grown wickeder as well as older, since he had left it, must, he said, be coming to a pretty pass, when such a proceeding, as he had just witnessed, could take place in open day. The benchers who permitted, and the students who committed, such depravities, were alike the theme and object of his displeasure; and it is impossible to say, to what lengths his puritanic zeal might have carried him, had it not been suddenly dispersed by a fit of passion as sudden and unaccountable as his visit itself. It was not without considerable difficulty that I succeeded in extricating from him the cause of it, which was so extravagantly ludicrous, that I could hardly believe my ears when he first mentioned it. It appeared, that, in the intervals of our conversation, he had taken up from my table that catalogue of "scorpions and asps and amphisbænas dire," which is monly denominated the Law List; and, in listlessly turning over its leaves, had discovered that one half of the residents in the inns of court were practising attornies. The aristocratic pride of the learned serjeant was instantly in arms. "What," said he, in a voice inarticulate with rage, "do you allow these vermin to burrow in the high places, where Fortescue, and Bacon, and Coke, and other intelligent luminaries of the law, formerly pursued their learned lucubrations? Are those base immaterial persons, whose whose very nature is inferior to ours, to be suffered to beard us in the very cradlehouse of our studies? Degenerate indeed, must the temper of the times be, if the inns of court, which formerly unanimously agreed * that it was "no small disparagement to their dignity to have an attorney admitted among their members," have at last determined that there shall be no difference preserved between those who have the *officium ingenii* and those who have merely, as Lord Coke well observed, the *officium laboris!* Shades of Fortescue and Bacon, how will your spirits grieve, when you learn that the poor and vulgar are now permitted to reside in those places which you reserved for those only who could prove themselves gentlemen by descent."

Dugdale) they are not a whit more ridiculous than the orders which existed only ten years ago in Trinity College, Cambridge, where green coats and black gaiters constituted an offence, which immediately put the wearers out of sizings and commons.

* There are several decrees to that effect. The following is the preamble of one of them. "For that there ought always to be preserved a difference between a counsellor at law, which is the principal person next unto serjeants and judges in the administration of justice, and *attornies and solicitors, which are but ministerial persons and of an inferior nature,* therefore it is ordered, &c. &c." In the reign of Charles the Second, the words were "attornies, which are but *immaterial persons* of an inferior nature." In the reign of George the Fourth, no chancellor of the exchequer will venture to call them immaterial persons. In the year 1824, they contributed to the revenue nearly £200,000. in the following items: Stamp duties on their articles of clerkship £81,350., on their annual certificates £99,520., and on their admissions in the same time £8,000. Such at least was the statement in their petition presented to the House of Commons in the last session by Mr. Scarlett.

I shall not pursue his idle ravings upon this topic further, because my object is not so much to preserve the "tottle of the whole," as the substance of his observations. In vain did I attempt to change the current of his thoughts by adverting to subjects which appeared to me likely to soothe his vanity and gratify his pride. Indeed, my efforts to please rather tended to annoy my venerable visitor; for, on inviting him to look at the increased extent and improved external condition of our inn since he had left it, he replied with a frown, that he would rather see its buildings still so mean as to compel the benchers to lodge double,* than see them increased and beautified, as is now doing, at the expense of the trees, which his friend Bacon had planted, and under which he had sought refuge from the vexations of fortune.

The abstraction of mind into which I was cast by this uncommon visitant, had caused me, until this period of our conversation, to overlook the palpable incivility with which I was treating him, in keeping him so long, like a confined juryman, without either fire or candle. In my hurry to repair the fault I had committed, I sprung suddenly from my chair, seized hold of my tinder-box, brought my flint and my steel into instant collision, and by the assistance of a match, procured a light, and applied it to my candles. I then turned round to apologize for my unintentional rudeness, when, to my great surprise, I found myself the solitary and shivering inmate of my chambers. I looked around and above and below me; but not even the shadow of a shade presented itself to my view, as I slowly opened and reopened my eyes to gaze about me, My friendly guest was no where to be seen; and I began to be alarmed, lest, in his hasty flight, he had taken more than himself away with him. But, no—my lawyer, strange to tell, was honest; my property was safe; and the only thing I found injured in my apartments, was a copy of Dugdale's *Origines*, over which a bottle of ink I had thrown down, as I started up to get a light, was pouring its sable streams in lamentable abundance. The sight of that volume recalled me to myself. I had taken it up when my fellow-student left me, had turned over a few of its pages, and had then fallen into a deep slumber. My mind, however, had remained awake; and whilst it was disengaged from the chains of the body, had been holding converse with an imaginary being of its own creation. By what process it had so far imposed upon itself as to mistake its own recollections of Dugdale for the suggestions of another, the metaphysician and the phrenologist may explain to each other. I am content with knuwing, that it is a self-delusion of ordinary occurrence, and shall not lose a single wink of sleep in my efforts to discover, how it was that the ancient serjeant's appearance, discourse and flight, was nothing more than one of those fleeting visions which sometimes haunt us.

——— cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies et mens sine pondere ludit.

T.

* The buildings in Grey's Inn were formerly not only very mean, but of so slender a capacity, that even the benchers were necessitated to lodge double;—for at a pension held 9 Julii, 21 Hen. 8, John Hales, then one of the barons of the exchequer, produced a letter, directed to him from Sir T. Nevele, which was to request him to acquaint the society, that he would accept of Mr. Attorney General Sir Christopher Hales, to be his bedfellow in his chamber here, and that entry might be made thereof in the book of their rules.—Vide Dugdale's Origines.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ITALIAN POETS,

PAINTED IN FRESCO.

In the article in our last number, on the frescos in the Cassino of the Marchese Massini, we mentioned that Overbeck was employed in one of the quadrangular chambers on a series of pictures from Tasso. This artist, we are informed, has divided the roof into four sections corresponding with the four walls of the chamber, leaving a space in the center. He has painted in this central point of the roof an allegorical figure of the Jerusalem Delivered, which forms as it were the keystone of the whole pictorial structure. The lateral divisions of the roof are occupied by representations of four episodes of the poem, introducing in a prominent and distinguished manner, the four heroines, viz.—Sophronia, about to ascend the pile with Olindo; Erminia, with the shepherds; Armida, detaining Rinaldo in her Magical Gardens; and Clorinda, baptized at the point of death by Tancred. The only picture yet finished on the walls is one which is painted between two windows to the right of the entrance, and which forms the commencement of the story. It represents Godfrey of Boulogne kneeling at sun-rise on the sea shore, when the angel appears to him to notify the orders for his departure to the Holy Land. There is much dignity in the figure, and the enthusiasm of earnest prayer is well expressed in the countenance. Two warriors in armour are sleeping in the shadow in the foreground. With regard to the four paintings on the roof, the artist has so placed them as to bring into contrast the profane love of Armida, with the heavenly love of Sophronia; and the mere temporal tranquillity of Erminia, with the eternal consolation which Clorinda obtains by her baptism. We expect to be able to lay plates of these paintings before our readers, but in the present number we can only insert the annexed sketch of the central picture of which we have already spoken. The artist has chosen for his allegorical representation of Jerusalem Delivered, the figure of a young female, seated on an episcopal throne of white marble, with steps of grey granite. She is turning her head from the sacred volume, in which she has been reading, to look up to two angels who are in the act of relieving her arms from the chains with which they had been bound. Faith has already loosened one chain, and Strength is completing the deliverance—the former of these hovering angelic figures being characterized by a rosary, which perhaps may be very well chosen as an emblem of faith in a Roman-catholic country; and the latter by a sword, the symbol of power. The crown of thorns, entwined with her locks, is the only head-dress of Jerusalem. Her right hand is occupied in holding the divine book we have already mentioned, and in her left is the roll of her history open and unfolded. On her breast she wears a black cross over a crimson tunic. A green mantle is cast over the lower part of the figure.

To be deficient in intelligibility is a fault very common in allegorical pictures, and it is by no means surprising that this Jerusalem cannot be adduced as a complete exception to a censure of such general application. The ideas altogether intellectual and abstract, which it is the purpose of allegory to represent, are not easily conveyed to the mind without the aid of certain conventional symbols, which, though chiefly derived from Grecian mythology, have become to the Christians of modern Europe, a sort of universal language

'Gerusalemme Liberata'

of ready and unequivocal interpretation. An allegorical picture ought not to be a puzzle, but should at once explain itself. In the present case, the central situation of the picture points out its connection with those by which it is surrounded, and that explanation which it does not entirely contain within itself, is suggested by its position. We discover that it is intended for an allegorical representation of the subject of the poem on which the pencil of the artist is employed, because it can mean nothing else; and thus a solution is obtained, not by direct interpretation, but by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*, to which it may be allowable for the painter as well as the logician sometimes to resort. Nevertheless we are persuaded that the sketch which we here submit to our readers will produce a very favourable impression of the powers of the artist in composition and design.

CHANGES OF STYLE IN MUSIC.

PERHAPS the history of art presents nothing more curious than the sudden and marked changes which have taken place in musical taste during little more than half a century. With the exception of Handel, who "wrote for all time," there is scarcely a composer who flourished during the early part of the last century, whose works have not now almost sunk into neglect. In Germany, indeed, the works of Sebastian Bach, who was Handel's contemporary, still enjoy that share of public estimation which they so justly deserve. Bach carried the art of counterpoint to its highest degree of perfection, and his compositions serve to mark a period in the history of music which may be called the *counterpointic*.

Feeling and fancy were not in those days so well prepared for the comprehension of musical ideas as to admit of their being expressed in rapid succession. It was necessary to dwell long upon one idea, in order to impress it on the mind of the auditor. This poverty of effect belonged to the form which musical composition then assumed in two of its principal characteristics; brevity of theme and frequency of repetition. Thus, to cite, in example, only what is well known;—the theme of the air—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," in Handel's Messiah, is, all the symphonies included, repeated no less than ten times, though it is in itself perfectly simple, and extends only to the length of four bars. In this instance, however, no one, we believe, ever felt the repetitions to be too frequent, or the air to be extended to a tedious length. In restricting himself to a form of compositiou which may be considered as bordering on monotony of melody, the author of the "Messiah" merely conformed with the immature taste of the age in which he lived, and it is one of the triumphs of Handel's powerful genius, that his works possess permanent beauties, which are still heard with rapture even by ears accustomed to all the bewildering variety of modern music. In most of Handel's songs the melody of the voice part is repeated, as intermediate symphonies, note for note, in the instrumental parts. In those works of Handel which are least remarkable for fancy and feeling, his great skill, exercised with extraordinary judgment, has enabled him to remove all obvious traces of uniformity; for the repetitions, by being dispersed through different parts, in the form of double counterpoint, produce various and beautiful effects of harmony. Thus, in musical composition, the dearth of fancy has often led to the active exercise of the judgment, and given rise to the boldest scientific

combinations. That music which is the mere creature of feeling and fancy, uninformed by science, and uncontrolled by the influence of the judgment, is of an inferior order. Such is not the music to be found in the works of Handel and Sebastian Bach, where fancy and judgment are equally united, though prejudice may sometimes have caused a different opinion to be pronounced. Of Handel, it perhaps would not be too much to say, that he has manifested a more just conception of the true spirit of music, than any other composer. The deepest and purest feeling, joined to a somewhat romantic turn of fancy, animate his works, in all the most important parts of which, the form of compesition to which we have alluded, is preserved. In short, Handel's style is, beyond that of any other composer, peculiarly calculated to infuse life into those deeply-conceived musical ideas which may be appropriately adapted to the words of Scripture; and this seems to be the consequence of his having combined the old style of composition, with the animated spirit of modern music.

Handel's and Bach's successors, down to the period of Haydn and Mozart, gradually availed themselves of a more florid form of composition. The influence of Italian composers served to introduce a more extended sphere of musical ideas, and a more varied succession of melodies. Sonatas and rondos now began to be the favourite instrumental compositions. Under the first denomination we mean to include all pieces consisting of two successions of melodies, the first in the key note, the second in the dominant—or the first in the minor, and the second in the relative major, both being usually repeated after an intermediate movement, and at last introduced in the tonic, or if that be minor, in the key of the relative major. This is the prevailing form of tll the principal movements of symphonies, quartettes, and sonatas. The rondo form consists of the repetition of a principal movement, amidst a succession of intermediate movements of various lengths. This period in the history of music, which may be termed the *melodic*, attained a high degree of perfection in the time of Mozart, whose works, together with those of Haydn and Beethoven, may be said to combine the grandeur of the old school of composition with all the elegance and variety which modern taste demands.

A VENETIAN LAW-CASE.

GOETHE, in his Letters from Italy, gives the followiug account of the manner of conducting a law-proceeding in the principal court of Venice.

October 3.

To-day I went to hear a legal pleading in the Ducal Palace. The cause was an important one, and, fortunately for me, it took place during the vacations, otherwise I should have missed it. One of the advocates had precisely the air of a *primo buffo caricato*. He was a short thick-set man, apparently very agile; he had a striking profile, a voice of iron, and he expressed himself with such a degree of vehemence, that every thing he said seemed to come from the very bottom of his lungs. The whole spectacle had a truly theatrical effect; for every thing seemed to have been prepared beforehand for public exhibition. The judges knew the parts they had to perform, and the opposing parties knew what judgment they had to expect. Still, how-

ever, I liked this kind of proceeding better than the methods that are pursued in our courts and chambers. I will endeavour to give an idea of this law-case, and of the simplicity and little formality with which it was conducted.

The judges were ranged in a semicircle on one side of a spacious hall in the Ducal Palace. In front of the tribunal, on a bench, long enough to contain several persons, were seated the advocates of the contending parties; and behind the advocates was a bench for their clients. The counsel for the plaintiff left his place, as the case was not intended to be argued on that day; but the documents of both sides were to be read, though they had already been printed.

A miserable-looking clerk, in a shabby black gown, and with a thick roll of papers in his hand, was in readiness to commence the reading of the documents. The hall was filled by a numerous auditory. The question itself, and the rank of the parties interested, were calculated to excite public attention.

In the Venetian States, the *Fidei-commissum* is sacred in the eye of the law and in public opinion. Property of any description, on which this character is once conferred, can never be divested of it. Though it should have been alienated for ages, and have passed from hand to hand, yet immediately on its being reclaimed, the family of the original possessor recover their rights, and the possessions must be restored to them.

The case that came under consideration to-day was one of the highest importance; for the claim was made against the Doge himself, or rather against his wife, who, with her coif on her head, was seated at a little distance from the plaintiff, on the bench allotted to the contending parties. She appears to be about the middle age. Her figure is tall and dignified, and her handsome countenance has a grave and even a melancholy expression. To see their princess thus publicly appear before a tribunal in her own palace, was a circumstance which seemed to exalt the Venetians in their own estimation.

The clerk commenced the reading of the documents, and I now for the first time understood the duty assigned to a little man who was seated on a stool in front of the judges, and at a short distance from the advocates' bench. Before him stood a small table, on which was an hour-glass turned down. As long as the clerk continued reading, time was not reckoned; but, on the other hand, the moments were counted as soon as an advocate opened his mouth. While the clerk read the documents, the hour-glass was turned down, and the little man held his hand over it; but if the advocate happened to make an observation, it was immediately turned up, and then turned down again as soon as he ceased speaking. During the reading of the documents, the great art of the advocate consists in hastily throwing in appropriate remarks, calculated to excite attention. On the present occasion, I observed that the alternation of repose and action, frequently threw the little Saturn into the utmost perplexity. He was every moment obliged to change the horizontal or vertical position of the hour-glass. He appeared to be very much in the situation of the Devil in the puppet-show, who, in the rapidity of Harlequin's movements, scarcely knows when he ought to make his entrance or his exit.

Whoever has witnessed the collating of documents in a German court, may form an idea of the Venetian clerk's style of reading. He maintained throughout a monotonous tone of voice, and in spite of great rapidity of utterance, he articulated distinctly and very intelligibly. The advocate occasionally interrupted this dull proceeding, and enlivened the spirits of the auditory by jokes and witty observations on the subject of the documents, which excited loud peals of laughter. One of the most comic traits that escaped him was as follows:—

The clerk was reading one of the documents relating to some bequests made by one of the individuals who were affirmed to be the unlawful possessors of the property which was the subject in dispute. The counsel for the plaintiff, who had begged him to read more deliberately, on hearing distinctly uttered these words, "*I give and bequeath*," started up, exclaiming: "You give and bequeath, indeed! a poor starving destitute wretch like you! What have you to give and bequeath? But," continued he, in a calmer tone, "this very high and powerful signior was in the same predicament. He gave and bequeathed that which belonged to him no more than it does to you." This sally was received with a roar of laughter, and the hour-glass immediately resumed its horizontal position. The clerk darted an angry look at the advocate, and then renewed his psalmody. But this part of the farce, as well as the rest, was all settled before-hand.

THE MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER OF THE PARTHENON.

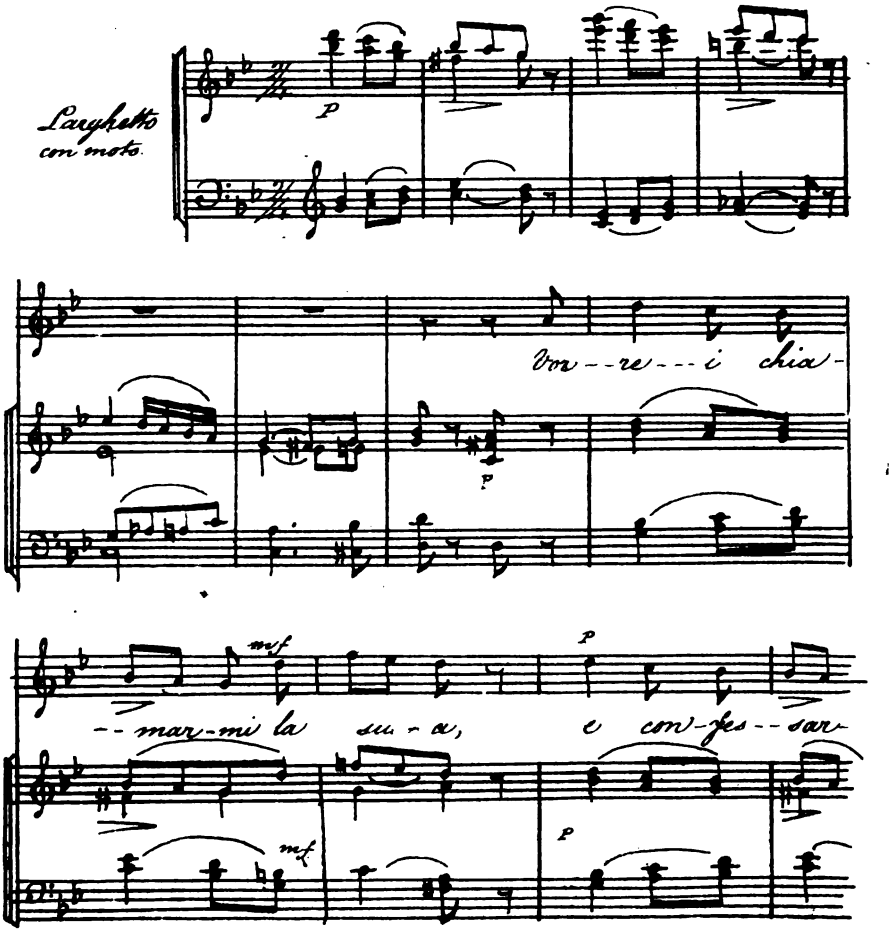
SOME of our correspondents call upon us for more music than we usually print; others seem to think that we already insert too much. We have endeavoured to conciliate their conflicting tastes by printing in the last and in this number, two pieces, making half a sheet, which, upon consideration, appears to be that proportion of our work which may, in general, be fairly appropriated to this department of its contents. The insertion of a precise number of pages of music, cannot, however, be made an invariable rule; we must be at liberty to increase or diminish the quantity, as circumstances may require. The selections of music in the present number are first, a romance, or as it is entitled, a romanzetta, from an opera by Caraffa, inserted at page 267, and second, a Cavatina, from Sphor's opera of Faust, which is here subjoined.

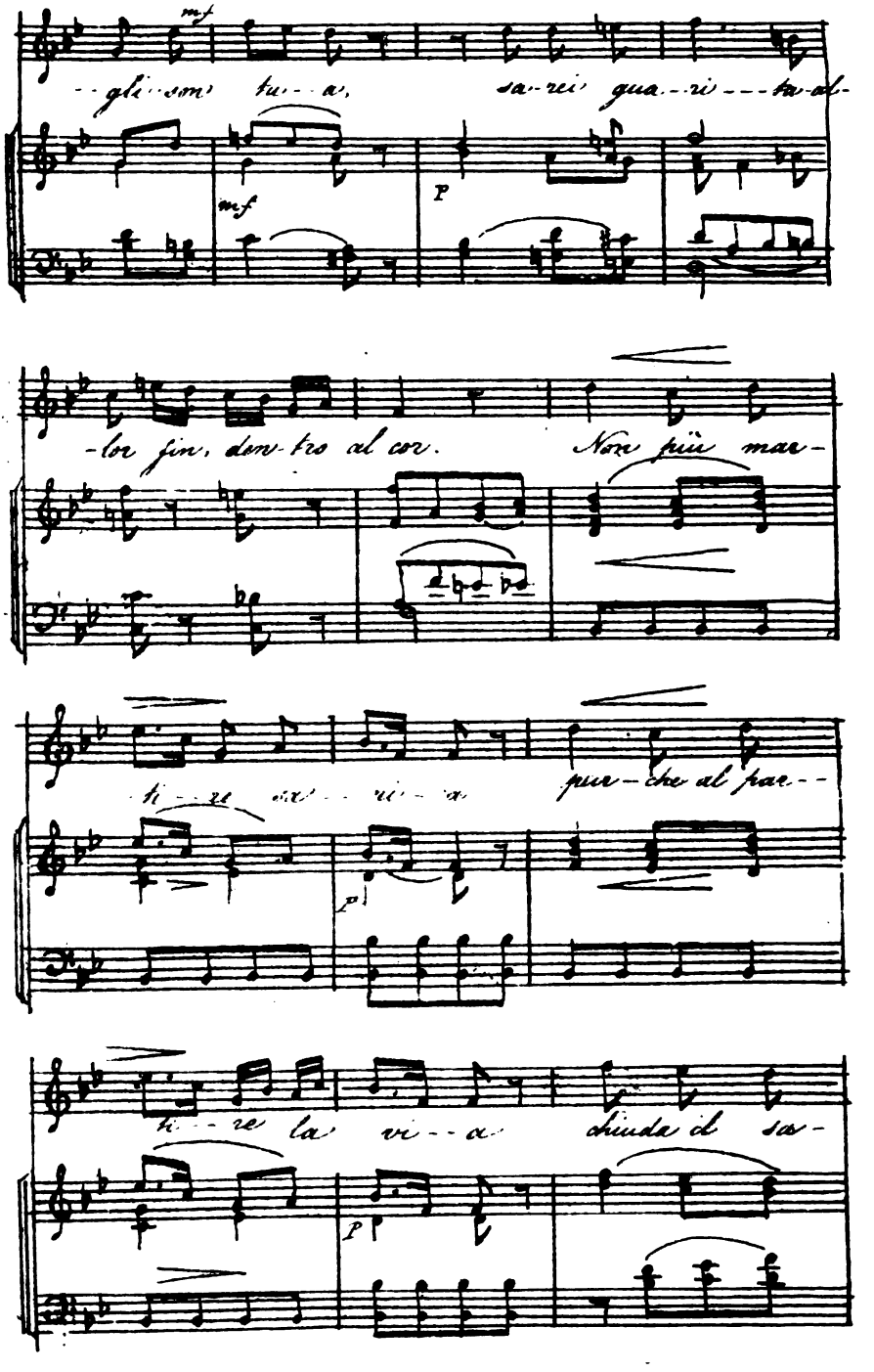
With regard to the first of these pieces, we have been guided in our selection by the present popularity of the composer, rather than by any extraordinary merit of the composition. It is, however, a pleasing little song, and, when tastefully executed with the piano-forte accompaniment, will, we doubt not, be pretty generally admired. Caraffa is the author of several operas, and his works are very popular on the continent,—at least, their frequent performance at foreign concerts would lead one to suppose so. In England, the only one of Caraffa's productions which has attained any degree of celebrity, is his song, *Aure Felici*, which is introduced in Rossini's *Cenerentola*. That composition is, however, sufficient to stamp its author as a man of elegant and original fancy.

The beauty of Spohr's Cavatina, will, we trust, prove our apology for once more returning to she opera of *Faust*, from which we made several selections for preceding numbers of the Parthenon. We have already pointed out the resemblance which Sophr's music frequently presents to the style of Handel; and we must repeat this remark with reference to the piece which we now insert, for in it the similarity is peculiarly obvious.

CAVATINA,

FROM SPHOR'S FAUST.

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-lor fin, den-tro al cor. Non più mar-
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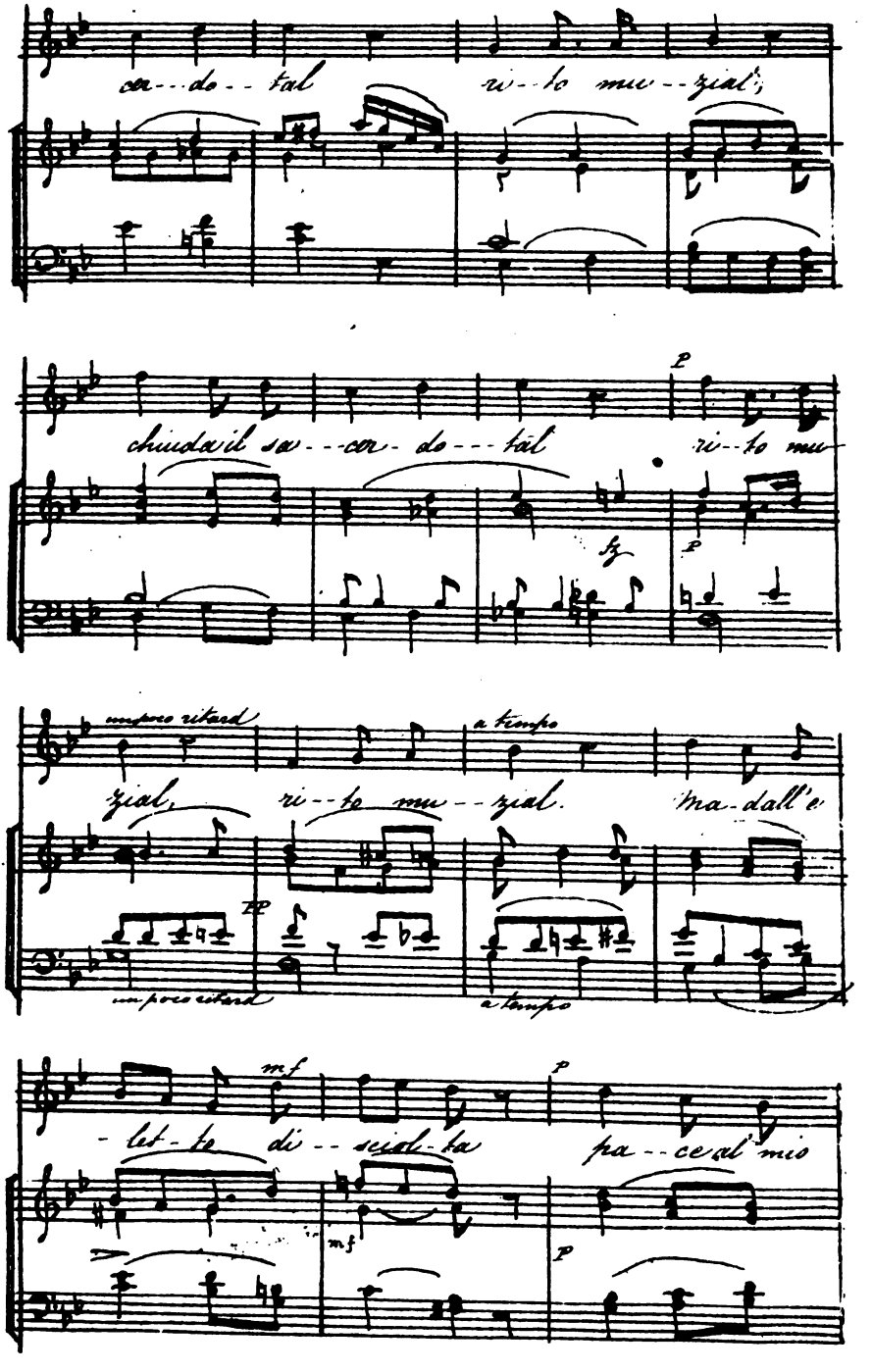
cor - do - tal ri - to mu - zial;
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chiuda il su - cor - do - tal ri - to mu
fz
p
un poco ritard
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zial, ri - to mu - zial. ma dall'e
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un poco ritard
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- let - te di - scial - ta pa - ce al mio
mf
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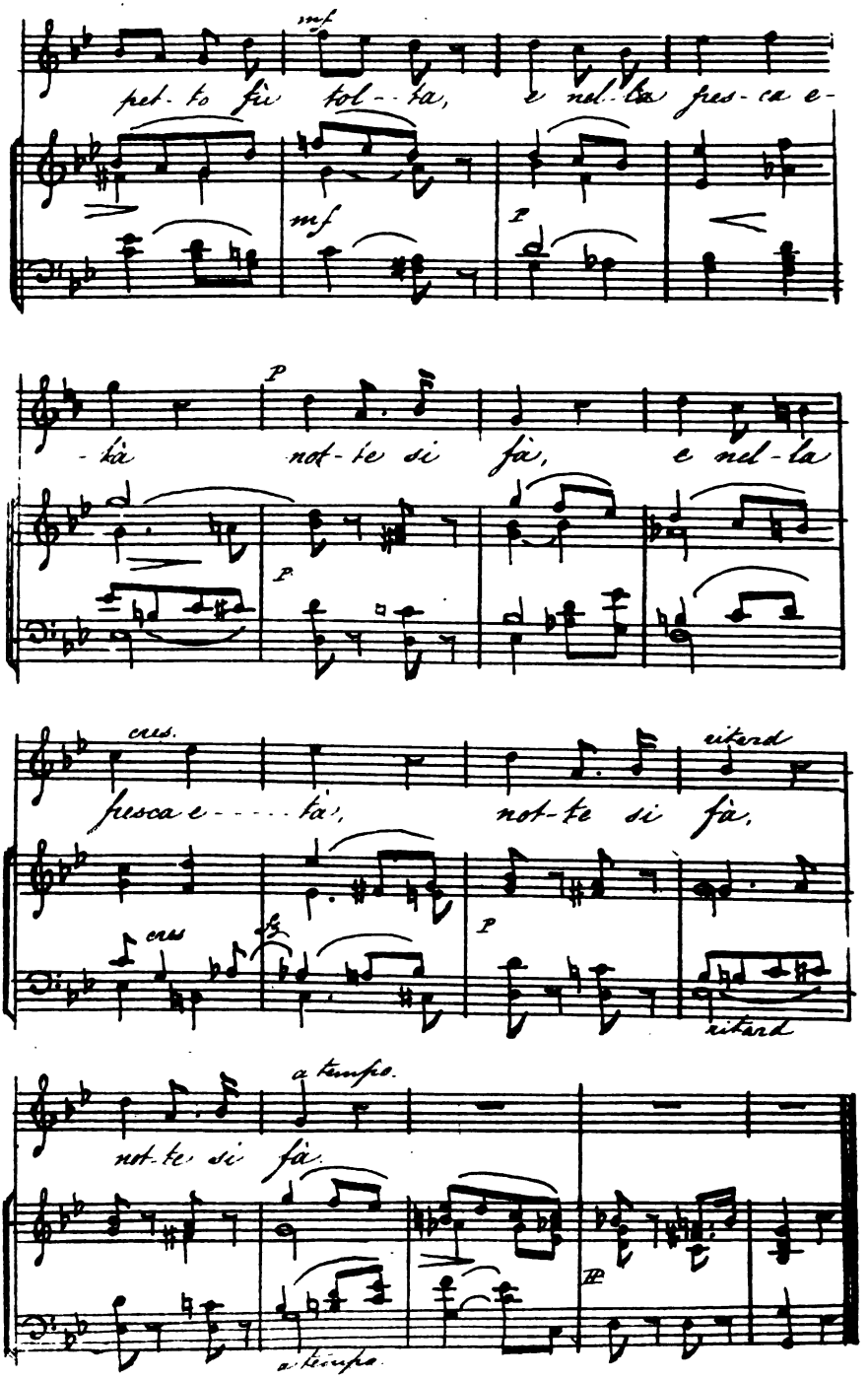
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ritard
cres
fz
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ritard
a tempo.
not-te si fa.
p
a tempo.

THE TWELVE HOURS TRIAL, OR A SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

A TALE FROM THE ITALIAN.

CHAPTER X.

"An ancient register of burials lies,
In Genesis, to let us understand,
That whatsoever is begotten dies,
And every sort is under death's command!"

Now nothing can be more wise than this, nor more true; and yet people will go on, age after age, acting as though they had never heard of, or did not believe it. Who can be so far honoured even to have it said that he has lived a good life until he has died, and so made an end of it? and yet people will go on grieving for the secession (from this world) of their friends and relations; when, if they love them, rather should they not rejoice? Upon resolution they will not heed! 'Noint them ye may, and tar them with your doctrine, yet still the murrain sticks. The Grecian sage being at sea in a storm, and seeing many passengers in the ship much frightened, reprehended them by the example of a swine on board, who, as he truly observed, "shewed no signs whatever of fear." Not one could put in a word of answer; and yet all (as though they had heard absolutely nothing)!, went on sobbing and trembling, and being devout, as men when they are alarmed, it is well known, are commonly wont to be. Philosophy—this is the very "plain song, on't"—goes, with the million, in at one ear and out at the other. Fathers weep when their sons die; although these their tears will not replace. And husbands (some) when their wives perish; although these may be replaced without any tears at all. He who mourns for that which may be helped, why does he so whine and whimper, rather than stir to right himself? And he who laments for that which is past mending, what does he but cast away his labour altogether. For death! what is it but the pang of a moment, when the worst is known, and it is over? There is no future then —no dread of ills that may be—more dreadful always than those which actually overtake us. From the ingratitude of friends; from the infidelity of mistresses; from the ruinous follies of those we love; from the malice of those we hate; from that impatience of all which galls and maddens us, while we hold our weary struggle with the world; from that loathing of all which wearies and disquiets us, when our day of struggle (and of enjoyment) is at an end; from all that the brave may suffer; nay, from all that the weak can fear—death!—it needs but a moment; and from the whole we are for ever free! Then follows it, that if tears might help us—the blow once struck, we have nothing to regret for. Marry, say it were otherwise, and cause for sorrow did exist, there will be few expect their tears can answer to much purpose? And yet, though the world has known this from the time of its creation downwards, there have ever been some of the living who would weep for those that ceased to live; and though volumes should be written to "convince" them, they will still go on weeping, only, as the poet saith, "because they weep in vain!"

The little local piece of—" Sacred to the memory of," &c.—*Souvenir* at the same time of piety and of " place"—with which the Countess Roselli, in honour of her deceased husband, had decorated the gardens of the chateau Migrano, was such as accredited the classical taste, as well as the connubial affection of the foundress. A single shaft of highly polished marble, half buried, from the base upward, in the flowers and exotics which grew round it, supported a bust, " severe in bronze," esteemed a most formidable likeness of the late Count. The pedestal—to serve both for elegy and epitaph—was engraved with a single line in the French language—

" Il emporte dans le tombeau les regrets de son epouse !"

which the Marchioness Migrano had translated (to the Countess Eugenia's heavy indignation,) with such a peculiar emphasis upon the word " *emporte*," as the daily life of the Lady alone, who had written it, ought to have been an answer to. The spot selected for the erection of this " tribute to departed worth," was an avenue of cypress, so thickly planted, for shade in Summer, that scarcely even the day-light, much less a casual sun-beam, ever could hope to penetrate its recesses. And to this " sequestered shade"—a retirement pleasant as well as praiseworthy—(especially as the weather was rather sultry), it was the sorrowful Countess's custom to come of mornings, and divide the time, (which sometimes hung heavy between breakfast and dinner,) between fond recollections, connected with the merit and talents of her departed Lord, and present references to the seductive pages of Petrarch and Ariosto.

" A rare example this of conjugal fidelity, my friend !" said the Marquis Migrano, as he approached, in company with Dr. Grenouille, the consecrated spot.

The Doctor was a Gascon, and Gascony is, in a manner, the Ireland of the Continent; its natives are accustomed to draw too largely upon the credulity of others, to be over troubled with credulity themselves. That it was " bien rare certainement,"—an observation which might be understood in two ways—was the only reply.

" And so young, and beautiful too," continued the Marquis—" that makes the fact so extraordinary. I think I never saw my cousin look so well as she does now she is in her mourning.

The widows of Italy—that is something—are not condemned, like those of England, to give bond for a twelvemonth's fidelity to the memory of their first husbands, by wearing such a cap during that period as effectually precludes all chance of the approach of a second. And—with velvet from Genoa—silks from Lyons and Paris—lace from Brussels or Mechlin—and jewels from every quarter of the globe—a Lady may contrive to be dressed in black, and yet dressed very becomingly notwithstanding. As it happened, however, the Countess was not proposing to look her best at the hour when the Marquis spoke; for a recent act of negligence on the part of her chambermaid—(to whom she trusted no chambermaid's secrets, nor allowed any impertinent familiarities)—had, apparently, opened the wounds of her grief afresh, and, most unquestionably, awakened her choler. And she had just heard too, as it fell out, of his Lordship, the Marquis's approach, and of his purpose, and meant to plead indisposition absolutely in bar of joining the expedition on the lake; especially as the "French Apothecary" (so her Ladyship delighted to style Dr. Grenouille) was to be of the company, whose rank she held rather beneath her association, as well as somewhat abominated his person. No such state of affairs as this, however, was at all suspected by the man of medicine; who placed a large and liberal reliance —just as the noble frankness of his *quasi* countrymen so often leads them to do—upon his own personal capabilities; and who, moreover, fairly

calculating upon some advantage in the constant access which he possessed to the chateau Migrano, had only omitted persuading his patron to engage the Countess to join the speculation for the Pontine Marshes, because he flattered himself to profit more fully (with time) by the property which the lady possessed in another way. Therefore, when the Marquis, after bending with such reverence over his fair cousin's hand, as though it would have been a profanation to have pressed it with his lips—for his Lordship's admiration of a widow in mourning, did not go (as that of too many people is apt to do) to a wish to get her out of it just as expeditiously as possible—when the Marquis, in a tone, half of reproach, half of idolatry, accosted the lady with—"what still thinking of your excellent husband, cousin?" and looked at the doctor for compliment—or assent—or some kind or other of reply—the latter protested that "the affliction of Madame for her husband—c'etoit la chose la plus interressante du monde;" but added aside—"par dieu! she shall get another husband—ma foi, ce sera moi!—before it is ver long, for all dat."

"You are kind, my Lord, very kind," said the Countess, in answer to his Lordship's question of how she had rested the preceding night, "and every arrangement of your house is dictated by feeling for my situation; but for rest, my Lord—alas!—Jacintha, my pocket handkerchief!—Until memory cease—and that with life—I fear there can be no more rest for me! It is much my Lord—" here the Marquis was compelled to feel for his own pocket handkerchief, and wished—such is the weakness of man!—only that *his* wife might cry as much for him when he was dead—"It is much to part even from a friend—from a mere acquaintance for ever!—far less from one endeared by the most sacred ties, as well as by a personal merit—beyond my powers to appreciate!" And here her Ladyship became so much affected, that though she refused, with some *hauteur*, the "permettez moi!" and proffered assistance of Dr. Grenouille, she was compelled to rest, for support, upon the garden chair, from which she had risen just as the Marquis approached, for the commendable purpose of disposing a fresh wreath of laurel upon the shrine of the Ex-Supreme Judge of the High Criminal Court of the Duchy of Modena.

Butchers have been known to weep—or poets lie—and the Marquis Migrano was not a butcher, but a nobleman. Surely time, cousin—this affliction—let us hope—!" sighed his Lordship, almost in broken accents; blowing his nose at the same time with the most insinuating gentleness, and then folding up his pocket handkerchief to wipe away the tears which "coursed each other" down the sides of it.

"Do not think, I intreat," retorted the Countess, "that any thing can calm my sorrow—unless it be that which encourages my tears to flow afresh!—the performance of those duties to the memory of the departed—which, as they form my only business now on earth, are also my only remaining consolation.

"We were about—the Marchioness and myself—to have requested your company in a little excursion," adventured the Marquis;—but doubtfully—as if he was almost ashamed of the suggestion; and, in fact, it did oblige her Ladyship to call for her *Eau de Luce*. "Nay, for the sake of your health, cousin—!"

The Countess shook her head reproachfully.

"For de sake of all de human race," said the Doctor—who did not know very well, under such circumstances, what to say.

"Don't mention the human race, I intreat, Sir," returned the Countess, in a tone of offence—"when I think already but too deeply upon the irreparable loss it has sustained!—My Lord—I beg pardon—but I am really unfit

for company. Jacintha! no—no matter—I have my sal volatile. The truth is, my kind friend, that this careless girl's negligence has given me such a shock! it was accident—I forgive her—but—only this morning—and in my state of mind, to open a cabinet—in my presence—which contained the suit of robes—the very state robes worn on the day of his death, by his Lordship the deceased judge!"—

This was too much; and either so her Ladyship felt it, or else she saw the Marquis returning to the charge, and determined to put a decided negative upon the proposal for the water party at once. For—

"Help—help—in heaven's name;—Jacintha—Doctor!—she is dying!" in the next instant cried the Marquis; as the Countess, with her last strength signing to her female attendant to approach, fainted in due form, and was within an ace of falling to the ground.

"Eh, mon dieu! ce'n 'est qu'un evanouissement—mais asseyez vous madame" exclaimed the Doctor—assisting the Countess, (though having sank into the garden chair, she was seated already);—while Jacintha leaving the patient to the care of the Marquis, ran off, post-haste, for hartshorn, fans, cold water, and all the other nostrums in request upon such emergencies.

"Why Cynthio—Andrea—Vasquez—will none of you hear! Bring water, I say," shouted the Marquis.

"De l'eau fraiche!" screamed the Doctor, hopping about from side to side like a jackdaw with one wing cut.

"There is water coming," said the Marchioness (who had encountered Jacintha) as she arrived out of breath;—"but—Why cousin!—look up!—what folly all this is. Now do hold these drops, my Lord, while I support her head, until—where is this man with the water!—until Jacintha brings the hartshorn!

"Water—rogues—water! The basin by the weeping willows—I wish you were at the bottom of it!" raved the Marquis. "Bring it in a vase—in your caps—in any thing!" driving off Cynthio and Vasquez, who came running in, as servants commonly do, without what was called for, or any thing else that could be of the least service.

"Il faut prendre du sang—absolument," said the Doctor, taking out his lancets. "Une petite saignée ne saura faire que du bien."

"No—no—she will recover—do go after Jacintha, my Lord," interrupted the Marchioness, who had good nature enough (though she was a little out of patience) to object to the application of so sharp a remedy.

In fact, the mere mention of the Doctor's lancets, even without any bleeding, did seem to produce a favourable effect upon the patient—as it is well known, for instance, that we cure the toothache often, by only knocking at Mr. Ruspini's, or any other considerable *arracheurs* door. The Countess sighed, raised her head, her lips moved, (her colour had not entirely departed); and all seemed to be in train for a recovery—When an accident—the most incomprehensible, because it seemed to arise out of the mere exhibition of a simple and approved good remedy—a relapse, the most unaccountable, overpowered all the assistants with wonder!

The Chevalier Vivaldi, pressed into the service of the Marchioness, as the first disposable force she met with after seeing Jacintha, on her way to her cousin's assistance, had hastily filled a sort of watering pot, from a bason (nearer than that of the willows) which served to nourish gold fish; and, with a very ill inclination to add himself to so large a company, made his appearance, just as the Countess exhibited symptoms of returning sensibility.

"This way Sir—on your life be quick!" cried the Marquis, as Silvino hesitated only a moment in hopes some one might arrive to relieve him from the duty.

"Depechez vous, coquin! com here you—vat you call—you hombog rascal," exclaimed the Doctor. And there was the lady too in danger—it was impossible longer to resist:

"Come closer Sir," said the Marchioness Migrano, reaching over to dip her hand into the vase. The Countess opened her eyes, as she shrunk from the libation. The whole was the work of a moment.

"Merciful Powers!" exclaimed Vivaldi, dropping the watering pot upon the feet of the Doctor.

The Lady Eugenia screamed, as if the water bearer had been Aquarius in person—shut her eyes again faster than she had opened them; and did not faint in earnest, only because she was too much really alarmed to do so.

"Mille Diables!" was all the Doctor kept repeating; dancing on his left foot, and holding the right—or all that was left of it—in his hand.

The Marchioness called loudly for assistance; for she saw that there was something really the matter now. The Marquis seemed to have no power of utterance left at all.

"It is Eugenia herself!" cried Silvino—forgetting all risk of consequences—as Pedrillo came running in, on one side, with a casting net flung over his shoulder.

"Ah, mercy! it is the Chevalier, or his ghost!" squalled Jacintha, dropping a fan and six bottles of drops and perfumes, as she came up on the other.

Fortunately the rushing in, at the same moment, of pretty nearly the whole household; some on their passage to the lake; others attracted merely by the previous uproar; created such a crowd and such a confusion, that Greek might have been spoken, and nobody would have understood it.

The Countess Roselli arose with an effort. "I am better," said she—detaining the arm of the Marchioness firmly—"lead me in." The Chevalier made a movement to follow; but was pushed back by Dr. Grenouille; and in the midst of the hubbub, the Countess contrived to get off, carrying the Marquis, the Marchioness, and Jacintha, who was compelled to attend, and the other female wonderers, who concluded that there was nothing more to be seen by staying behind, along with her. Terratinto, who saw that some thing was wrong, though he could not well understand what, led his myrmidons towards the lake, signing to Vivaldi and Pedrillo to follow; but, in spite of his passing insinuations, or of the more angry reprimands of Dr. Grenouille, both these last remained, as men bewildered, gazing on the track by which the Countess and her attendants had departed.

"Jacintha in black!" exclaimed Pedrillo.

"Com—en avant!—for what you stay?" demanded the Doctor.

"Eugenia in mourning!" ejaculated Vivaldi.

"Com—you go your business, clomsy coquin! Va t'en attraper les grenouilles!" insisted the Gascon, pushing the Chevalier forward with his cane.

"Rascally Quack!" cried Silvino, striking the monitor's hat off,—"Pedrillo, follow me;" he added, "the wretch is too contemptible for killing."

"Villainous pill-monger!" exclaimed Pedrillo; and, by a masterly twist, he defeased himself of his casting net, and flung it entirely over the head of the Doctor.

This exploit brought the "Pharmist" to the ground; and vengeance, if he was to have it, seemed reserved to other place and season; for, pursuing in the net would have been inconvenient; and before he could disentangle himself from its folds, in spite of his "arrete toi, marotte!" and "aux voleurs!" the offenders were out of sight.

CHAPTER XI.

"What is't that man loves better than most things?—Vanity.
"What is't that woman loves better than all things?—Vanity."

"The purest of lovers wants sometimes to dine!" The Chevalier Vivaldi loved like a worthy hero of romance; and yet, as long as we have known him, we have never heard a word yet about his passion. But this unexpected meeting with Lady Roselli altered the state of affairs; and the thought of her Ladyship present, put to flight all thought of impending difficulties—as those impending difficulties, for the moment, had put to flight her recollection. Never considering what might assort with the character which he had assumed; nor of the necessity there was for his maintaining that character; nor of the fact that the love of all the Countesses in the world would not repair the thrust through the body which he had bestowed upon his Colonel; all the Chevalier could think of was an immediate interview with the Lady Eugenia, and a solution of the doubts with which the brief glance he had caught of her dress had inspired him. After committing the indiscretion, described in our last Chapter, against the person of Dr. Grenouille, both master and servant had retreated into the nearest plot of shrubbery, and that as well for present avoidance of consequences, as to gain a moment for deliberation.

"For the Countess, she must have lost her husband!"—of that Vivaldi was satisfied from the mourning; and he would hear of no other explanation.

"We shall be lost ourselves, if you don't speak lower," was Pedrillo's suggestion; but—for the Countess—her husband?—she "might be in mourning for somebody else."

"But her seeming illness!"

"Would not produce her husband's death!"

"Her affliction!"

"Certainly her husband's death was not likely to be the cause of that!"

"Villain!" cried Silvino, "can you jest at such a moment as this?"

"If I can, it proves only that I have more command of my faculties than your Lordship; and am, consequently, more capable of acting, as well as thinking, for both. Do you, therefore, remain here concealed, while I endeavour to find out my uncle; and from him, or from any body else I can meet with, before we settle what we are to do, try to ascertain the real state of our affairs."

In the mean time, if the Chevalier was in a state of perplexity, the condition of the Countess Roselli was not a bed of roses. Why her *ci devant* lover had appeared so unexpectedly!—Why he had chosen to come in such a disguise! When, and under what pretence, he had got admission into the chateau;—and, above all, what—to him—to herself—or to the family—was to happen next? In all these points the Countess was in a state of amazement. Her astonishment at the appearance of the *soi disant* gardener had not escaped the Marchioness Migrano's eye, however the plea of "nervous irritability," and "a horror of cold water," might be sufficient to satisfy the Marquis. The determined silence of her she cousin upon this subject—women have a Free Masonry of their own, which never deceives them—convinced the Countess that she was proposing to hunt it out to the very bottom. Although, in the first moments of her agitation, therefore—not knowing from minute to minute what was going to happen—she had dispatched her maid, with orders to find Vivaldi if possible, and command him, on pain of her eternal hatred, that he should not venture to approach her; still an hour after, she saw well

enough that this concluded nothing—that she was still surrounded by danger on every side. Would the Chevalier depart?—this was the only security.—Would he get away from the chateau before the Marchioness could mature a plan for picking out his secret? Whatever feelings of kindness she (Lady Roselli) might still entertain towards the man for whom she had once acknowledged so strong a predilection, they were all merged for the time being in anxiety for her own safety—for the safety of her reputation;—but then, was she not more likely to secure that object by at once seeing him, and remonstrating personally against the distress to which he exposed her? At last, unable to bear suspense any longer, her Ladyship threw on her veil, desired her woman to follow her, and again descended into the garden; scarcely perhaps knowing her own errand, but vehemently agitated between apprehension and curiosity, and disposed to catch at any chance which might afford a prospect of dissipating the one annoyance, and satisfying the other.

The first object that she encountered, crossing rapidly through flower beds and parterres, was Dr. Grenouille, returning from the combat of his namesakes; she avoided him with more than common aversion and activity; and leaving the fatal walk of cypresses on her right hand, turned to the left, to a little *bijou* building, which the Marquis Migrano dignified with the name of his "Observatory."

"You told Pedrillo distinctly, Jacintha, that I would not see his master;" said the Countess, looking round anxiously, as she approached this fanciful edifice.

A simple affirmative, cold, but respectful, was the reply.

The Countess felt that her woman, for some time past, knew perhaps that in her *ultra* nicety of grief, there was a little acting; but her conduct, independent of affectation, was far too really correct and dignified to have allowed even the thought of such a suspicion ever to be directly insinuated. Still it worked ill for the Chevalier Vivaldi, that the *suivante*, now revengefully obedient and silent, compelled her mistress to speak first upon a subject in which she would rather have seemed to be a listener.

"And did Pedrillo make no answer when you told him my determination?" demanded her Ladyship, burning with shame and anger: over both, which, however, the necessity of the case got the better.

"But one word," replied Jacintha—Vasquez came up at the moment, and I was afraid of being seen speaking to him. He said that your Ladyship would break his master's heart; and—if you do—I don't care if your Ladyship turns me away this moment. I hope you'll repent it.

There was something like sincerity—and mere sincerity will make its way—about Jacintha's manner of delivering these words.—The Countess remained silent.

"A gentleman that was ill-treated in your Ladyship's marriage! that was against your own inclination I know; and a sin, and a shame it was that it ever took place, to his Lordship, your father. But now—when you are free—and the poor Chevalier has lived single—even after your Ladyship married—all this while for your sake!—to reject him for the sake of a fashion, and a ceremony—your Ladyship will be sorry for it, after it is too late."

"Be silent, Jacintha;" said the Countess, but not with asperity, "or learn to command your temper. The Chevalier himself—" here the Lady's voice was not quite so firm as it had been—"you wrong him to doubt it—will feel the propriety of my conduct. He knows the principles as well as the necessity, under which I acted formerly; and his honour will compel him to respect the motives which actuate me now."

"He will never believe Madam," pursued Jacintha—"nor since I have gone so far, ever will I—that you really so much regret a husband to whom you were married only by compulsion."

"If I were capable of failing in my duty to my husband, whatever the circumstances under which he became such, what must be the Chevalier's own opinion of me, after I consented to become his wife!—As she spoke these words her Ladyship turned away, for she feared she was becoming more interested in the argument than she ought to acknowledge; but she turned only from the Chevalier's advocate, to find the Chevalier himself kneeling at her feet."

"Eugenia, dearest Eugenia!" exclaimed Vivaldi—and before the Countess could speak, from surprise, he had caught her hand, and was devouring it with his kisses."

It is difficult to maintain an unreasonable proposition to the very face—(it is another thing at a distance)—of him who knows it to be such! The last time these parties had met, it had not been upon terms of coldness; and, in fact, what cause was there now for any very positive alteration?

"Rise Chevalier, I entreat you," said the Countess. The Chevalier never stirred. Her Ladyship summoned resolution; she did withdraw her hand. "Rise Vivaldi," she repeated, "I command you—is it thus that you obey me?"

"To such a command," replied Silvino, in a tone of deep agitation, "obedience is impossible. To quit you just at the moment when every obstacle to my happiness ought to be removed! What am I to understand by this, Eugenia?—What is my fault?—Tell me how I have offended?"

"I charge you, Silvino," said the Countess, "with no fault." The offence perhaps—as far as there can be any—has been rather mine. But leave this place—my reasons are sufficient, and you shall have them hereafter—only, if ever you loved me, leave this place—this very province—this hour, I conjure you."

"I will not leave you, Eugenia—I cannot," returned the Chevalier, gathering firmness from the belief that he was capriciously treated. I have suffered in silence, and in misery, for almost two years. My mind has been distracted; my prospects blasted; my heart almost broken. I did not die—I endured existence—only in the chance—for the bare possibility—of one day recovering you. Why is it that now, when I look to meet the recompense of all my sufferings, you would deprive me of that hope, which I did not forsake, even when you were given to another."

"If you ask this Vivaldi," said the Countess, "you are entitled to an answer."—Nay, let the servants remain—(for Pedrillo, thinking the parties might do better left to themselves, was drawing Jacintha away)—"let them stay within hearing, or we part this moment. For your love, Silvino, you had mine, while I could give it you with honour; but that time is gone, and in even listening to you at this moment, I hazard my character—my common estimation."

"Hazard your honour, Eugenia! This is madness," cried Vivaldi. "Who will presume—who shall dare to question it?"

"In your presence, none; perhaps no one will in mine; but, beyond us, all the world. If I myself pay no respect to it, what can I look for from society? Were it known only that I had conversed privately—with you—a former lover—I need not blush to say a favoured lover—and the Count Roselli, my husband, not yet three months dead!—Nay, do not answer me, but promise to quit the chateau—to throw off this poor disguise, which is unworthy of your rank and your pretensions—promise this Silvino; or, in my own defence, I must disclose you to my cousin."

"The vehemence of the Countess (who was perfectly in earnest) something confounded, if it failed to convince, her lover; especially as there were one or two points in the argument, although exaggerated, to which he was

not entirely furnished with an answer. But the threat of "disclosure" seemed *un peu trop fort*, and it roused the indignation of Pedrillo, who, having been commanded to remain at hand, had heard as much of the Countess's philosophy as his master.

"In the name of endurance! but this is too much—consider our necks, Sir!" cried the *eleve* of Vaporoso Castle to his Captain, who tried to force him back.

"I am careless," said Vivaldi.

"Zounds! but I am not," persisted the deserter of Chasseurs, "and I will be heard, let her Ladyship take it as she may. Do you know Madam what you are about? You have lost a husband—and that may do well enough; but, by your folly, you will lose a lover. Go stitch Lady—which is a woman's duty, and serve God. It is one thing for your Ladyship to ill-treat my master, and another to take away his life."

"Insolent villain!" cried Vivaldi.

"What does this intrusion mean, Silvino? exclaimed the Countess.

"Give me patience," cried Pedrillo—"mean!—it means that we are fugitives—outlaws—will your Ladyship be pleased to apprehend, and gibbet us? It means, Lady, that we are disguised here, not for your love, but for our own concealment. That we have neither refuge, hope, meat, nor money, elsewhere. That it is so long since we have seen a shilling, that we forget whether it is round or square." And in fact, Vivaldi seeing that the whole truth would come out in spite of his efforts, had given up opposition, and Pedrillo might have schooled her Ladyship for an hour longer, if certain indications of attention superseding those of her displeasure, had not checked that exceeding vehemence which her seeming carelessness, or inhumanity had excited.

"Fugitives!" said her Ladyship—"outlaws! Vivaldi, what does all this mean?"

"It means, Madam, that the noble Chevalier is in danger," cried Jacintha—to whom the whole affair had already been developed by Pedrillo,—"that he has killed his Colonel for your sake"—wiping her eyes—"as unkind as you are. And that, if he is taken, he will be shot, and poor Pedrillo here will be hanged—and all for nothing else than the love of your Ladyship."

The Countess was silent. "By heaven!" cried Silvino, "she weeps! villain! your life shall pay for this."

"I would be loth to die in such a cause my Lord," retorted the mover of pity; "but I will no more pity a woman for weeping, than a goose for going barefoot—for it is their nature."

"And is this true, Chevalier," said the Countess—"this dreadful danger which Pedrillo speaks of?—and would you have been so revengeful as to i ow me, unknowingly, to addto it?"

"What matters it, Lady?" returned Silvino. "Your command—at all hazards—shall be obeyed. If the memory of a tyrant, who tore you from me by violence, is entitled to more regard than my long and dearly tried affection, be my fate what it may, I shall meet it with as little regard as apprehension. But my last prayer, Eugenia, in dying, shall be—not that you, or any I have loved, may live wretched for my sake; but that my death—as for me it puts a period to all suffering—may cause no moment of anguish to any living creature." The Chevalier ceased. The Countess hesitated a moment. But she was "the Countess Roselli;" her pride got the better of her passion; she fancied that she made a sacrifice to principle; and—motive must not be questioned too hardly—the result was the same as if she had done so. "I have heard you, Vivaldi," said her Ladyship, after a

minute's pause, "in silence; now, for one moment only, listen to me. Not even your solicitations shall induce me to do that by which I should stand degraded as much in your eyes, as in the eyes of all about me. You must quit the chateau—indeed you must—to remain would now be unsafe for yourself, no less than dishonourable for me. Then go, but do not, if you are generous, let the thought of your danger embitter unnecessarily what I already feel at parting. Within an hour my maid shall bring you ample means of changing your abode with safety."—The Chevalier averted his face mournfully—"nay, you will not refuse the little kindness that my condition allows me to offer? Take my best wishes—my warmest prayers—for your security—your welfare. Remain concealed for my sake, for the present; and under cover of the night, fail not to leave the chateau. Abandon, at least for the present, a pursuit, which, believe me, would be vain—which is hopeless, as regards you, and dishonouring to me; and preserve as a parting token of esteem, the bauble which my maid—on one condition—shall deliver to you, from her whose friendship, Vivaldi, is not the less because her unhappy fortune leaves her friendship, only, now to offer."

As she pronounced these words, in a tone which promised little advantage from reply, her Ladyship rapidly departed, commanding her maid to follow; leaving the Chevalier confounded between irresolution and despair; and his faithful follower something consoled, that, if their departure was unavoidable, they had a chance not to depart quite empty-handed.

CHAPTER XII.

"King's troops Sir, I'll be sworn!
How know you that, Sir?
Marry, my Lord, by their swearing."

It was scarcely yet past noon, by the clocks of the chatean Migrano, and disasters had rained every five minutes—verifying the old adage, "that it never rains but it pours,"—upon our adventurers, ever since their arrival at that domicile in the morning. The Marquis, meeting less success than he had anticipated—(owing, he said, to the nets having been of too coarse a construction)—in his diversion upon the lake, had ridden abroad for an hour, to divert his chagrin, or to prevent the jeers of his lady from increasing it. The Countess Roselli was anxiously making arrangements to secure the departure of her lover; perhaps a little at the hazard of wishing him back again after he was gone. The Marchioness was puzzling herself to death to conceive what the sympathy could be between her relative and the new gardener; and resolving to find out the truth of it. Vivaldi himself was playing at hide and seek, with his servant, as well as he might, about the grounds and garden; pretty well convinced that it would be necessary for him to go, but still hoping to compass another interview first, and gain some concession from his unreasonable mistress. Things were, as nearly as may be, in this situation, when, about one o'clock in the day, a party of soldiers were seen at a distance, taking their course towards the chateau.

As the military, owing to the disturbed state of the country, were not unfrequent visitors—but always visitors that required some management—the Lady of the mansion herself, in the absence of the Marquis, descended to receive them. Accordingly, the great gates of the chateau were thrown open; the strangers duly welcomed, even from without; and the whole detachment—two companies of fusileers—marched gallantly into the court

yard—drums beating, and colours flying! He who appeared to be the commanding officer—a well whiskered, muscular, gentleman of some forty—leading on the Marchioness with abundance of ceremony and salutation; and Dr. Grenouille, bringing up the left hand, and getting a word in here and there, as well as he might—for between the Major's brogue, and the clanking of his boot-heels there was not room for many.

"Asy jantlemen with the sheepskin, asy if you please!" cried this gallant leader, as his party presented their arms—the drums and fifes braying out a treble salute at the same moment. "For though I hope the sound of martial music will never be displeasing to the ears of the fair sex, yet that's no reason at all why"— bowing to the Marchioness—"you should be stunning the brains of the present company."

"The gallantry of your nation, Colonel, as well as of your profession, is proverbial," replied her Ladyship, acknowledging the compliment; and directing Terratinto, who presented himself for orders, to see that the party wanted nothing which the chateau could afford. "But under all circumstances, pray as long as you are here, do us the favour to consult your own pleasure and convenience entirely."

"Och! but upon my conscience, your Ladyship," returned the gentleman at arms—"and of this you may believe me—my pleasure all the world over, is to contribute as much as possible to the convanience of the ladies! And, besides, my little friend the Doctor here, sure I would'nt be bating a drum only in his face, to remind him of battles, and skirmishes, and slaughtering, and quartering, and all the other little casualties by which men in a manner smuggle themselves out of the world, and never pay any thing at all in the way of reasonable dues to the faculty!—

"Vraiment Monsieur!"—Dr. Grenouille bowed rather in deprecation—"I am mosh oblige. But—pour moi—I ask noting. You can die Monsieur for me (and be dam) just how you like. Par dieu when you shall not be hang—" this, however, the Doctor muttered rather between his teeth—"ce sera le potence qui perdera, plus que le medecin.

"A party of troops!" exclaimed the Marquis, just entering to interrupt this conversation, as it might have grown critical—for he had been arrested in his ride by the sound of the drums—"where is the commanding officer! Colonel you are welcome to my house! I am very glad to see you."

"In the title of Colonel, my Lord," said the Major, "your Lordship honours me extremely—

"Bot mi Lor, c'est un nom, vich belong entierement to somebody else," interposed Dr. Grenouille—

"Och, be asy man, be asy—we spake for ourselves always in the country where I came from." "We are allowed, indeed, in all places, to spake twice—and we never let any body else, in any place, spake at all. My Lord! the jantleman to whom you are addresing yourself—that is the Colonel Baron Albini," said the Major "has not the honour of being before you. I left his Lordship, who is but lately appointed, you must know, to the command of this district—about a mile behind, travelling more slowly than usual, in consequence of a little accident that he met with by the point of a sword, a few weeks back. And, for myself, I'm nothing in all the wide world more than just your Lordship's obedient servant—and her Ladyship's slave—simple Phelim, M'Mullinoch, Roderick, Blunderbog, O'Liffey; a bachelor of arts by my father's desire, in Trinity College, Dublin; and a Major, by God's grace, and the Prince's, in the 8th battalion of Fusileers."

"And—you are scouring the province in search of deserters, I understand, Major? said the Marquis. Terratinto! the Major does us the honour

of remaining here; let the soldiers have refreshments, before they march to their quarters.

"Why faith, its a sort of scouring excursion generally—and that's just what it is," replied the Major, "the whole province is full of spies, and runaways, and raffarees of one kind or other; begging and plundering, and getting under false pretence into the noblemens' and gentlemens' service—or any service, faith, they don't care what; so its not that they properly belong to."

"Right, Major, very right!" said the Marquis; "but there would be no danger of people's being deceived in that way, if they would be guided by me."

The Marchioness turned away. "Point du tout!" said the Doctor.

"You'll look over my people? Ah, well you shall see every body—family—servants—guests, as soon as you like. And yet, among the last—I won't talk of your finding deserters—but you may discover something to attract your notice—eh, Doctor?—military men—nay Lady Clarissa!—I won't have Major O'Liffey prepared. What he sees, he shall see with his own eyes—

"Upon my honour then—if it would not be inconveniencing your Lordship—if I am to see any thing worth seeing," interrupted the party addressed, "I'd like to commence my examination immediately, for its an ugly habit that I have got hold of somewhere, in travelling to and fro, that I seldom see quite so conveniently after dinner as before."

This proposal being at once assented to, the Major settled his details with true military precision and dispatch. "Jeunesse"—his orderly sergeant came forward—"You will remain here—always with his Lordship's permission—on the watch, to catch the Colonel as he arrives. Doctor!—upon my soul I beg your pardon, I always forget your name, and I think I always will—now you shall show me the way about here, and we'll call the roll of the Marquis's establishment—male and female—in the drawing of a trigger. Steady my lads in your quarters;" continued the commander, addressing his soldiers who were drinking in the back ground—"and when you say your prayers, remember his Excellency's wine—by the token that if the butler does not stop his hand, you'll never remember to say the half of them! With your Ladyship's grace! Asy again with the sheepskin," concluded the gallant Major, leading the Marchioness off. "Och, by the powers now Marquis, but your invitation to dinner will come upon the Baron Albini, when he gets it, like mashed potatoes on the stomach of a starving man; for at such an inn as stands down by the river side yonder, where he expects he'll be obliged to quarter, the only chance a man would have for living, would be to go on taking nothing from one year's end to another to support life at all."

"So then! Fall in my lads; now one more glass, and then to duty!" cried the Quarter master. Here's his Excellency's health—and his worthy butler's.—Now then—come—mind what you are about. So! by your right—quick march. Dress up there! you'll every one be captains I see; and he that can but swear, and swagger, and cry God damme! is in the high road to be a general." With which observation, the worthy Quarter master, in his turn, led his forces off to the water side inn, which his commander had lately anathematized; and Terratinto, who had seen the Major depart for his survey of the dependants of the chateau with feelings compared to which those of a malefactor who is certain that he shall be hanged must be agreeable, hurried off to recommend instant flight—flight without looking behind them—as their only chance for life, to his *proteges*, Pedrillo and Vivaldi. The operation of which counsel, as well as certain events connected with the reception of it, shall be related in our next, and with heaven's grace, concluding Chapter.

EXTRACTS

From the Common-Place Book of a Miscellaneous Reader.

Every body of course recollects that celebrated tale of horrors in the "Tales of a Traveller," entitled the "*German Student*." The author tells us in a note that he believes the story to be extant in some old French Novel, or at least, that he has been informed it is. But Geoffry Crayon knew very well that this story was of considerably earlier date than this note would lead us to suppose—and I should be very willing to pledge my collection of French Novels against his Salmagundi, or to lay any equally great odds, that no such story exists in any French Novel, and that the only one that bears the least similarity to his *German Student*, is a tale which the reader will find in no very *ancient* French Novel, entitled "*The thousand*"—or *The thousand and one follies*." The sum of it is as follows :—A young girl is executed, (*hanged* if I recollect right) at a village in France, and given to the surgeons for dissection. Some years afterwards, two peasants, belonging to the village in which this execution took place, have occasion to visit the metropolis, and making some purchases at a goldsmith's shop, they are exceedingly struck by the strong resemblance which the wife of the goldsmith bears to the unfortunate girl whose execution they had witnessed in their native village. They inquire respecting her fortunes and her family, and ascertain that no one had the most remote idea from whence she came, or to what parents she owed her existence ; and that there was very little likelihood of obtaining the slighest information upon these points, since the lady herself constantly refused to converse upon topics of this nature, which evidently gave her great uneasiness whenever they happened to be started. All that her husband, even, knew of this matter, was, that she had entered his service with the strongest recommendations from a country apothecary of some respectability—that her virtues, good sense, and beauty had induced him to make her his wife—that he had never for an instant repented the choice which his well placed passion had dictated—and that the only circumstance which gave him the slightest uneasiness was, that she obstinately persisted in wearing a black handkerchief round her neck, which neither persuasions or entreaties could prevail upon her to remove, even for an instant. This mysterious account tended only to increase the suspicions which had been excited by the extraordinary resemblance they had observed, and curiosity getting the better of their prudence, and the kindlier feeling of their nature, they sent for the goldsmith and communicated their suspicions to him. Cursing them for their unwelcome information—and distracted at the idea of the mother of his children being a criminal, he hastens back, tears the handkerchief forcibly from her throat—and his sight is blasted with the livid, and but too evident impression of that instrument of the most degrading punishment—*a halter !*

It of course turns out that the goldsmith's wife was the identical girl that had been hanged, and recovered by the surgeon to whom she had been delivered for dissection.

In this story there is certainly nothing of the supernatural occurrence which renders the "German Student" so horribly entertaining ; and yet it contains quite enough internal evidence to prove that Geoffry Crayon had either seen or heard of it. The belief, however, that ladies did sometimes leave their cold graves, and the arms of death for the embraces of some favoured lover, was, in conjunction with magic, and other superstitions, very prevalent in the middle ages. An anonymous author, who wrote in Latin,

published a Treatise against the excessive grief which some husbands, it appears, were then in the habit of displaying upon the decease of their wives—a weakness now entirely got over, and anything but the concomitant of widowhood in the nineteenth century. The book, therefore, is now entirely forgotten, and very undeservedly so, in my opinion, because it contains some very strange and interesting fictions, of ladies who have returned to the beds of their lords and masters, after being safely lodged in the family vaults. The earliest story of this nature will be found in that Treatise of Phlegon Trallianus, entitled περὶ θαυμασιων:—but as the relation in Phlegon Trallianus had descended to our hands in rather a mutilated state, and as the remains of it, even, are rather too long, and hardly good enough to be translated, I shall make use of the synopsis of it as it stands in Henry Kormann's *Opis de miraculis Mortuorum;* a book which I am surprised that Novelists, who are dealers in the marvellous, have not made greater use of.

Phylinnium, the daughter of Demostratus and Charito, fell desperately in love with a young gentleman, called Machates, who was a guest of her father's, but in what way, and under what circumstances, it is impossible to tell, in consequence of the various dignifications which are attached to the greek word ξενων. Machates, it appears, absented himself for a time, and during this period, the parents endeavour to crush the rising passion of their daughter; their harsh treatment and stern opposition to her wishes, break the poor girl's heart—she dies, and is publicly buried. Demostratus and Charito are, like all parent's under similar circumstances, very sorry for their cruelty when it is too late—and, as usual, expect to be pitied for an event which, morally and rationally speaking, they ought to have been punished for.

About six months after this occurrence, Machates returns, and a young and beautiful lady surprises him with a visit in his chamber by night.—She declares her passion for our hero—tells him that she comes without the knowledge of her parents—shares his supper and his bed—receives presents from him, and gives him also tokens of her love in return. An old servant, attached to the family, and who is called in the original a *nurse*, but who seems to have added to this occupation, the post which moderns call by the name of housekeeper—comes one evening to the apartment of Machates, for the purpose of administering to his comforts or necessities, and is at once surprized and scandalized to behold him sleeping in the arms of a female. Fixing her eyes upon the lady for the unamiable purpose of exposing her the next day, she is astonished to find her the very image of her foster-child. Recovered from the surprise into which this unexpected vision had thrown her, she approaches nearer to the couch—observes the features of the lady more closely and more narrowly—examines her dress, and is at last convinced that the sleeping female can be no other than Phylinnium—and that the splendid habiliments which lay upon the couch were the very same in which she had beheld her young mistress carried to the tomb *.

Hastening to the apartment of her master, she communicates the strange intelligence, declaring that the Gods, commiserating their unhappiness and grief, had raised Phylinnium from the dead, and that she was at that moment in the chamber of Machates. The parents rush to the spot with exclamations of astonishment and joy. The sleeping pair are awakened, and Charito and Demostratus throw themselves upon their daughter's neck. But she,

* The reader must bear in mind, that the custom of burying the dead in that fanciful, inelegant, and unbecoming dress, which is called a shroud, was by no means in vogue among the ancients. Women, on the contrary, were arrayed in their most sumptuous apparel, and adorned in their sepulchres with the most glittering ornaments they possessed.

repulsing them, and looking sternly upon the authors of her sorrow, exclaimed, "oh ye cruel parents, merciless to your child—why have you envied me the enjoyment which the Gods have not denied me? Why refused me the affection of Machates for the short period allotted to me? Grief, bitter grief, will attend upon this your cruelty, or curiosity—tears that had been dried up will flow again—a second time you have chosen to witness the death-bed of your daughter." With these words she grew pale—animation fled—and in less than an instant the beautiful form before them assumed the semblance of a corpse that had been interred some time, and upon whom corruption had already laid its withering hand.

The news of so strange an occurrence was soon abroad—the magistrates command the sepulchre of Phylinnium to be opened—her body had disappeared, but the presents of Machates—a ring and golden chalice, were within it. The corpse of the lady was, by the advice of a certain augur, named Hyllus, carried from the chamber of Machates, and being borne without the limits of the city, was left there a prey to wild beasts, and to the birds of heaven; while the unhappy hero of the tale, finding he had been deluded by a spectre, perished by his own hand.

Excepting a few discrepancies in the accounts of Kornmann and Phlegon Trallianus, this appears to be the outline of the story. To render it intelligible, we must, of course, suppose that the person of Phylinnium was little known to Machates, and that the passion was wholly upon her side. The history of the times, and the retired habits of females of that day, warrant this supposition, which we are compelled to have recourse to, in consequence of the early part of the story being lost.

I must not forget to add, that Phlegon Trallianus, the original narrator of the story, represents himself as an inhabitant of the city in which this occurrence took place, and declares that he was himself an *eye-witness* of the transaction!

New Notes to Gray's Latin Ode upon the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse.

"O Tu Severi Religio loci."

The word Religio in this place has afforded a subject of inexhaustible comment.—The editors of Gray's works, together with the many other persons who have thought proper to make dissertations upon this Ode, have, however they may disagree in other respects, declared the meaning of Gray to be incomprehensible, or that he was unauthorized in his use of the word Religio.

Now both these assertions are incorrect. For the first—turn to the Poet's letter to Mr. West, and you will find him writing in the following terms:—

"In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining; not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an Atheist into belief, without the help of other argument."

After this passage, from the author's own hand, there can certainly be very little doubt of what Gray meant by the word *Religio*. As to the word being unauthorized or unclassical—the assertion is so far from being true, that the passage cited is a very close imitation of some lines in Virgil's eighth Æneid; and it is rather extraordinary, that while such men as Mason,

Wakefield, and Matthias, who were all scholars, have, at different periods, been the Editors of Gray's Poems, this imitation and classical authority should have been till this moment overlooked.—See the two pages in juxta-position.

VIRGIL.

Jam tum *Religio* pavidos terrebat agrestes
Dira loci; jam tum silvam saxumque tremebant.
Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,
(Quis deus, incertum est,) habitat Deus—

Æn. viii. 349.

GRAY.

O tu severi *Religio* loci
Quocunque gaudes nomine non leve
Nativa nam certe fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;

Claudian also uses the term *religio loci*,

——————Accenditur ultro
Religione loc

Rapt. Proserp. iii. 357.

The following anecdote of Professor Porson's critical acumen, was related by the late Professor of Greek, in the University of Cambridge.

In the introduction to the *Tale of a Tub*, p. 51. first ed., we have the following passage:—"Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I writ under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions."—And in *Gulliver's Travels*, vol. 1. p. 22. first ed. we have this:—"On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground, into that on the left side, the king's smiths conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six and thirty padlocks."

From the curious coincidence of the numbers in these two passages, Professor Porson inferred that both were written by the same person, that is, from internal evidence that Swift was the author of the "*Tale of a Tub*."

(P. P. D.)

NYMPH AND CUPID.

BY ALBANI.

OUR Readers will perceive that the annexed plate differs considerably in the mode of execution, from any we have hitherto inserted in the Parthenon. The lithographic process by which it has been produced, is called by M. Engleman, of Paris, the inventor, *lavis lithographique*, and in English, *dabbing*. In preparing the Gainsborough for our last Number, we partially availed ourselves of this process, but the present is the first instance in which we have employed it almost exclusively. We intend, however, to introduce in future numbers a variety of prints, which, we think, our readers will not be displeased to see executed in this manner.

The present plate represents part of a picture painted for the Sampieri Palace, at Bologna, by Francesco Albani, or Albano, as he is also called. In a delicious landscape, a number of boys at play appear in the foreground. On a fine soft sky, a small nymph-like figure floating along, turns round her head to kiss a Cupid, as in the print. The boys frolicking below, the ærial figures above, and the landscape all harmonize, and the effect is excellent.

Albani pinx. F. Ross del.

NYMPH AND CUPID.

Printed at the Typolithographic Press — White Lion Court, Wych Street.

FOR THE PARTHENON.

Published by Black, Young & Young Tavistock St. Covent Garden.

The colouring is every where good, and the air of gaiety which pervades the whole, renders the picture truly charming. It is one of Albani's masterpieces. This artist is remarkable for his graceful females and children, but they are liable to the objection of too great a sameness, which is said to be owing to his having always taken his models from his own family.

Albani was born at Bologna, in 1578. He was educated in the school of Calvart, where Guido, and Domenichino, were his fellow pupils, and with them he left his old master to study under the Caracci. There is a story of Albani, which we shall without farther preface introduce here as we find it related by Fiorillo.

It was the custom in those times for the person who ordered a picture to supply the artist with the ultramarine, or fine blue colour, used in painting certain parts. Albani being employed, by the Rivaldi family, to paint the Assumption of the Virgin, for an altar piece in the Church *Della Pace*, the steward of the household brought him a considerable quantity of ultramarine for the drapery of the Madonna. The steward was, however, ordered to stop beside Albani while he painted, and bring away whatever part of this expensive colour might not be used. This conduct very naturally gave offence to Albani. Having set his palette, he repeatedly dipped his pencil in the unmixed colour, and washed it out in a basin, so that the ultramarine was exhausted long before the robe of the virgin, for which it was destined, was half painted. The poor steward did not know what to think of this, for he had brought considerably more of the colour than the artist had required. Albani observing his embarrassment, said—"I see you are quite ignorant of our art. Works such as these need a great quantity of ultramarine; but your master's mean suspicion is the only cause of the deficiency in the present instance; for he ought to be taught that if I chose to act dishonourably, I can deceive you or any other looker on." Albani then poured the water slowly out of the basin, and shewed the steward the ultramarine which lay precipitated at the bottom. "Go home," said he, to your own business and never again be a spy on honourable men doing theirs."

It appears from a passage in Pliny, that the ancient artists were sometimes guilty of the kind of fraud, of a disposition to which Albani was on this occasion suspected. In speaking of the colours which were delivered to the Painters *, Pliny says:—Sunt autem colores austeri aut floridi; utrumque natura aut mixtura evenit. Floridi sunt, quos dominus pingenti præstat, Minium, Armenium, Cinnabaris, Chrysocolla, Purpurissum, Indicun †. And farther on, he observes:—E reliquis coloribus, quos a dominis dari diximus, propter magnitudinem pretii, ante omnes est purpurissum, &c. ‡. In book 33, c. 7. speaking of the manner in which minium is prepared, handled, &c the following passage occurs:—sublini autem Syrico minium compendii ratio demonstrat. Et alio modo pingentium furto opportunum est, plenos subinde abluentium penicillos. Sidit autem in aqua, constatque furantibus §.

Durant, in explaining this last passage says:—"Minium was very dear, and as all colours were then mixed with water and not with oil, it was easy for "griping painters," as Dupinet calls them, to fill their pencils in order

* Historia Nat. Lib. 35. cap. 6. de coloribus, nativis et factil..

† The colours are dead or brilliant, either by nature or mixture as may happen. The brilliant colours are those furnished to the Painter by the employer, as minium, armenium, cinnabaris, chrysocolla, purpurissum, indicum.

‡ Of all the colours which, as we have said, are supplied by the employers, the first of all, on account of the high price is purpurissum, &c.

§ Economy suggested the laying an underground of syricum below the minium. But besides this, the painters had another way of defrauding, by frequently washing in water, their pencils full of colour, which settling at the bottom, remained in possession of the depredators

afterwards to press the colour out of them into cups, in which it was precipitated under the water, and was afterwards collected for the benefit of the peculator. What means were taken to obviate this? It appears that painters were only furnished with slight layers of minium, upon a substratum of syricum; and thus their depredations were checked."

This latter part of the interpretation is not correct. The meaning of Pliny appears to be what our translation makes it. He speaks of two ways in which painters took advantage of their employers who furnished the expensive colours:—the one by laying a thin coat of minium over syricum, instead of painting the whole part with that colour, an operation similar to that which English artists call glazing; the other by continually rinsing their pencils, filled with the valuable colour, in water.

Fiorillo, who remarks that the passage was obscure to Durant, because he was not an artist, understands Pliny in the above manner. He explains the meaning thus:—"To save the minium, the painters used Syricum for their ground, or first sketch, which they afterwards slightly covered or overlaid with the other colour, as is now daily practised with lake and ultramarine."

LETTERS FROM FLANDERS.

Antwerp, October 8th.

The approach to Antwerp is the most tiresome that can be imagined. At the distance of four miles, perhaps a little more, you first see the tower of the Cathedral, which then looks like a tall obelisk at the end of the long straight road you are toiling along. Having got to the end of this vista, you enter upon a flat open plain, to which Marlborough Downs, or the low lands of Lincolnshire, are perfectly picturesque. The city of Antwerp, or rather the roofs of the houses, then become visible over the low fortifications which lie between, and which look like mere mounds of earth. Three miles of journeying across a swamp, which is as flat and as green as a billiard table, and varied by nothing but the dykes which intersect it, bring you to the *Fête de Flandre*, the point at which passengers embark to cross the Scheldt, and here, for the first time, the city assumes that imposing aspect which really belongs to it.

No city is more replete with interesting recollections, than this. Once the emporium of commerce, the most wealthy and enlightened city of Europe, the scene of the atrocities of the savage duke of Alba, and the spot in which the freedom of the Low Countries first took root, it has distinguished claims upon the attention of the traveller. To the lovers of art, however, it has a title dearer than all these, because it was the birth-place of Rubens, the theatre of his most brilliant efforts, and because it contains all of him that could die. The name of Rubens is associated for ever with Antwerp, and even more than his name, for his spirit seems to breathe in every part of it. That sentiment of veneration and awe, which is almost universally excited by the contemplation of "the graves of the mighty dead," is heightened to an extraordinary degree. It is not the mere recollection of one of the greatest masters of art that the world has ever produced; the conviction that he ought to be honoured by every one who can understand his excellence, but the feeling that he is himself present, that his voice speaks out every where, and that every object which strikes the senses, is the very work of his hands, makes an irresistible appeal to the minds of the beholders. This applies

not only to the production of his pencil, which are to be found in such rich profusion in all the public buildings of Antwerp, but the exterior of these buildings, even the statues of the saints which are at the corner of almost every street, have, in many instances, been made after his designs.

The desire which I felt to see and contemplate more closely the works of this great man, of whom one of his enthusiastic admirers said, that "he seemed to have been sent from heaven to teach mankind painting," led me to the public Museum of the city. It was in a hall, formerly belonging to the Convent of the Recolletts, which stands in a small enclosure, planted with trees and flowering shrubs. On an elevated spot in this garden, if it may be called so, is a short pedestal, on which stands a colossal bust of Rubens, very badly executed, and having a very faint resemblance to the intellectual and handsome features of the master. This monument is altogether unworthy of him; but in Antwerp Rubens has no need of a monument. In other parts of this garden, and against the walls, are small tablets, bearing inscriptions to the memory of the celebrated painters of whom Antwerp have to boast. The manner in which these are done is paltry enough, and gives the place too much the air of a churchyard, but the intention is a good and laudable one, and by recalling to the memory of the pupils, who necessarily frequent this place, the names and excellence of the deceased artists, may supply some sort of encouragement to the students in an art which, of all others, perhaps, most needs encouragement.

The Museum contains little more than two hundred paintings; many of them of considerable merit, and some of them remarkable in other points of view, besides their pictorial excellence; but they all suffer from the presence of Rubens, before whom their best qualities fade into insignificance. Including his sketches, there are twenty pictures of this great master in the Museum. The best of them is that representing the Crucifixion. It is difficult to describe, and wholly impossible to speak in such terms as it deserves, of this painting. In it all the varied excellence which Rubens possessed is displayed, and for whatever qualities his other paintings may be praised, this should be selected as the instance in which they are all united. The effect upon the beholder is rather like that of seeing a well acted scene in a drama, than of contemplating a picture. The appeal is made directly to the senses and the understanding, and without stopping at first to examine the painting, you are struck and interested with the event which is going on. In no other picture perhaps, was this reality and liveliness ever attained. The subject is one which has been so often painted, that nothing can be more trite, and yet in the hands of this master it has acquired a novelty, as well as an interest, quite independent of its religious bearing. Any one who should look at it, of whatever nation or religion, must, without hesitation declare, that it represents as striking and as tragic a scene as ever poet conceived, or historian related. The point of time represented is just at the approach of evening; a sort of subdued day-light prevails, and the back ground of the picture is of a stillish neutral tint. The executioners have just arrived, to put an end to the sufferings of the victims, if they should be still alive. The figure of the Saviour occupies the middle of the picture, and the penitent thief is on his right hand, and the other on his left. The most profound anatomical knowledge is displayed in each of these figures. That of Christ, already dead, expresses the relaxation of muscles, and the pale livid colour, which arises after dissolution, Immediately against this, and in the strongest possible contrast, is that of the impenitent thief, of robust form and deep complexion, who is in the agonies of convulsion, and whose distorted limbs show again the daring as well as the skill of the artist. The nearest part of the foreground is occupied by the figure of the Virgin, drooping with a mother's affliction, and which, though

it is tempered by a conviction of the divinity of her son is yet too strong and too human to be dispelled by it. She is surrounded by some of the Apostles, and this group forms a deep shade in the part of the picture which they fill. On the other side are two horsemen who have just ridden up, and on one of them the Centurion, believing that Christ is already dead, while he reins up his horse with one hand, thrusts with the other his lance into the Saviour's side. The manner in which this part of the action is represented, is among the proofs that Rubens acted under the impulses of his genius. A less daring spirit would have taken pains to exaggerate the barbarity of this event: a merely good Catholic painter would have endeavoured to express his notion of its impiety. Rubens has described it as it probably happened, a thing done by a reckless soldier, who neither meant to be cruel nor insolent, but who took the shortest way of discharging a duty which was imposed upon him. The effect of this, which is heightened by the playful and careless action he has given to a chesnut horse, ridden by the other soldier, can hardly be conceived from a description. The most laboured details of the cruel death which the Saviour of men endured, the most minute recital of his sufferings, and the ignominy to which he was exposed, could not convey to the minds of all conditions of men in the same universal manner, as the eloquent silence of this picture, the feelings which the subject is calculated to excite. But the crowning beauty of the work is in the figure of the Magdalen, who is standing at the foot of the cross. The beauty of her face, and the radiance of her complexion, are so managed, that a light seems to proceed from them, in that part of the painting which is the most dark. Her eyes are filled with tears, and the whole character of her grief, so different from that of the Virgin, is passionate, and, if in speaking of a picture one might say so, loud. Her one arm is raised up as if in the vain attempt of preventing this last insult which was offered to the man of many sorrows. In this sort of unfinished action the picture remains, and the first feeling of a spectator unused to the sight of pictures, and yet sensible of their power (two circumstances, the combination of which is perhaps impossible) would be to join in the attempt of the Magdalen.

The mechanical skill of the painting is equal to the conception; the delicacy, as well as the powers which the master could bestow, are shewn in their utmost excellence; and although I have no right to say, ex cathedrâ, that this is Rubens' best picture, yet I may be permitted to say that, according to my notions, it is the best in Antwerp.

There is another picture representing the burying of Christ, which is of a totally different character. The figure of St. John, which gives the name to the picture, is of exquisite beauty; and those of the other persons introduced, the Virgin, the Magdalen, and St. Joseph, of Arimathea, are scarcely inferior to it. This picture expresses profound still grief, and if an unsophisticated beholder would be induced to start, or to cry out at the sight of the last picture, this would induce him to sit down and weep.

The celebrated "Adoration of the Magi," which is said to have been painted in thirteen days, and which, if it be true, can be true of the production of no other man than Rubens, is hung over one of the arches of the hall. Full of grandeur and spirit, it can by no means be compared with either of the other pictures; and yet, in any place but this, it would appear a painting of striking excellence.

In a picture said to represent the Trinity, the figure of Christ lying in the lap of an aged person, is remarkable for the fore-shortening of the leg; it is rather curious than any thing else. The portraits of the Burgomaster Rockov, and his wife, forming the *volets* to a picture of St. Theresa imploring heaven for the relief of the souls in purgatory, are in the very

first style of the artist, and form an unlucky contrast to the large painting in the middle, which has little of Rubens' pencil in it. A Holy Family, which was presented by Rubens to the Academy of Painting, on his election, is an exquisite small picture; several sketches of inconceivable spirit and interest, are hanging about in different parts of the gallery, and some other pictures, which it is not perhaps necessary to describe at length.

The death of St. Francis is an admirable picture, but the subject is much less striking, and therefore less fitted for the majestic genius of Rubens, than many others which he treated. It is not painted in what is commonly called his style, having a much greater resemblance to the works of the Italian artists who preceded him. It is, nevertheless, known to have been from his pencil, the original receipt for payment of it being said to be found in existence, and in which he acknowledges that the payment has been made for a picture painted with his own hand. The number of commissions with which he was loaded, made it necessary for him to trust his pupils with some part of his works; and the value of such as proceeded from his own pencil was, in consequence, considerably enhanced.

There are still some pictures worthy of being described in this gallery, but they must be reserved for another letter; this having already, I fear, exceeded reasonable limits.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS IN GERMANY.

Compositions of Father Martini.

A small selection from the works of the celebrated Father Martini, has just been published in Germany, under the following title :—

Sette Fughette a quattro Voci cantanti col basso continuo, ricavate dalle Opere del fù Padre Maestro Giambattista Martini, e pubblicate da C. T. Weinlig, Direttore di musica alla Scuola di S. Tommaso, a Lipsia.

Father Martini who was a Franciscan Friar, and a native of Bologna, died in the year 1754. He was celebrated for his learning and love of antiquarian research on subjects connected with music. He was the greatest contrapuntist, in the old sense of the term, of the age in which he lived, and in all questions relative to that branch of composition, he was regarded throughout Europe as an oracle, against whose decision there was no appeal.

Martini is the author of numerous church compositions, all of which are highly esteemed; for notwithstanding a certain degree of coldness, his works can never fail to please, on account of the purity, learning, and good taste, by which they are characterized. Martini, however, owes his reputation chiefly to his treatises on musical theory, among which his *Saggio fondamentale pratico di Contra-punto,* is particularly deserving of attention. Martini was engaged in writing a history of music, which unfortunately he did not live to complete. That portion of the work which has been published, bears evidence of vast industry and profound erudition. The author had collected an extensive and valuable store of materials for the prosecution of his laborious task, and the celebrated singer Farinelli supplied funds to assist him in the purchase of books and manuscripts.

During the course of his long life, Martini was occasionally occupied in composing music for the texts of the hymns and psalms which were sung in the Franciscan convent at Bologna, of which he was Chapel master. He set them all for four voices, with a *basso continuo* accompaniment for the organ. It is from these compositions that M. Weinlig has collected the materials

for his publication, which we shall briefly examine in the order in which the pieces are arranged.

No. I. *Confirmata in Saeculum*, from the *Confitebor*, consists of two principal melodies in a bold style. It is an effective composition, and will be found tolerably easy of execution, by those who are not wholly unaccustomed to music of this class. This, though merely a fragment, may be regarded as a composition complete in itself, and it somewhat resembles a fugated motet.

No. II. Conclusion of the *Beatus vir*. The parts are here ingeniously interwoven, but the piece seems to have been intended merely as an experiment in this style of composition.

No. III. Concluding movement of the *Dixit Dominus*, is fugated, and presents many peculiarities. It closely resembles the style of Handel's earlier works, as for example, his Te Deum, and some of his anthems.

No. IV. The concluding movement of the *Magnificat*. This is a bold and scientific composition, and cannot fail to make a considerable impression even on unlearned ears.

No. V. An Amen from the *Beatus vir*, which may be ranked in the same class with No. II, though it is somewhat less scientific.

No. VI. The middle movement from a *Magnificat*, composed in 1749. This piece is easy of comprehension and execution, while at the same time it is capable of producing a striking effect.

No. VII. The middle movement of a *Magnificat*, composed in 1759, is in the same style as the last, equally easy of execution, and so impressive in its effect, that the hearer can only regret its shortness.

This little collection contains much that may prove useful to the musical student, and it cannot fail to be particularly acceptable to amateurs, who may wish to form some idea of the merits of a composer, now little known, except by name.

Sonate a quatre mains pour le Piano-forte,

Par George Onslow (Breitkopp and Hartel Leipsick.)

Mr. Onslow, whose name has recently risen into celebrity in the musical world, is, we believe, by birth an Englishman, though his compositions are less known here than in France and Germany, where they are highly esteemed. Mr. Onslow has resided for some years on the continent. He is now, or was very lately, in Paris, where he some months ago brought out an opera, which enjoyed a considerable share of popularity. The Sonata which he has just published is noticed in terms of high praise by the Leipsic *Musikalische Zeitung*. It consists of the following movements. *Allegro moderato e patetico*; F flat, common time. Minuetto; *Moderato*, F flat. Trio, D flat major Largo; F flat, common time, Finale; allegro espressivo, F flat. The minuet and trio are said to be singularly beautiful, and to afford very decided proofs of the science and talent of the composer.

POETICAL IMITATION.

SUUM CUIQUE.

There cannot be a fairer, a more praise-worthy, or a more legitimate object of criticism, than that of debating and exposing in the work of any author, ideas which he has borrowed from others, without having the candour to acknowledge the debt. A man of ordinary reading must frequently make discoveries of this nature and he is bound in justice to those whose labours have thus been surreptitiously made use of to restore to the right

owners those passages which their Parnassian neighbours may have pilfered from them. This has been very ably done by Dr. HURD, one of our most erudite and acute critics, in his discourse on the marks of poetical imitations, though many were artfully disguised, for the purpose of escaping detection. I have taken the hint from Dr. HURD, and in the present paper, will point out a number of palpable, but unacknowledged imitations

Addison's tragedy of *Cato* commences thus:

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds bring on the day."

This is an imitation of the two first lines of Seneca's Œdipus:

"Jam nocte pulsa *dubius* effulsit *dies*
"Et *nube* mœstum *squallida* exoritur jubar."

In the senate scene, *Cato*, advising his followers, says that

"Fear admitted into public council
Betrays like treason."

Precisely the same idea, clothed in almost the same words, occurs in Curio's work, *De Bello Melitensi Historia*, published in 1567. The author, speaking of the conduct of the commander of some galley, which the knights of Malta expected to aid them against the Turks, but which relief was not afforded them, in consequence of the apprehensions entertained by the commander, says—"Sed is *metu* (quo *egregia* sæpenumero *consilia corrumpuntur*) progredi non est ausus."

The writer of the life of Elijah Fenton, prefixed to his poems, bestows much praise on him for that passage in his tragedy of *Herod and Mariamne*, where Narbal, a lord of the queen's faction, gives an account to *Telaminius*, the Roman General, of the queen's parting with her son. The General says

——— "Awhile she stood,
Transform'd by grief to marble, and appear'd
Her own pale monument."

This beautiful poetical stroke does not belong to Fenton. In Cowley's comedy of *Love's Riddle*, written when he was at Westminster school, the reader will find *Philistus*, a love-sick swain, exclaiming—

"I am half a statue
Freeze me up quite, ye gods, and let me be
My own sad monument."

The original idea is however, to be sought for in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. In the third book the poet thus describes Narcissus:—

———"vultuque immotus eodem
Hæret, ut è *Pario* formatum *marmore signum.*"

Again, in the 6th book, he thus depicts Niobe, who having lost the use of speech, *through the intensity of her grief*, was feigned by the poets, to have been transformed to stone:—

————"Nullos movet aura capillos.
In vultu color est sine sanguine; lumina mæstis
Stant immota genis. Nihil est in imagine vivum
Ipsa quoque interius cum duro lingua palato
Congelat, et venæ desistunt posse moveri.
Nec flecti cervix, nec brachia reddere gestus.
Nec pes ire potest. Intra quoque viscera saxum."

St. Cyprian, speaking of the transformation of Lot's wife, seems also to have had Ovid in his mind. He says—

"Stetit ipsa sepulchrum,
Ipsaque imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans."

Dr. Johnson, in his celebrated prologue, tells us that Shakspeare

"Exhausted *worlds*, and then imagined *new*;"

The idea appears to have been borrowed from the following passage in Cowley's Pindaric Ode, entitled "*The Muse.*" Describing the wonder-working power of the muse, Cowley bursts out in this animated strain :—

"Whatever God did say,
Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way,
Nay, ev'n *beyond his work* thy voyages are known,
Thou'st *thousand worlds* too of thine own.
Thou speak'st great queen, in the same style as he,
And a *new world* leaps forth when thou say'st *let it be.*"

Pope has been much lauded for the lines in his second Ethic Epistle, where he describes man as placed between the past and the future; between the *æternitas à parte ante,* and the *æternitas à parte post,* as the schoolmen have it :—

"Placed on this *isthmus* of a *middle state,*
A being darkly wise and rudely great."

Cowley, in his Pindaric Ode, denominated "Life and Fame," has used the same figure, and there Pope certainly found it. Cowley thus apostrophises life :—

"Vain, weak-built *isthmus,* which does proudly rise
Up betwixt *two eternities.*"

Cowley himself did not scruple to borrow a little at times. Thus in his poem on the Restoration of Charles II, he speaks of the monarch's trouble thus :—

"*Much* is he *tost at sea, and much at land*
Does long the force of angry gods withstand."

A literal translation of Virgil's

——— "Multùm ille et *terris jactatus* et *alto,*
Vi superûm."

N.

POMPEII.

In our last we inserted a Report made to the French Academy of the Fine Arts, on a Plan and restoration of Pompeii by M. Bibent. We have now to notice a German work connected with the same subject, and entitled, "Wanderungen durch Pompeii, von Ludwig Goro von Agyagsalva, Hauptman, in k. k. Osterreicheschen Geniecorps, reu, &c." This work, which was published at Vienna in the beginning of the present year, if it contain little that is new, has the merit of being very comprehensive; for it treats of every thing that has been seen, or is to be seen, in the subterranean city. The author, who is a Captain of Engineers in the Austrian service, belonged to the army which invaded Naples in the year 1821. After the defeat of the Neapolitan Army, he proceeded to examine the excavations of Pompeii. As he came armed with the authority of General Frimont, Commander of the Austrian Army, he experienced none of those obstructions which are generally thrown in the way of foreigners by the Neapolitans; on the contrary, he was not only allowed to pursue his object undisturbed, but uncommon facilities for investigation were afforded him. In the German manner, the author takes a long view of his subject. He does not enter on his description until he has sketched the history of Pompeii from its foundation to the period of the disaster which overwhelmed it, the account of which, by Pliny, the Younger, he translates. The work is divided into Sections.

Section 1. On the highways leading into the city, and on the funeral monuments erected thereon. The description here is interesting, and the author has entered into some curious details on the construction of roads by

the ancients, but he has dwelt too long on the funeral ceremonies of the Greeks and Romans, on which he only repeats what has often been said by others.

Section 2.—On the streets and dwelling-houses. The streets hitherto discovered are paved with lava, and very narrow, in many instances not more than six feet wide. The numerous inscriptions on the sides aud angles of the streets are striking. They are in coloured characters on the white-washed walls, and have served the purpose of our posting-bills. The author gives copies of two of these advertisements. One announces an exhibition of Gladiators; the other gives notice that a country house is to be let. The author enters into a disertation on the construction and building materials of these houses, which are very small and plain. They have no window to the street, and, indeed, very few windows. It is a remarbable fact, that in the excavation of a house in 1772, there were found under an aperture for a window, one large and three small squares of thick glass, which are preserved in the Museum of Portici. This discovery brought into some discredit the opinion which had previously prevailed among the learned, that the panes of the ancient windows were not made of glass but of mica. There are, in this section, descriptions of the ornaments of the interior of the houses, the mosaics, and the paintings, and some interesting observations on the technical processes of the ancient painters. The more considerable houses are described in detail, and among the rest the school of surgery, in which a forceps exactly resembling an instrument of the same kind made in Paris, was found.

Section 3.—Public Places and Buildings.—Captain Goro begins with the *Forum civile*, which is a parallelogram with three principal entrances, and doric colonades. It appears that after the earthquake in A.D. 63, the inhabitants had begun to make improvements in this quarter. A second similar Forum is described, and a third, which was at first supposed to be a barrack for soldiers, but is now generally believed to be the public market-place, the *Forum venale*. It is surrounded by the booths or stalls of the dealers.

The author next proceeds to the Temples, but it seems he could not make the transition without the help of a discussion on the sacred edifices and sacrifices of the ancients, in which no new information is to be found. The building which is generally called the Temple of Jupiter, is by some thought to be the city treasury. Among the sculptres found in it were a very fine female head, a head of Jupiter, and another of Æsculapus, but in other respects there is nothing to prove its being a sacred place. In another Temple, assigned to Venus, a great number of pictures on the walls, and some sculptures were found; among the latter is a fine statue without drapery, resembly the Venus de Medicis. Here also the fine statue of the Hermaphrodite was found. A third edifice is called by the author the Temple of Quirinus. It has been attributed to Mercury, but the authority for the former name is an inscription found at the entrance. The fourth Temple noticed is that of Augustus, which was not laid open until 1822. It is one of the finest edifices of Pompeii. There was found in it a male hand, holding a globe, and supposed to be a fragment of the statue of Augustus; this is the only authority for the name given to the building! The walls are, however, richly adorned with pictures, among which, the most remarkable represents Ulysses in disguise, with his travelling staff, standing before Penelope with her spindle. A fifth Temple, dedicated to Fortune, was discovered in 1824, in a ruinous state. In it have been discovered the

statue of a Priestess in a tunic and toga, and of a Consul, said to be a Marcus Tullius, besides a number of inscriptions, one of which distinctly states that Fortune was worshipped there. The sixth Temple has been attributed to Hercules, but the author gives it to Neptune, and its vicinity to the sea corroborates his conjecture. It is in a state of complete destruction. A seventh is called the Temple of Isis, and here the inscriptions leave no doubt as to its original destination. This temple has proved a rich mine of antiquities, as in it a multitude of things connected with the worship of Isis have been found. The little Temple of Æculapius is the last which is enumerated and described.

The author passes from the temples to the Judicial buildings, and describes a large open Hall, and a Tribunal or Curia. He also gives a detailed account of an edifice dedicated by the Priestess Eumachia to the Dea Concordia. The celebrated statue of the Priestess Eumachia was discovered in this building about three years ago.

The Theatres form the next subject of investigation. The small theatre which the author names the Odeum is first described; next the large theatre, capable of containing 4000 persons, and lastly, the amphitheatre, in which from 18 to 20,000 spectators could be accommodated. The work concludes with a descriprion of the walls and watch towers of the city.

About twenty prints, prepared at Naples, are subjoined, partly copper-plate, and partly lithographic. The engraved plates are very well, but from those printed from stone we should be inclined to conclude that the lithographic art is in a very low state among the Neapolitans.

VENICE IN 1786.

After the account of the Venetian Law case which we have inserted at page 284, Goetha adverts to the theatrical performances at Venice, the manners of the People, and a variety of other circumstances. His observations, though interesting, are often too desultory to admit of being classed under distinct heads. We extract the following passages :—

October 4.

Yesterday evening I went to the Theatre of San Luca, where I was very much amused. I saw a piece played extempore by actors in masks. The performance was exeeedingly natural and energetic. The actors were not, however, all possessod of an equal degree of merit. The pantaloon was excellent; and one of the actresses was remarkable for her good figure, her appropriate action, and the correctness of her delivery. The subject of the piece was absurd: it was similar to one which I have seen acted under the title of the *Pannel.* It was a mere succession of equivoque, maintained for upwards of three hours. Here again the public formed the pivot on which every thing turned. The audience seemed to take part in the performance, and associate themselves with the actors, forming as it were a homogenous whole. Throughout the whole of the day, on the Piazza or at the sea-side, on board a gondola or in a parlour, the merchant, the advocate, the beggar, and the boatman, all are full of bustle and activity, talking, swearing, buying, selling, singing, and playing. In the evening the whole population assembles at the theatres. Here the daily incidents of their lives are brought

before them, adroitly combined and humourously coloured, interspersed with jocular stories, departing from reality by the aid of masks, and approximating to it, by the faithful delineation of manners. The audience applaud and vociferate, and testify almost a childish excess of delight. Thus it is almost without intermission, from morning to night, and from night to morning again.

I have now had opportunities of witnessing public speaking in all its varieties. I have heard three mountebanks relate their stories on the Piazze and on the quays; I have heard the speeches of two lawyers, and the sermons of two preachers; and I have seen many actors, of whom the representative of *Pantaloon* was, in my opinion, decidedly the best. Mountebanks, lawyers, preachers, and actors, all exhibit traits of resemblance common to each other. This may be accounted for—first, by their being natives of the same country, by their living constantly in public, and being incessantly engaged in animated discussion; and next, because they are natusally inclined to imitate each other. All have a characteristic gesticulation and action, which accompanies and imparts energy to the expression of their thoughts and feelings.

To-day being the festival of St. Francis, I went to the church that is dedicated to that Saint. The cries of the hawkers in the streets echod the singing of the capuchins, as the responses echo the words of the priest. As I happened to be placed near the door, between these two chorusses, the harmony produced a very odd effect.

October 5.

This morning I visited the arsenal, which interested me exceedingly. Ignorant as I am of any thing relating to naval affairs, the sight of this place afforded me instruction as well as amusement. Here, one may imagine oneself in a garden that still flourishes amidst the most careful cultivation, though its seasons of blossoms and fruits be passed away. Wherever I go, I love to see all I can. I gratified my curiosity by stepping on board a vessel of 84 guns, the hull of which was finished.

About six months ago a vessel of similar size to this was completely destroyed by fire, off the coast of Sciavonia. As there was but little powder in the magazine, the explosion did not occasion great damage. The neighbouring houses escaped with no other injury than the loss of their windows.

I saw in the arsenal the trunks of some fine Istrian oaks, which suggested to me some reflections on the extraordinary growth of those superb trees. The little knwledge I have acquired relative to the productions of nature, which man employs as materials for various objects, has proved very useful in enabling me to understand the labours both of mechanics and artists. My study of the natnre of mountains and the stones their produce, has greatly assisted me in my examination of works of art.

A few words will suffice to give an idea of the *Bucentoro*. It is a state gallery. The old vessel, of which there is an engraving, better corresponded with the name, than that which is now used. Its magnificence banishes the recollection of its origin.

I am always fond of alluding to old times. When an artist has a good subject, he may produce a good work. With regard to the *Bucentoro*, the object was to construct a vessel worthy to bear the Chief of the Republic on the solemn day when he is married to the sea, and the sea is reduced to the dominion of Venice. This object has been perfectly fulfilled. The vessel is entirely covered with ornaments and gilding. It is obviously not intended for service; and is a mere state vessel, of which the only object is

to exhibit to the people their Chief in all his pomp; for the populace are fond of finery, and love to see their rulers magnificently decked out. The *Bucentoro* at once bears evidence of the real and the arrogated power of the Venetians.

October 5, Night.

I have just returned, in a fit of laughter, from one of the theatres, where I have been seeing a tragedy. I must note down the joke that has so highly amused me. The piece was not bad in itself, and it was respectably performed. The author had employed all the machinery of tragedy, and the situations, though for the most part common-place, were in some instances novel and happily conceived. The subject turned upon the reciprocal hatred of two families, and the attachment subsisting between the son and daughter of the two hostile houses. In order to render the lovers happy, the author had no resource but to make the two cruel fathers kill each other, and with this incident the curtains fall amidst loud applause. After the close of the piece, the approbation continued to increase, and the actors were called for. The two principal characters stepped forward, and having made their obedience, withdrew. However, the audience were not yet satisfied: "Where are the dead men?" was loudly vociferated, and they continued clapping vehemently, and calling out *i morti! i morti!* until the two deceased fathers were at length compelled to rise from the dead, and, advancing to the front of the stage, make their bows amidst loud cries of *bravi i morti!* The effect of this absurdity was indescribable; it can only be conceived by those who have heard the *bravo! bravi!* which are incessantly in the mouths of the Italians, and of which they are so lavish as even to bestow them on the dead.

Good night! This is a salutation which we inhabitants of the north may address to each other when we separate at any hour in the midst of darkness. The *Felicissima notte!* of the Italians is said only once, and that is when lights are brought in to mark the separation between day and night. This separation conveys a meaning totally different from ours. The idioms of a language are always untranslatable. The clearest as well as the most obscure expressions in any language are in harmony with the character, the sentiments, the customs, and the distinctive qualities, of the nation to which it belongs.

October 6.

I have learned a good deal from the tragedy I saw last night. In the first place I learned the mode in which the Italians manage and deliver their iambic verses of eleven syllables; and in the next I perceived how ingeniously Gozzi has contrived to adapt the mask to tragic representations. In this way a spectacle peculiarly suited to the Italians is produced; for these people wish to experience only a superficial kind of emotion. They are never deeply moved by misfortune; but their sympathy is easily roused. The greatest pleasure they derive from the performance of tragedy, is when the hero delivers himself with correctness; for they are great lovers of elocution; but they soon grow tired of this, and feel the want of a joke, to furnish them with a subject for laughter.

They take the same interest in a dramatic performance as if they were witnessing incidents of real life. In the tragedy that was represented yesterday evening, the tyrant of the piece draws his sword, and presenting it to his son, commands him to murder his wife on the spot. This trait of ferocity excited a general exclamation of horror, and the performance was for some time suspended. The audience insisted that the tyrant should take back his sword; and the young prince to relieve himself and the other actors from

the perplexity into which this incident had thrown them, advanced to the front of the stage, and humbly begged the spectators to have a moment's patience, assuring them that all would be settled to their satisfaction. The scene in question was certainly a violation of good taste; it was gross and unnatural; and I could not but applaud the instinctive feeling of the audience.

I now more clearly understand the long speeches and frequent dissertations which occur in the Greek tragedies. The Athenians were still more susceptible to eloquence, and better judges of it than the Italians. The great causes which were pleaded before them, the judgments pronounced in their presence, were to the people of Athens a daily source of instruction.

October 7.

I went yesterday to the theatre of St. Chrysostom, and saw an Italian translation of Crebillon's Electra. I cannot express the disgust and tedium which this piece produced. Nevertheless the actors were good. They succeeded in pleasing the public by well given traits and details. In one single scene Orestes had to deliver three long speeches, dressed with a poetic fringe work. The actress who performed Electra was handsome, of the middle size, and displayed a vivacity almost French. She was graceful, and spoke the verse well, and she could not be reproached with having played throughout as a fury, and which is unfortunately the character of the part. This performance suggested to me a new observation. The Italian iambick verse, which is always of eleven syllables is not well suited to declamation. The last syllable is short, but nevertheless the actor, in spite of himself, gives it an elevated intonation.

To-day I went to hear high mass, which is annually celebrated in the church of St. Justine, in thanksgiving for the famous victory of Lepanto, so fatal to the Turks. The Doge attended in grand ceremony. The gilded gondolas, in which were the prince and part of the nobility, landed at the little square near the church. The boatmen were fantastically dressed, and their oars were painted read. The clergy and members of fraternities who assembled at the landing place held in their hands lighted tapers, fixed on poles or in silver candelabra. A part of the procession marched on in close ranks. Pontoons, covered with carpeting, formed a communication between the boats and the land. I first observed the long violet robes of the Savii, next the long trains of the Senators, hanging down on the pavement, and, finally, advanced the old Doge, who wore a gown of enormous length, embroidered wit gold, an ermine mantel, and an embrotderep Phrygian bonnet. Three attendants carried his train. The standards taken from the Turks were exhibited at the doors of the church. On looking at their procession, it seemed a finely designed and brilliantly coloured piece of tapestry in motion. I was glad to have arrived from the north in time to see this ceremony. Such an exhibition could not but appear singular to us, who are accustomed to the celebration of solemnities in which great personages appear with short dresses, and arms in their hands. But here a fine effect was produced by long trained robes, and a totally pacific costume.

The Doge is a tall and handsome man, with an agreeable air. Indisposition would be no excuse for him, as he would nevertheless be obliged, for the honour of his rank, to support his heavy robe with a firm step and proper dignity. His air of gentleness and affability gave him the appearance of a Patriarch in the midst of his family. His robes became him wonderfully. The kind of hood which he wore under his Phrygian cap, and which allowed his fine grey hair to be seen, was not less becoming. He was accompanied by about fifty nobles, in long robes, with deep red trains; the most of them

handsome men; no disagreeable physiognimy appeared among them; several were tall with characteristic heads, with which the ringlets of their wigs harmonised. In general, their countenances were fair and delicate; their general appearance indicated tranquillity with a circumspection, exempt from constraint, and self-confidence; at the same time, there reigned throughout the whole an appearance of perfect ease and even of gaity.

When the procession had got within the church, and every one had taken their places, the high mass commenced. The different orders of friars entered by the principal door, and went out by a lateral passage after advancing two and two to receive the holy water, and bowing to the grand altar, the Doge, and the nobility.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

RELATIVE TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

In the account of the life and writings of the late composer, Salieri, which appeared in one of our former numbers, we mentioned that he had left behind him a manuscript requiem, entitled: "*Messa funebre piccola, da me precolissimo, Antonio Salieri.* In compliance with Salieri's desire, as expressed in his will, this work was, a short time ago, performed for the first time, in the Italian Church in Vienna, in the mass which was celebrated for the deceasgd composer. The composition was completed so long back as twenty years ago. It is said to differ from the usual style of church music, and like all Salieri's works, it is remarkable for beauty of melody. The *Ricordare* in b sharp is particularly praised. It has been remarked, as a singular circumstance, that the introductory *Requiem Æternam* bears a striking resemblance to the popular melody which is sung by the night watch in some of the cities in Germany.

Father Stanislao Mattei, well known in Italy as a composer and writer on music, died lately at Bologna. Mattei, who was born in the year 1750, was a pupil of Father Martini, whom he succeeded in the situation of chapel master to the Franciscan Church at Bologna. Since the death of Martini, Mattei has been considered one of the greatest counterpointists in Italy, and he was highly celebrated as a musical instructor. His oratorio, *la Passione*, which was performed in 1792, is accounted his best composition. Mettci was engaged in writing a musical work, which unfortunately he did not live to complete.—It is entitled: "Practica d'Accompagnamento sopra Bassi numerati e contrapunti a più voci sulla Scala ascendente e discendente maggiore e minore con diverse Fughe a quattro."

Under the title of *Anti Symbolik*, Voss, the celebrated German translator of Homer and Virgil, has published a book remarkable for the learning it contains and the bitterness with which it is written, though the subject is one in which it is at first sight difficult to conceive how any angry feelings can mingle. The professed object is to oppose Creutzer's System of Mythology, a work of high reputation in Germany. Voss chiefly attacks the mysticism which appears in his adversary's writings, in doing which he enters into long discussions on the worship of Bacchus, the mysteries, and

the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Mysticism, the author regards as leading directly to catholicism and jesuitism.

The attention ot the musical world in Paris has recently been engrossed by a serious misunderstanding between Mesdames Fodor and Pasta. The point of dispute was the right which both claimed of filling the character of Semiramide in Rossini's Opera of that name. Madame Fodor insisted that she should herself represent the heroine of the piece, and that the part of *Arsace* should be assigned to Mesdame Pasta; but the latter lady decidedly objected to this arrangement, conceiving the part of Semiramide to be her own. Some letters which were interchanged by the two "Rival Queens," have been published, and from their absurd formality of style they might actually pass for the correspondence of two real crowned heads. The affair, we believe, ended in the triumph of Mesdame Fodor, who, we doubt not, was an admirable representative of Semiramis, though we are not inclined to give implicit credit to the assertions ef an Italian critic, who, alluding to her performance of the character some months ago at Naples, describes the exultation, the joy, the extacy, and the delirium she excited. The audience, to use his own words, were elevated to a *regione affatto sopra-naturale, nell'esultanza della gioja, nell'estasi della connuozione, in quel caro delirio dell'anima, &c. &c.* Notwithstanding all this, those who saw and heard Pasta in Semiramide, at our own opera last season, will not be easily persuaded that any actress or singer can greatly excell her.

The celebrated singer Crescentini has been appointed singing master at the Royal Musical College of Naples; Zurgareili, the composer, by whom the situation was formerly filled, having tendered his resignation.

Fischer, the first bass singer in Germany, died a short time ago at Berlin, in the 83rd year of his age.

Adelungs view of all known languages has been translated into Italian by Signor Francesco Cherubini who has given in a supplement an account of all the Dialects of Italy.

A Comedy, written by Mr. Hyde, is soon to be performed at Covent Garden Theatre. The favourable specimen of literary and dramatic talent given by the author in his tragedy of Alphonsus, affords reason to anticipate his success in this new effort.

The Derby Musical Festival commenced on Wednesday, October 5, and continued during that and the two succeeding days. The festival was held for the benefit of the Derby Infirmary, and we regret to learn that the receipts have not been so considerable as on former occasions. Among the more liberal donations are those of Madame Caradori and Miss Stephens, each of whom gave fifty guineas.

Miss Wilson, who some time ago appeared at Drury Lane Theatre in the character of Mandane, and who has, for a few years past, been residing in Italy, with the view of improvement in her profession, recently performed at the *Teatro alla Scala* in Milan. The character selected for her *debut* was Elcia in Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*, which the Milanese jokingly style *Mosé in Milano*, on account of its frequent representation in that city. Miss Wilson's performance is spoken of with approbation. The London Papers report that this Lady has married Mr. Welch, the composer.

The successor of M. Denon as a member of the French Academy of the Fine Arts, in the section of Painting, is M. Ingres. He was chosen by a majority of two; having had eighteen votes, and the other candidate, M. Horace Vernet, sixteen.

Signor Giuseppe Carpani, the enthusiastic Rossinist, died lately at

Vienna. Some time before his decease, he published at Padua, new editions of his two works—*Rossiniane, ossia lettere musico-teatrali*, and *Majeriane, ovvero lettere sul bello ideale in riposto al libro dell' imitazione pittorica del Cav. Andrea Majer*. In the last work, the author undertook to refute the opinion that the arts and sciences are now in a low state in Italy. His essay on this subject was written before the death of Canova, on whose labours he chiefly relies for evidence of the flourishing state of the fine arts in Italy. His zeal carries him so far as to maintain that there are (i.e. at the time he wrote) seven living wonders of the world, and all Italians, namely, 1, Canova; 2, Rossini; 3, Paganini; 4, Catalini; 5, Mezzosanti; 6, Majo; 7, Sgricci!

The Latin distich written by Cardinal Bembo for Raphael's epitaph, (see page 266) has been translated into Italian thus:—

Questi è quel Raffael cui vivo vinta
Esser temeo natura e morto estinta.

M. Champollion, junior has drawn up a *Catalogue Raisonée* of the Egyptian Papyrii, in the library of the Vatican. The work has been translated into Italian by Signor Mai, and will soon be published in that language.

Among the remains of antiquity discovered in the course of some recent diggings at Pompeii, are two new frescos, remarkable for correctness of design and perfection of colour. They represent the taking of Briseis from Achilles and the Nuptials of Thetis and Peleus. These pictures are considered the finest specimens of ancient painting that have yet been found. They still remain undisturbed in the apartment, and in the very spot they originally occupied.

A communication from a correspondent has called our attention to a society of young artists, which has for some time existed, and which deserves to be more extensively known. It is instituted for the improvement of the members in the study of anatomy, and the meetings are held at the Exhibition Rooms in Suffolk-street. This society is formed by some of the junior students of the Royal Academy, and the spirit and perseverance with which they have hitherto prosecuted an object by no means inviting at first appearance, is deserving of much praise. The usefulness of such an institution will be more sensibly felt, when it is considered that the lectures on anatomy annually delivered at the Royal Acudemy, are very inadequate to the purpose of conveying sufficient knowledge to the students, chiefly on account of their limited number. The study of anatomy forms one of the most important parts of a young artist's education, inasmuch as it constitutes the basis of the design of the human figure. We have only to remark that there is frequently observable a disposition to pervert this study from its proper object. But we have no doubt that Mr. Simpson, the lecturer, will warn his young auditors against such an injudicious display of their anatomical knowledge as would destroy the modesty of nature, and leave their works devoid of feeling and destitute of taste. Of the ability of Mr. Simpson to execute the task he has undertaken, we are induced to form a very favourable opinion, from what we have heard of the improvement made by some of the students who attend his lectures, and also from a prospectus, which we have seen, in which he proposes to publish a work to assist students in acquiring that knowledge of anatomy which is indispensible to the successful prosecution of their profession. A book of this kind for young artists is much wanted, and we think Mr. Simpson is well-qualified to supply the deficiency. Accompanying the prospectus is a lithoraphic plate of the bones of the foot, which is given as a specimen of the style in which the graphic illustrations of the work will be executed. It is very correctly and beautifully drawn. If we were to suggest any improvement, we would recommend a few more spirited and rigid touches, which would greatly heighten the effect.

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AURORA,

BY GUIDO

THIS picture adorns the ceiling of La Vigna Rospigliosi, at Rome, where it has often called forth the admiration of the best judges of art. Guido, who, as we stated in our last, left the school of Calvart for the Caracci along with Albani annd Domenichino, painted this pictnre after he had distinguished himself at Rome, and, by the success of his efforts, excited the jealousy, not only of his fellow students, but of his new masters. It was a subject well suited to the fanciful and graceful pencil of this delightful painter. Guido was remarkable for giving an ideal beauty to his female figures. In a letter written to the Chamberlain of Pope Urban VIII., speaking of a figure in one of his pictures, he says that having in vain sought on earth for a sublime Heavenly form, he had painted one of the most perfect which his imagination could suggest. On an examination of his pictures it will, however, be found, that he was at least as much indebted to the antique as to his fancy. A close study of the Venus de Medicis, and more particularly of the Niobe, enabled him to give to his female figures that graceful and noble character which renders them so truly enchanting.

The younger Richardson who saw this picture, and seems to have been enchanted with it, remarks that the morning may be divided into three parts: 1, the dawn; 2, the brightning of the sky by the sun's rays shot upwards from under the horizon; 3, the period from sun-rise to noon. "For these three parts," he observes "the Italians have as many names, *Albe*, *Aurora*, and *Mattina*; and all these are expressed in this picture. The first by a *Cupid*, bearing a torch, representing the morning star, which is very bright at the first opening of day; Aurora, a figure of a young woman in the clouds, dressed in white and yellow, scattering flowers; and lastly Apollo, in his chariot, drawn by his fierce dappled horses, pushing away the clouds, and substituting glory in their place; and to express the cheerfulness of this sweet time, the lovers, hand in hand, come on with great alacrity. They are young Nymph-like figures, that almost encompass the Chariot of Apollo, and make a principal part of the beauty of this picture."

This is the opinion given in "An Account of some Statues, Bas-reliefs, Drawings, and Pictures in Italy, &c., by Messrs. Richardson;"* but as in

* London, 1722.

the French Edition of that work* the authors inserted much new matter, we translate from it the following additional remarks.

"The manner of expressing these three divisions of the morning is derived from the antique, as will appear on reference to numerous bas-reliefs, medals and gems. I never saw, however, any thing of the kind, which, upon the whole, approached the magnificent and at the same time exhilirating style in which Guido has executed this picture. Among the figures which represent Days,† the two principal, and which are also the nearest to the eye, are taken from one of the finest specimens of ancient art which have reached us,—a relievo of females dancing, preserved in La Vigna Borghese.‡ She who is seen in front, and who is draped in green by Guido, is introduced into his picture with very little alteration. The only difference in the other, draped in blue, and turning her back towards the spectator, is that the figure is reversed; but I am persuaded that on comparison with the original, any one will agree with me that the changes made by Guido are by no means happy. The uncovered leg of the figure in green is somewhat stiff, and is not well attached. The two extremities of the drapery which fall on each side of the left leg of the figure in blue, are too much alike, are heavy, and poor in invention. Moreover, the body of the former figure is not well shown under the drapery, which is wonderfully managed in the antique. Thus it may be imagined, that this picture would be rendered still more excellent than it is, were all the figures taken from the relievo; especially if we also suppose the figure between the two already mentioned somewhat brighter, which would make it harmonize better with the green. But the colour of the drapery of this figure appears to have undergone some change. I have no doubt that these figures are the Days of the Week, and not the Hours as they usually are called, not only on account of their number, but because there is much propriety in their introduction; for Guido wished to say in a poetic and picturesque manner, that the morning is the most pleasing and joyous part of the day."

This noble work has been engraved by Frey and Raphael Morghen. How much is it to be regretted that Guido, who painted so divinely, should have sacrificed his Art for the Gaming Table! He painted at first laboriously, and at last negligently, and the difference observable in his works has induced some critics to suppose that he changed his style at different periods of his life. He painted hastily to pay debts inprudently contracted. When surprise was expressed at the large sums he lost, he used to observe, that it was easy for him to make all right, so long as he did not lose his hand. He was not so indifferent in the early part of his career, as the following anecdote will shew. The Pope consigned the superintendance of the works in the Chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore to Arpina, who wishing to encourage rapid painting, offered a gold chain to the artist who should first complete the picture on which he was employed. On hearing this proposal, Guido exclaimed—"What! are we to be treated as race horses, and he to be most esteemed who first reaches the gaol!"

Our sketch of Guido's Aurora is executed in Pen and Ink and *Lavis*—a manner which seems extremely well calculated to produce successful representations of pictures of this kind.

* Amsterdam, 1728.

† The figures are called the hours in the English edition. In the French they are supposed to represent the days of the week.

‡ Engraved in Perrier, *Bas-reliefs antiques*. Tab. 19, 20.

LOVE AND POETRY;

A SPANISH TALE.

"We Poets in our youth begin with gladness,
"But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."
WORDSWORTH.

In the beginning of the fourteenth century the little kingdom of Castile was the centre of the arts and sciences, to which scholars and courtiers of all nations resorted to perfect themselves in the learning and accomplishments of the age. In the revival of letters and the progress of civilization, this nation had anticipated all the rest of Europe, except Italy, by nearly two centuries, and now, under the enlightened sway of Don Juan the Second, it was rapily approaching the Augustan era of its literature. This prince was the most accomplished Monarch who had held the Castilian sceptre since the days of Alphonso the Wise, and his court was so thronged with distinguished scholars and poets, that it was compared to that of Apollo himself.

Among the most illustrious of his subjects, both in rank and talent, was the Marquis de Villena, Master of Calatrava. This nobleman, who was of the blood royal of Arragon, had distinguished himself by his personal prowess against the Moors of Grenada, but still more by his patronage of letters and by the accessions which he had himself made to the literature of his country. He was indefatigable in seeking out and rewarding the friendless scholar and man of genius, and many of the most eminent literati of Spain were members of his household, and supported by his bounty. Prouder of the genius and talent by which he was surrounded, than he was of his lofty birth, or military fame, the Master of Calatrava became the wonder and admiration of all Spain. The loftiest poets sang his praises, the most distinguished princes sought his friendship, and the chiefs and nobles who desired to rise in general estimation were constrained to copy his example.

The favourite lyric poet of that age was Macias, afterwards from causes which will sufficiently appear in the following tale, surnamed "El Enamorado." He was of humble birth, totally destitute of wordly fortune; but his parents who watched with delight the development of his extraordinary powers, had exhausted their slender resources in bestowing upon him a liberal education. Thus accomplished, he picked up for some time a scanty subsistence by wandering through the towns and villages of his native province, Galicia, carolling songs of his own composition wherever he saw an open lattice or frequented bower, or narrating histories of love, or battle, or enchantment, wherever he could collect a sufficiently numerous groupe of listeners. On one of these latter occasions, a person accidentally became one of his auditors who appeared anxious to preserve the strictest incognito, but whose noble mien and stately step would have soon discovered him in a company which was less intensely interested in listening to the speaker,

The genius of Macias was appreciated by the discriminating taste of the stranger, and the next day the wandering poet found a maintenance and a home under the hospitable roof of the Master of Calatrava.

This event happened about two years previous to the occurrence of the incidents which we are about to narrate. In the interval the writings and the fame of Macias were spread far and wide. His songs were sung at every court in Spain, and numerous were the solicitations which he received from the neighbouring princes to throw of his dependence upon the Master, and attach himself to them. To all these persuasions the poet was inexorable. In Don Juan he saw the *beau ideal* of a chivalrous and enlightened sovereign, and in the Master, all the illustrious qualities which combine to form the nobleman and the man of letters. There was a tie of a softer but of a more secret nature which bound Macias to the household of the Marquis de Villena, A beautiful orphan of the name of Isabella de Medina, shared with him and many others the protection of that nobleman. She was utterly friendless and portionless, but being related, although very distantly to the Master, she was treated with considerable respect and distinction by all the household. Her participation in the noble blood of Villena, dependant although her circumstances were, rendered it little less than madness in Macias to foster the passion which he felt for her. He nevertheless submitted himself to its influence; sought every opportunity for a private interview with her, and, on one occasion, disclosed to her the secret of his passion, and had the satisfaction of hearing from her own lips that it was returned with an ardour equal to his own.

Their interviews now became frequent, although from prudential motives they kept them as secret as possible from the rest of the household. The heart of Macias beat with rapture, and his whole thoughts were turned to the project of escaping from the Master's palace and solemnizing their nuptuals. One evening, however, when the poet met his fair one at the accustomed hour in that part of the gardens of the palace which were appropriated to her use, his pallid face, the distraction of his speech, and the cloud upon his brow denoted that some unforeseen misfortune had befallen them.

"Dearest Macias" exclaimed Isabella, as she returned the fervent pressure of his hand, "what has happened. Tell me all. Ill news flies apace, and if I must hear it, let it be from the lips of my beloved."

"We must part, Isabella," said the poet despondingly.

"Part! oh! never, never," said Isabella. "It must not, shall not be. I will wander over the wide world with Macias. I will cast this palace and all its pleasures behind me, come weal or woe, come wealth or want, I will share them all with thee."

"Nay, we *must* part," said Macias, "but only for a time. A few months or weeks, or perchance days," and his features brightened as he spake, "will restore me to my Isabella."

"Days, and weeks, and months," said Isabella weeping. "Oh! name not to me Time's odious portions: they never disturbed my brain till now, for while thou wert near me, life seemed but one long day of happiness and love."

"Sweetest!" said Macias, "dry these tears. To night does Don Alonso de Melendez leave this city to take the command of the army against the Moors, and the Master has recommended me to his notice, and to an honourable post under his command. I shall return, Isabella, and speedily,

perchance more worthy of thy love, with a name distinguished alike in letters and in arms. The Master may then, perhaps, smile upon the hopes which he would now annihilate with his frown, and every barrier which opposes itself to our happiness may be removed for ever."

Slender as was the foundation upon which this wild hope rested (for the Master was not one who was likely to grant that favour to military prowess which he denied to literary fame), still it shed a ray of light upon the darkened spirits of the lovers, and almost reconciled Isabella to the departure of her betrothed. At this moment the sound of a trumpet was heard, which was the signal for the followers of Don Alonso to assemble round their leader.

"I must away—I must away," said Macias. "Farewell, beloved, thine am I whatever betides," and thou he added, "art—

"Thine—thine," she exclaimed, interrupting him "for ever, and for ever!"

These mutual vows they sealed upon each others lips—a few hasty but fervent embraces were exchanged, and then the poet wrung the hand of his fair one, and disappeared through the wicket by which he had entered.

Days, and weeks, and months rolled on, but neither Macias, or any tidings of him reached the Villena Palace. At length the fatal intelligence arrived that the Moors had defeated the Spaniards in a great battle; that Don Alonso and many of his most distinguished associates were slain, and that the remainder had been compelled to lay down their arms, and were languishing in the prisons of Grenada. Of Macias no certain intelligence could be obtained. He had been seen in the thickest of the fight performing prodigies of valour, and it was considered but too probable that he had shared the fate of his commander. When the lapse of time, without bringing any information as to his fate, had in the opinion of all converted this probability into a certainty, Isabella saw no longer any necessity for keeping her secret, and revealed to the Master and to the household the passion which she had entertained for the unfortunate Macias. The Master chid and pardoned her in the same breath, telling her that he scarcely knew how to lament the death even of so famous a poet, since it had probably saved his family name from degredation and dishonour. He then added, that her future welfare had long occupied his thoughts, and that he had at length fixed upon a bridegroom who was her equal in birth, and whose wealth was sufficient to maintain her in suitable splendour.

"Alas! Sir," she exclaimed, "talk not to me of nuptials and of bridegrooms. I have no heart to bestow; it is buried in the grave of Macias. I have vowed myself his for ever, and death itself shall not absolve me from that vow."

"Girl," said the Marquis sternly, "talk not thus. Thou art the first of the blood of Villena who ever dreamed of corrupting its pure stream from the veins of plebeians. The first too, male or female, who ever made unmanly wailing for the dead, however beloved and however famous."

"I mourn not for the ignoble and the plebian," she replied." "His was the nobility of genius, more honourable than that of blood—a nobility which will render the annals of our Castile illustrious, when the name of many a now haughty noble shall have sunk into fathomless oblivion."

Isabella had attacked the Marquis on the only point in which she knew that his prejudices were vulnerable. "Child," he said, in an equally determined but more softened tone, "Castile may well be proud of the fame and genius of Macias. Had he but gentle blood in his veins, his

claim to thy hand should have been preferred to that of the noblest and the wealthiest. But the eagle of the mountain crag must not mate herself with the lowly nightingale, although his notes are sweet as the songs of Paradise. Think no more of Macias, or think only that his grave has long closed over him. To-morrow Don Juan de Porama will crave an interview with you. Treat him as his worth and dignity deserve, and as you value your place in my favour."

As the Master left her apartment, Isabella renewed her vows of eternal fidelity to Macias, be he living or be he dead. The next day Don Juan de Porama sought and obtained the interview which he desired. He was young, handsome, accomplished—his passion was sincere—and Isabella could not hate him. A second interview took place, and she thought that had she never known Macias she might possibly have loved him. This was quickly followed by a third, and she remembered that Macias was dead and that Don Juan was living. Pressed by the importunities of her lover, impelled by the commands of the Master, and not forbidden, or if at all but feebly, by the dictates of her own heart, she at length held out her finger to the nuptial ring, and became the wife of Don Juan de Porama.

Great and splendid were the preparations which were made at the Villena palace to celebrate this auspicious event, and on the evening of the day of its occurrence, all the apartments of that majestic pile were one blaze of splendour and magnificence. The tables groaned beneath the weight of the rarest wines, and the most delicious viands. All the rich and the noble of the kingdom were under the roof of the Marquis of Calatrava, and even the Monarch himself deigned for a short time, to mix among the guests of his illustrious subject and relative. In the principal saloon were gathered together the bride and bridegroom, the Master, and the more distinguished of his guests. Here the song and the dance delighted the ears and employed the limbs of all. A celebrated poet and minstrel was invited, who charmed his auditors by the exquisite style in which he sang and accompanied himself on the harp,—both song and tune being of his own composition. He was seated on an elevated chair beneath a dais or canopy of state, and was by far the most conspicuous person in the assembly; such were the honours which Villena, with all his aristocratic feeling deemed due to the children of genius. It was during one of the pauses of the dance that this poet, after trying the strings of his instrument with more than his accustomed care, sang and played the following canzonet:—

I.

Sir Knight, heed not the the clamorous call
From hill, or from valley, or turreted hall;
Cease, holy Friar, cease for awhile
The anthem that swells thro' the fretted aisle;
Forrester bold, to the bugle's sound
Listen no longer, tho' gaily wound;
But haste to the bridal, haste away,
Where love's rebeck is tuned to a sweeter lay.

II.

Sir Knight, Sir Kinght, no longer twine
The laurel wreath o'er that bold brow of thine;
Friar, to-day from thy temples tear
The ivy garland that sages wear;

To-day bold Forester, cast aside
Thy oak-leaf crown, the woodland's pride;
And bind round your brows the myrtle gay
While the rebeck resounds love's sweetest lay.

III.

Sir Knight, urge not now the gallant steed
O'er the plains which to honour and glory lead;
Friar forget thy order's vow,
And pace not the gloomy cloisters now;
Chase no longer with bow and with spear,
Forrester bold, the dappled deer;
But tread me a measure as light and gay
As ever kept time to the rebeck's lay.

The applause which succeeded the poet's song was astounding, and the company of both sexes were standing up to comply with the mandate at its conclusion, when a voice at the other end of the room, of ravishing sweetness, but in a stern solemn tone warbled the following lines to the same tune.

Sir Knight, couch thy lance to humble the pride,
Of the treacherous bridegroom, and fair false bride;
Holy Friar, I crave of thee
Thy curse upon falsehood and perjury;
Forester, truth to the woodlands is fled,
Here fraud and inconstancy dwell instead;
Haste all from the bridal, haste away,
Ere the rebeck is tuned to a sterner lay,

The consternation which this unexpected incident occasioned was indescribable. All heard the voice, but none could tell whence it proceeded. The company in general split into little parties, and each was inquiring of his neighbour what his neighbour was anxious to learn of him. The bride turned pale as death; the bridegroom red as fire; and the Master of Calatrava was engaged in anxious whispering with those about him. At length Don Juan shaking off the stupor which his surprise had occasioned, stood up and said: "Let him, whomsoever he may be, who, contrary to the laws of courtesy and honour has disturbed the peace of this fair meeting, come forward if he dare, and meet the vengeance of the Knight of Porama."

"That, dare I," said a voice from the quarter of the room whence the song had proceeded, "and will I do."

A tall thin figure approached, enveloped in a black cloak. The cloak was quickly thrown aside and exhibited a face well-known to all present.

"Macias, Macias," exclaimed a hundred voices, "welcome, thrice welcome to Castile." The bride hid her face in her hands, and sunk into the arms of her attendants; the bridegroom drew his sword, but his hand seemed paralysed with wonder; the Master gazed with astonishment, and advanced to meet his restored dependant, while the poet descended from his seat as if anxious to resign it to one more worthy of occupying so distinguished a station.

"Sir Knight of Porama," said Macias, "I am here, and ready to defy thee with life and limb."

"No," said Don Juan sheathing his sword, "I war not with the sons of the peasants, but beware, malapert minstrel, beware, how you provoke the wrath of Juan de Porama."

"I fear nought; I will beware of nought but infamy and dishonour," retorted Macias: I claim the hand and heart of this fair damsel, plighted to me by a thousand sacred vows—confirmed by a thousand chaste embraces—and remembered at least by one constant heart amidst battle and amidst sickness—in famine and in captivity—in the desert and on the wave—in suffering and in solitude, and here."

"Patience, good Macias," said the Master of Calatrava, "and listen to the dictates of reason. Isabella is the wedded wife of my noble friend Don Juan: she thought you were dead,—she mourned for you, she wept for you—but Heaven has now joined those whom man must not put asunder."

The words of the Master appeared to fall upon an unconscious ear. Macias gazed wildly on all around, first upon the speaker, then on the assembled crowd, and then upon Isabella. A momentary sternness dwelt upon his brow as he advanced towards the latter, but the state of weakness and suffering in which he beheld her annihilated every feeling in his bosom but that of compassion. He gazed on her long and earnestly—large drops rolled down his temples—his knees tottered—and he gasped convulsively. He leaned for a few moments against a marble pillar, and then, with a violent effort, summoning all his strength he rushed from the room, and was lost to the eyes of the assembled multitude.

The events of this night made a deep impression upon all who witnessed them, and formed the subject of conversation for a long period among the inhabitants of the city. Don Juan resolved to remove his bride from a neighbourhood which seemed dangerous to her peace and honour, and the next day, after taking a cordial leave of his entertainer, he carried her with him to his own mansion at Porama. Nothing more was heard of Macias, although the strictest search was made for him from two different quarters, and with very different motives. Don Juan, whose revenge could be satisfied by nothing less than the blood of the person who had insulted him, had spies posted in every quarter where it was likely that his intended victim could be found. The Master, on the contrary, was anxious to do all in his power for the safety and protection of one whom he valued so highly, and with emissaries yet more numerous, he dogged the footsteps of those employed by Don Juan for the purpose of rescuing Macias from their violence should they discover his place of concealment. He especially kept watch in the the neighbourhood of Porama, knowing the rash disposition of the poet, and fearing that he might even have the madness to appear in the vicinity of his enemy's residence.

The suspicion of the Master was well grounded, for Macias, although he contrived to keep himself effectually concealed, was all this time in the neighbourhood of the place where the object of his passion resided. He anxiously watched for an opportunity of conversing with Isabella, but without success, he was not even able among the numerous lattices which surrounded the mansion to discover that which shaded the chamber of his mistress. At length, one day, having watched Don Juan's departure for a hunting party in the neighbourhood, he ventured boldly from his hiding place, and took a fearless survey of the mansion. A lattice towards the east was half opened, and by it, he saw seated a female form, which his sanguine spirit instantly conjectured to be Isabella. He was not long in

doubt, for that low sweet voice, in whose tones his ear could never be deceived, began to warble the following lines:—

Love, like a bird born in a cage
In bondage gaily sings,
Nor sighs to rove, but prizes more
His fetters than his wings.

Macias instantly recognized in these lines the first stanza of a song which he had presented to Isabella. He immediately took up the air and sang the concluding stanza.

Then do not strive those chains to break;
Tho' lighter than a feather,
They're twined so closely round the heart
That both must break together.*

He had scarcely begun to sing, when the lattice was thrown open, and Isabella appeared at it, her features betokening the utmost anxiety and alarm. With the finger of one hand pressed upon her lip, she appeared to enjoin him to silence, while she waived the other hastily, as though she urged him to begone. The inconsiderate bard, however, paid no attention to her signs. The sight of her appeared to have completed his mental intoxication, and he concluded the song in a tone loud and bold enough to alarm the inmates of the mansion. Isabella, evidently in a state of the most distressing anxiety retired from the window, and scarcely had she closed the lattice when Macias beheld three armed men approaching the spot on which he stood, He now drew his weapon and waited their assault. Macias was no mean swordsman, and instantly disarmed the foremost of his assailants. The other two, however, closed upon him, and continued to point their weapons at his breast with the most murderous perseverance. At every lunge the poet lost blood, although by his courage and adroitness he warded off their blows, which they aimed at his vitals. At length, however, faint and exhausted he was about to yield himself an easy prey, when he heard the trampling of horses in his rear. He sunk upon the ground, and was conscious, for a moment, that his assassins had ceased to attack him, having other opponents to engage. His senses, however, staggered—all things appeared to reel around him—and at length he closed his eyes in a state of death-like insensibility.

When he opened them once more he found himself stretched upon a couch, with bandages across his head and breast. He endeavoured to raise himself to survey his apartment, but instantly sank back upon his pillow exhausted with the effort, "Forbear, good Macias," said a voice at his bed side, "to try your strength too soon. Time and care will work your recovery, and in the interim be tranquil and be patient."

"Where am I?" inquired the wondering poet, "and who are you who thus address me?"

"You are a captive," returned the other, "in the prison of Arjonillas, and I am for a season your goaler, but your friend."

* The above stanzas have already appeared in print, and have acquired a value not their own from the beautiful music adapted to them by Mr. Hawes. They were, however, originally intended for the situation which they now occupy.

"Once more a prisoner," sighed the bard. "Were not the dungeons of Grenada my habitation long enough? But who," he inquired again, "dares to confine me? I am a subject of the King of Castile, and a soldier of the Cross. Has Don Juan de Porama had the boldness to send me here?"

"Not so," answered the communicative gaoler, "nor does he even know the place of your confinement. You are sent here by order of the lord of this place, the Master of Calatrava, whose servants rescued you yesterday from the hands of assassins. He has placed you here as the safest asylum from the wrath of Don Juan, as well as from your own mad and ungovernable passions."

The intelligence which he thus received was on the whole of a more satisfactory character than he had expected. He partook of a slight meal which he found provided at his bed side, and then exhausted nature once more gave way, and he sunk into a profound and unbroken slumber.

When he awoke he found that his meal and his repose had greatly renovated his strength. He sat up in his bed, and contemplated the room in which he was confined. It was a small square chamber, low roofed, and scarcely large enough for more than two persons to move about it at the same time. He crawled to the window which he found was not so lofty as the height of a man from the ground, but the strong iron bars by which it was guarded precluded the possibility of an escape. This window commanded a beautiful and extensive prospect. Innumerable vineyards bowing beneath the treasures with which they were loaded, formed the foreground; beyond them rolled the broad waters of the Guadalquivir, while in the distance towered the lofty mountains of the Sierra Morena, behind which the sun was setting in unclouded magnificence.

As the poet gazed upon this enchanting scene, he perceived a horseman muffled in a dark grey cloak, who passed and repassed his prison windows several times. At length he paused, and after looking cautiously all around him, he drew close to the the window and unmuffled his face. Macias thought that he recognized his features.

"Is it Diego!" he inquired, "surely no."

"I am he, indeed Sir," returned the other, and your most lowly servant."

"Nay, you serve the Lady de Porama; cursed be those who made her take that name," exclaimed Macias.

"Even so," returned Diego, "and it is in obedience to her bidding that I am here."

Macias leaped eagerly on his feet, and gazed upon the speaker with almost frantic eagerness. Diego thrust a billet through the bars of the window, the seal of which the poet hastily broke and read the following lines:—

"To the bearer, dearest Macias, you are indebted for your life, for "it was he who first observed your mad appearance beneath my lattice, "and anticipating its consequence gave information to the Master's emissa- "ries, and led them to your rescue. From him I have learned the place "of your durance.

"ISABELLA."

Again, and again, did the enraptured Macias peruse this epistle,

scarcely believing the evidence of his senses. As often did he press it to his lips and cover it with kisses. Then turning towards Diego, he exclaimed: "Thanks, gallant and faithful servant, for the life which thou preserved yesterday—and thanks, a thousand thanks for the blessed tidings which you have brought me to-day, and which renders that life, otherwise a worthless boon, a prize of inestimable value."

Diego who had waited with exemplary patience while the poet acted all these extravagances, now suggested that it would be prudent for him to be gone as speedily as possible, and offered to be the bearer of any letter from Macias to his mistress. Macias, whose feelings could not be expressed in the sobriety of plain prose, hastily wrote the following lines, and committed them to the custody of Diego, who instantly put spurs to his steed and was out of sight in a few moments.

Mourn not, sweet maid, and do not try
  To rob me of my sorrow,
It is the only friend whom I
Have left 'midst my captivity
  To bid my heart "good-morrow."

I would not chase him from my heart
  For he is Love's own brother,
And each has learn'd his fellow's part
So aptly that it is no mean art
  To know one from the other.

Thus Love will fold his arms, and moan
  And sigh, and weep like Sorrow;
And Sorrow has caught Love's soft tone,
And mixed his arrows with his own,
  And learned his smile to borrow.

Only one mark of difference they
  Preserve, which leaves them never;
That Love has wings and flies away,
While Sorrow, once received, will stay,
  The soul's sad guest, for ever.

Macias was now rapidly recovering his strength, and the gaoler who received orders to grant him every indulgence consistent with his safe custody, supplied him with books, a guitar, and materials for writing. Seated at his window, enjoying the magnificent prospect which it commanded, and playing on his guitar some tune, to which he chaunted a song in praise of his mistress, Macias might be considered the least unfortunate of captives. Every evening too, about the hour of sunset, he perceived the horseman in the dark grey cloak approaching his window; the cloak, as at first, when thrown aside discovered the features of Diego; and the billet thrust between the bars was ever filled with the most tender expressions of love and constancy from his Isabella.

On one occasion, however, the appearance of Diego was delayed long beyond the accustomed hour. The shadows of evening were descending from the mountains to the valley, and the Guadalquivir no longer sparkling in the sunbeams reminded him of its vicinity only by the murmuring of its

waves. At length he perceived the wished for apparition of the dark grey cloak, and rose from his seat to hail the messenger of love.

"Welcome, good Diego" he exclaimed, "although to night you have tarried long. Where is the precious epistle from my Isabella."

"'Tis here," exclaimed a dreadful voice, "take it, and ponder on the contents."

Macias uttered a dreadful shriek, for he felt himself transfixed with a lance which the horseman had thrust through the bars of his dungeon. Although aimed at his breast it had only pierced his arm. The assassin drew it back, and Macias covered with blood retreated to the other end of his dungeon.

"Traitor, coward," he exclaimed, "forbear this base advantage. Would you murder me in cold blood, a captive, and unarmed?"

"I came not to prate, minion," said the Knight of Porama, "but to perform," and again he aimed his murderous lance at the bosom of his victim.

The dungeon was not large enough to enable the unhappy Macias to escape from his enemy. The lance had now too well performed the purpose of him who bore it, and mortally wounded, and wallowing in his blood, Macias sunk upon the floor of his apartment.

"My vengeance is accomplished," shouted the inexorable Juan. "Go and join your emissary, Diego, in the shades below."

"Coward, and murderer," faintly, said the dying Macias, "I die love's constant martyr, and future times, while they pity my doom will execrate the cold-blooded villian who occasioned it. "Isabella, Isabella," he added, "thine, thine, am I; my latest breath shall be spent in a blessing upon Isabella."

Thus with the name of his mistress upon his lips, expired the enamoured Macias. Don Juan listened at the dungeon window to assure himself that his vengeance was complete. With his uplifted spear ready to repeat its blow he listened to the convulsive sob—the painfully drawn breath—and, at length, to the deadly rattle which proclaimed the last weak effort of exhausted nature. Then, when all was silent as the grave, he turned his horse's head, and rode rapidly away in the direction of Porama.

Great was the consternation at the Villena palace, and indeed throughout all Castile and Leon, when the fate of Macias was known. The first thought was vengeance upon his murderer. The Knight, however, had anticipated this purpose, and fled to the kingdom of Granada to the Moors. The Marquis de Villena had the unfortunate poet interred in the church of St. Catherine, at Arjonilla. All the most distinguished for rank and genius in Spain, followed his remains to the grave; high-born and beautiful damsels strewed his last sad resting place with Flowers; poets threw into it copies of verses sacred to his memory, and an elegant marble tablet was erected over his tomb on which was inscribed this epitaph,

"AQUI YACE

"MACIAS EL ENAMORADO."

Here lies Macias the Enamoured.

H. N.

GONDOLIER SONGS.

We detach from its place in the series of Goethe's Letters, which we shall continue in a subsequent part of this number, the following interesting description of the singing of the Venetian Gondolier's, in order to make it a separate article on that subject.

October 7.

"I bespoke for yesterday evening a specimen of the celebrated singing of the Gondoliers, who have been used to apply their own melodies to the verses of Tasso and Ariosto. I say bespoke, for such singing is not a thing of common occurrence, but rather belongs to the departing traditions of past times. It was a fine clear moon-light night. One singer took his station in the prow, the other in the stern, and thus placed they began their melody, singing a verse alternately. This kind of song, of which Rousseau has given an account, holds a middle place between chorus and recitative. It goes on in a uniform progression without any marking of time; the modulation is monotonous, except that in conformity with the verse, it changes, as it were, key and measure by a kind of declamation; but what I am about to say will best explain the nature and spirit of this mode of singing.

"I shall not inquire into the origin of this sort of melody; it is sufficient to say, that it is convenient enough for a lounging boatman whose fancy may excite him to make a song of any verses which happen to be in his recollection.

"A singer, who has a piercing voice (for the common people are extremely fond of force), makes his song resound from the bank of a canal, a little island, or from a boat to as great a distance as he can; his voice extends along the brilliant and calm surface of the water. Another, who knows the air and the words hears him in the distance, and answers by the following verse. The first singer replies by the third verse, and thus they continue to act as echoes to each other, and to amuse themselves during the night. The farther distant the singers are from each other, the more agreeable is the melody. The true way to enjoy it is to place one's self between them. To give me as high a gratification as possible, my singers landed on the bank of the Giudecca, and removed from each other along the canal. Being between them I walked first towards the one, then towards the other, always going away from him who was beginning to sing, and approaching the other who had finished his stanza. By this means I learned to feel the full effect of the melody. The voice heard in the distance, pierces the air with singular accents; they might be called plaintive sounds, which, nevertheless do not express sorrow. No idea can be formed of the impression thus received. The air moves even to tears. I first attributed this emotion to the accidental disposition of my mind, but one of the singers said to me,—*E singolare, come quel canto intenerisce, e molta piu quando e piu ben cantato.* He wished that I could hear the women of the Lido, more particularly those of Malamocco and of Palestrina, who sing in the same manner, stanzas from Tasso. When their husbands or relatives are out at sea fishing, they are accustomed, he said, to sit down on the shore and make the air resound with their voices, until they are heard, by the boatmen, who reply to them. Thus they keep up a kind of musical conversation at a great distance. Is not

this charming? It may easily be conceived, however, that when one is too near, there can be little pleasure in hearing human voices struggling with the sound of the waves; but, at a suitable distance, the song, the mere dead letter of which only distracts the attention, becomes intelligible, and is converted into an affecting melody. It is the voice of a recluse, who, in the midst of his solitude, wishes to be heard by another, and longs for his reply."

As Goethe refers to Rousseau, we translate from his *Dictionnaire de Musique* the article on the Venetian Melodies called Barcarolles.

"BARCAROLLES—A kind of songs in the Venetian tongue, sung by the Gondoliers at Venice. Though the Barcarolle airs are made for the people, and frequently composed by the Gondoliers themselves, they have so much melody and so agreeable an accent, that in every part of Italy the musicians take a pride in knowing and singing them. The ear and taste of the Gondoliers are improved by their gratuitous admission into the theatres; so that they compose and sing their airs like men who, while acquainted with the delicacies of music, still wish to preserve the simple and natural style of the Barcarolles. The words of these songs are often coarse like the conversation of the persons who sing them; but those who take pleasure in faithful pictures of manners, and who are, besides, fond of the Venetian dialect, soon become passionately fond of them, seduced by the beauties of the melody. Accordingly ample collections of them are made by amateurs.

"Let us not forget to remark, to the glory of Tasso, that the greater part of the Gondoliers have got by heart considerable portions of his Jerusalem Delivered, that many of them know the whole, that they spend their summer nights in their boats singing it alternately from one boat to aother, that the Poem of Tasso is, most assuredly, a fine Barcarolle, that before him no poet, except Homer, ever was so sung, and that since him no other epic Poem has had the same honour."

This extract from Rousseau is, like many other articles in his Dictionary, not perfectly satisfactory. It is probable that Goethe had not a distinct recollection of the article when he referred to it, for Rousseau does not appear to describe the same kind of thing; as he says nothing of that characteristic feature, the absence of time, which Goethe observed in the Gondolier Song he heard. Some melodies, said to be sung by Venetian boatmen, have lately become popular in this country; but, as far as we recollect, they have all a regularly marked time. If we can obtain any airs of the kind mentioned by Goethe, we shall insert some specimens of them in the Parthenon.

DAS VERLORNE PARADIES:

BY F. SCHNEIDER.

FREDERICK SCHNEIDER, Chapel Master to the Duke of Anhalt Dessau, has, for some time been eminent in Germany as a composer of Church Music. Within the last two or three years he has produced no less than three Oratorios. The two first, which were entitled Das Weltgericht

(the Last Judgment) and Die Sündfluth (The Deluge), have both been received with singular success in various parts of Germany. Das Verlorne Paradies (Paradise Lost), Schneider's last work, is described in terms of high eulogy by those who have heard it performed. The music has not yet been published; but we have obtained a copy of one of the Chorusses, arranged with a Piano Forte accompaniment by the Composer, and we print it in the present number of the Parthenon. It is accounted one of the finest portions of Schneider's composition, and its merit, no less than its rarity will, we are convinced, recommend it to the attention of our readers.

The same communication which put us in possession of the music, has also conveyed to us some general remarks on the Oratorio, the accuracy of which may be relied on.

At the commencement of the Oratorio, the work of Creation is supposed to be completed; Adam is saluted by the Archangels, and the return of the Creator to Heaven is celebrated by a Chorus. The Archangel, Raphael, warns Adam and Eve against the fallen Angels, whose history he relates. Here several Choruses of Angels occur, one of which closes with a magnificent fugue. Adam and Eve offer up thanks, and again receive admonitions from the Archangels. Another fugated Chorus is sung, which is remarkable for the beauty of its *motivo*. This would have been an appropriate point for the conclusion of the first part of the Oratorio, which, however, the composeer has protracted for the purpose of introducing a Chorus of Angels, which is supposed to be sung to Adam and Eve sleeping.*

The Second Part of the Oratorio relates to

> "Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe.
> With loss of Eden."

The Infernal Spirits manifest their envy and vexation on beholding the beauty of the newly-created earth. Adam and Eve rejoice in their happiness, and are joined by the songs of the Angels. Eve expresses her curiosity to taste the fruit of the forbidden tree, and the Infernal Spirits sing a Chorus, in which they urge her to violate the command of Heaven. At length she yields to the temptation. The Angels, in a Chorus deplore her fall; Adam becomes acquainted with her error in which he himself soon participates. A double Chorus is sung between the Infernal Spirits and the Angels; the former exulting in the fall of man, while the latter deplore it. This Chorus, which concludes the second part, ends with a fugue.

The Third Part opens with a Chorus of interceding Angels. The fallen Mortals express repentance for their sinful disobedience, and the Infernal Spirits, in a Chorus describe the tormenting punishments which they themselves endure. Adam and Eve then pray for mercy, but the Archangel Michael orders them to leave Paradise. A Chorus of Angels ensues, followed by a Quartette of the Archangels, with a Chorus in praise of the justice and mercy of God. Adam and Eve sing a Duet, in which they

* This piece we subjoin.

lament their transgression; they are consoled by Uriel, and the third part ends with a fugated Chorus.

The two last parts of the Oratorio equal in beauty those which precede them, while, at the same time, they possess the merit of being less diffuse. But that prolixity which, at the commencement of the Oratorio, tends materially to injure the effect of the music, must not be wholly attributed to the composer. The text, which is the production of the late M. Demarées, exhibits a lamentable want of precision, and this unfortunately is not its only fault. The language is, for the most part, flat and prosaic, and the versification, in many instances, imperfect; and though it is but just to add that it here and there presents some redeeming qualities, it is certain that both text and music might be materially improved by judicious abridgement.

Schneider has, however, treated the choruses and fugues in a truly masterly style. He has preserved the purest simplicity in composition with profound scientific skill, and in this respect his style closely approximates to that of the great Handel. It has been suggested that Schneider might have improved his Oratorio by setting all his Choruses of Angels for soprano voices exclusively. This would, no doubt, have produced a highly novel and impressive effect, though the beauty of the harmonic combinations would have been less palpable than when performed, as they now are, by voices of four different degrees of pitch, namely—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. The Choruses of the Infernal Spirits are all set for alto, tenor, and bass. The soli, which are throughout admirably managed, are in some instances remarkable for simple beauty, and in others for bold originality. As one of the finest specimens in the latter class, we may quote Michael's recitative in the third part, "Adam! where art thou."

One of the most striking characteristics of this new composition is its air of finished uniformity as a whole, while its details present all the contrast and variety which the subject naturally demands. In short, "Paradise Lost" may justly be ranked among some af the best productions in the grand and difficult class of composition to which it belongs, and it bids fair to augment, in no inconsiderable degree, the reputation which Schneider is rapidly acquiring.

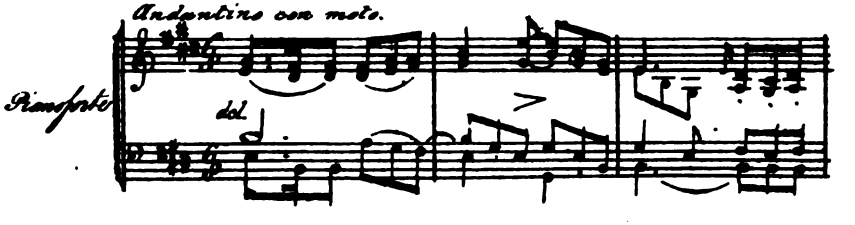
For the German words of the Chorus we have substituted English, in which adaptatiou to the music is all that has been aimed at; and that being their only merit (if it be attained) renders them more like the original. Nothing indeed can be more trifling than the German words, which we however insert, lest we should be suspected of *traducing* instead *translating*, and to give our readers the opportunity of preferring them, if they chuse, for singing.

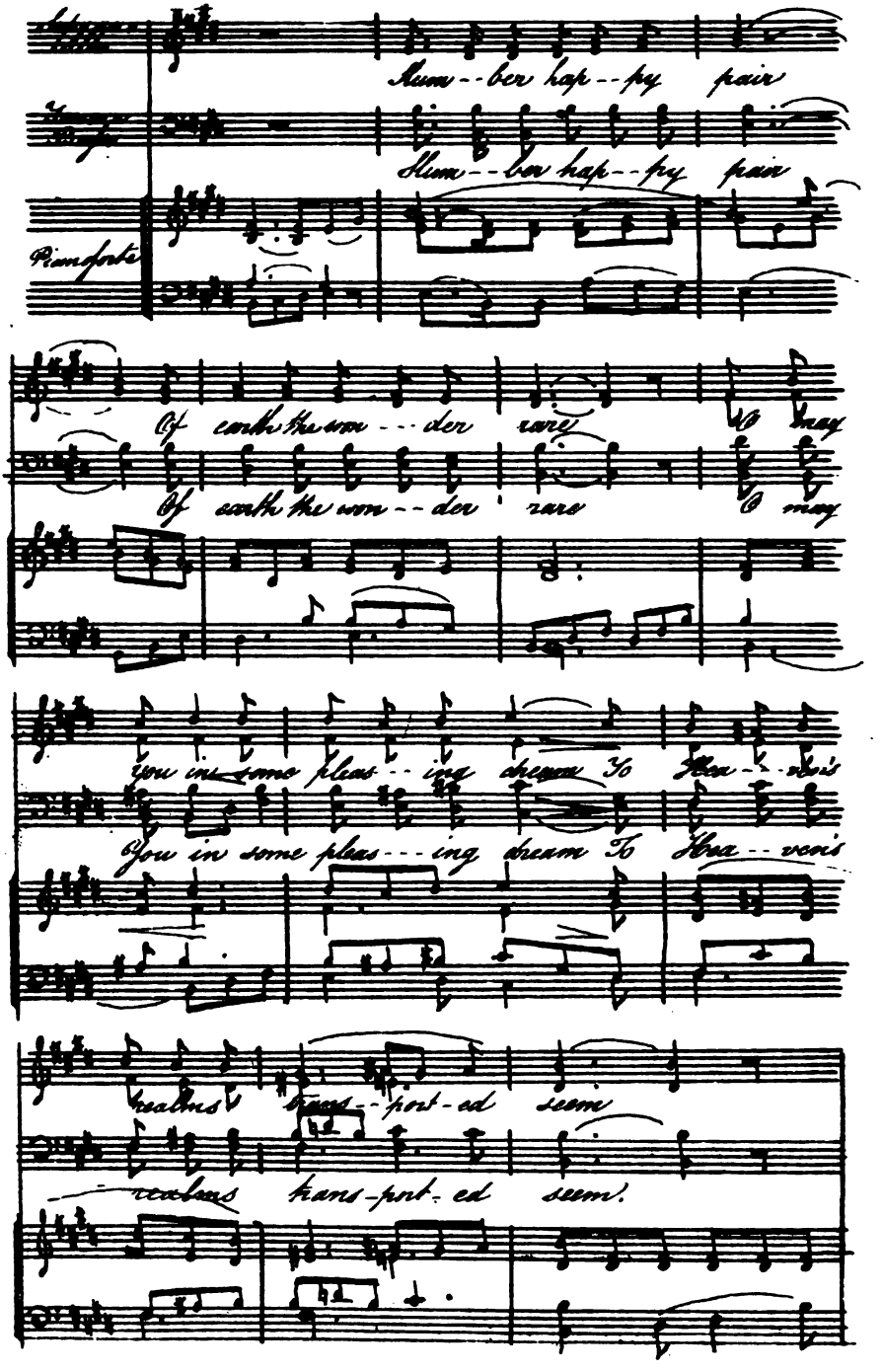
Schlummere, seliges Paar,
Wie nie eines noch war!
Und in des Himmels heiligen Raum,
Führe dich jetzo ein frommer Traum.
Schlummere, seliges Paar!
Sicher vor jeder Gefahr,
Strebst du, zufrieden mit deinem Geschick,
Niemals nach höherem Wissen und Gluck.

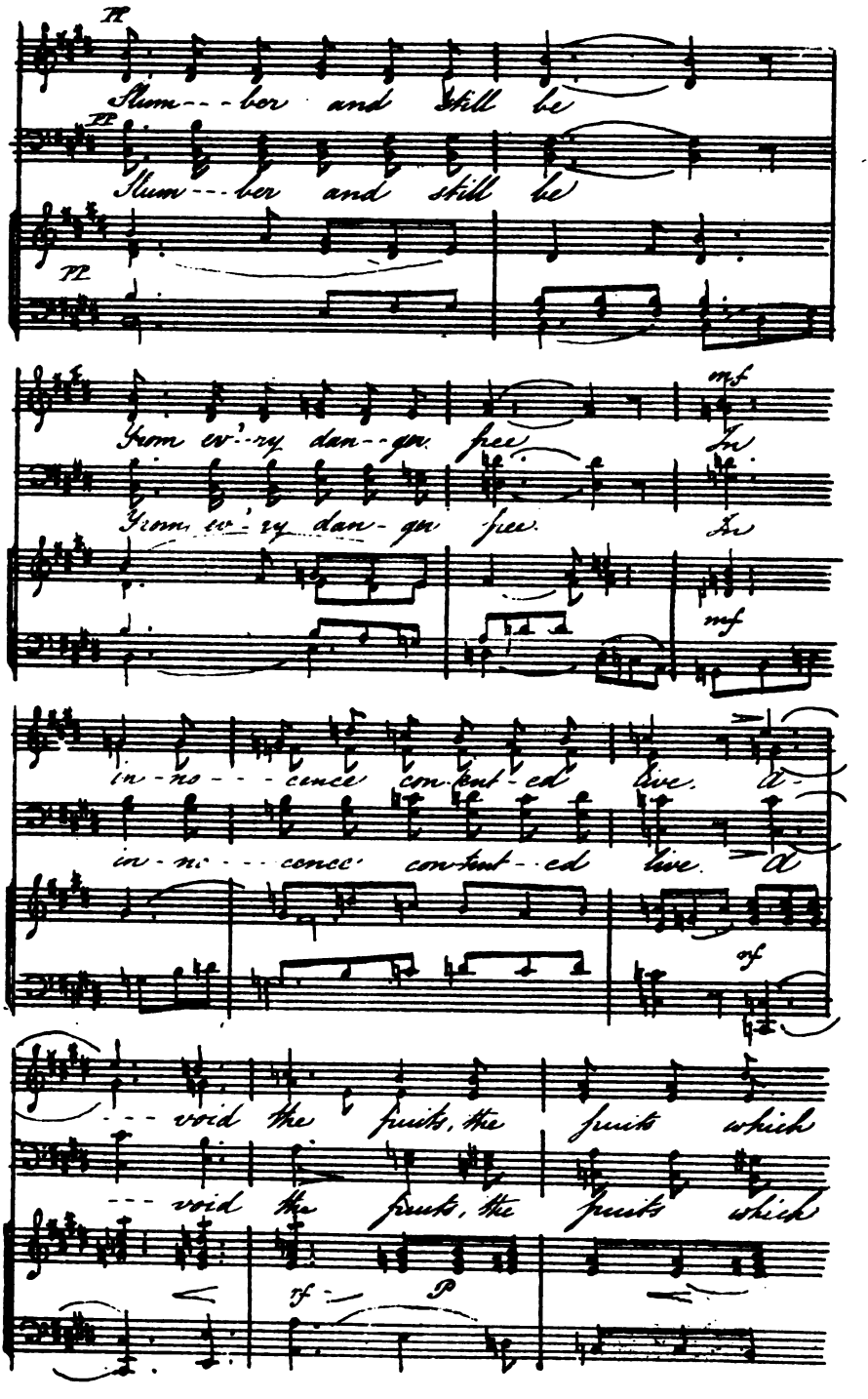
CHORUS OF ANGELS,

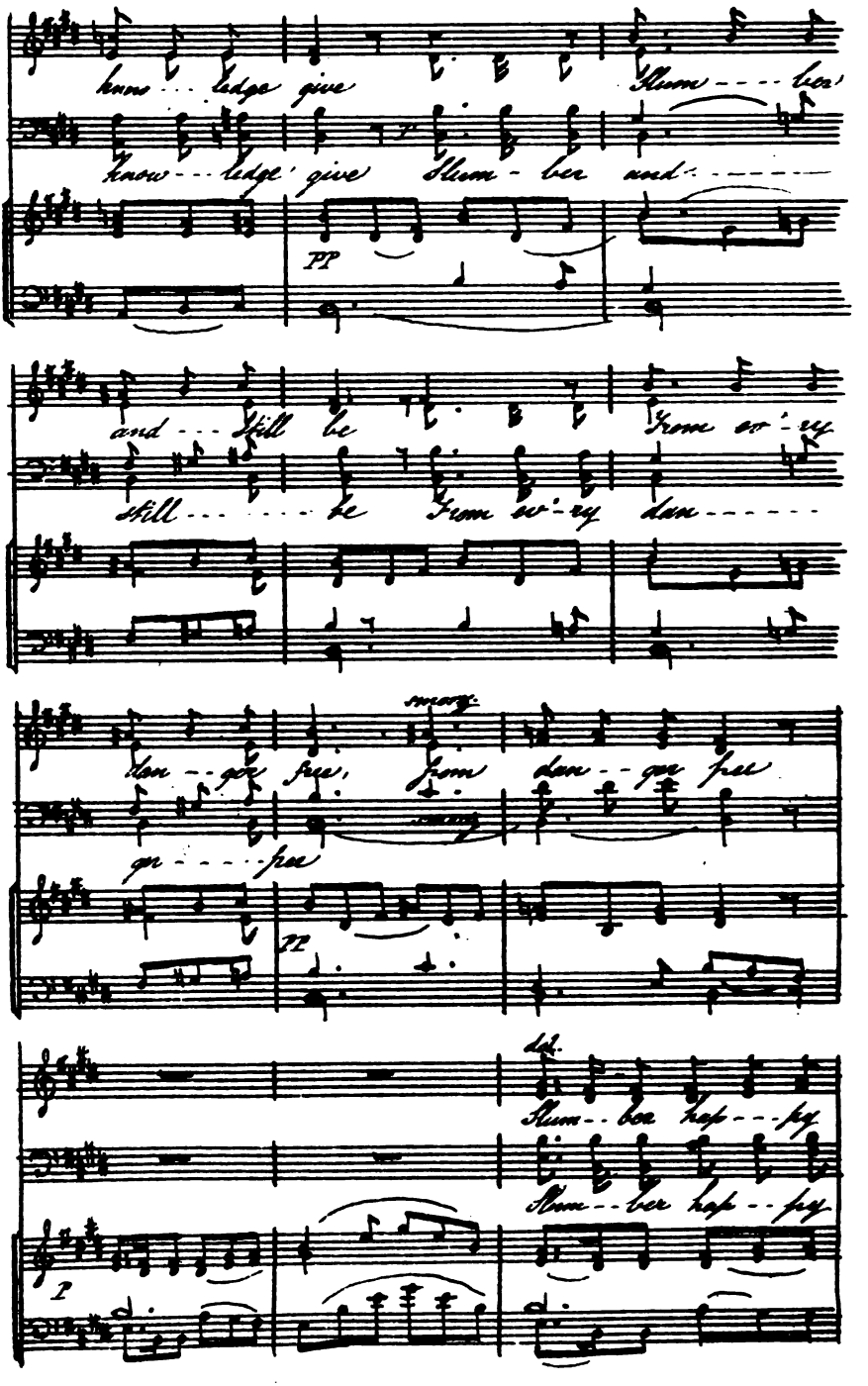
FROM "PARADISE LOST,"

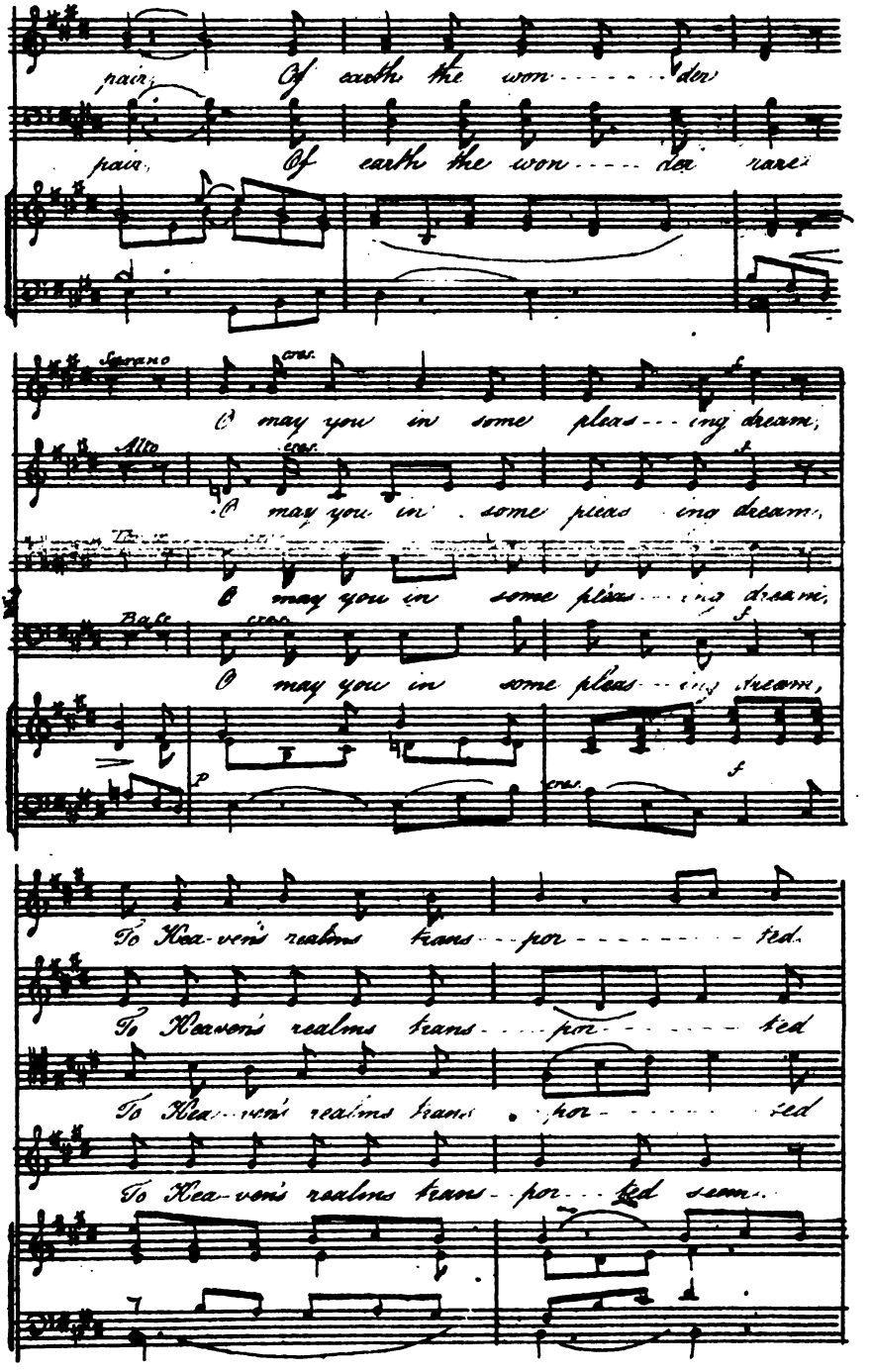
AN ORATORIO, BY F. SCHNEIDER.

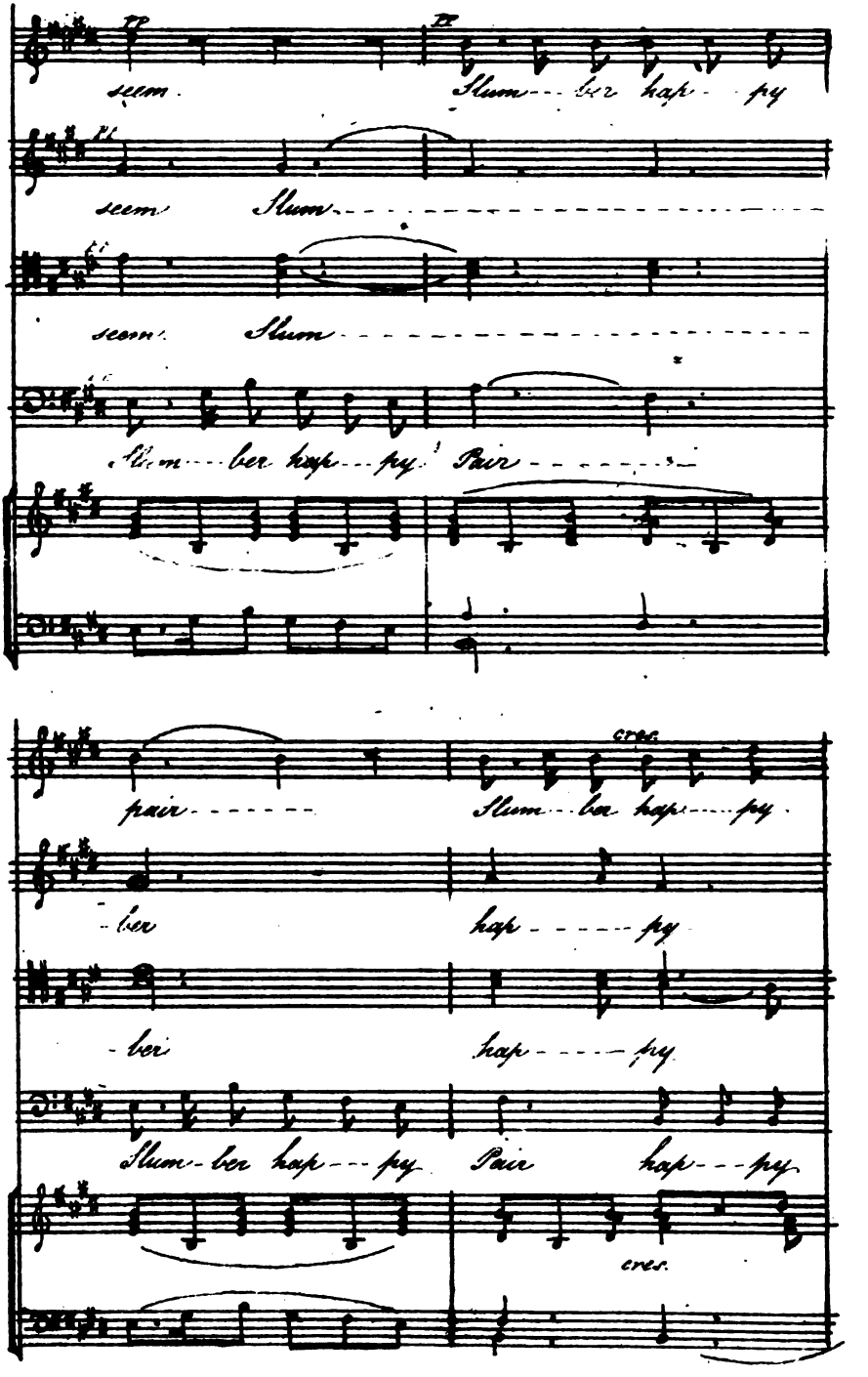



Slum--ber hap--py pair
Slum--ber hap--py pair
Pianoforte
Of earth the won--der rare O may
Of earth the won--der rare O may
you in some pleas--ing dream To Hea--ven's
you in some pleas--ing dream To Hea--ven's
realms trans--port-ed seem
realms trans-port-ed seem.


Slum--ber and still be
Slum--ber and still be
From ev'-ry dan--ger free. In
From ev'-ry dan-ger free. In
mf
in-no---cence con-tent-ed live. A-
in-no---cence con-tent--ed live. A
void the fruits, the fruits which
--void the fruits, the fruits which
p




pair, Of earth the won - - - - - der
pair, Of earth the won - - - - der rare;
Soprano
cres.
O may you in some plea - - - ing dream,
Alto
cres.
O may you in some plea - - ing dream,
O may you in some plea - - - ing dream,
Bass
cres.
O may you in some plea - - - ing dream,
p
cres.
f
To Hea-ven's realms trans - - por - - - - - - - ted.
To Heaven's realms trans - - - por - - - - - - ted
To Hea - ven's realms trans - por - - - - - ted
To Hea-ven's realms trans - por - - ted seem.


seem Slum--ber hap--py
seem Slum
seem Slum
Slum--ber hap--py Pair
pair Slum--ber hap--py
-ber hap--py
-ber hap--py
Slum-ber hap--py Pair hap--py

pair. Of earth the won-der rare, Of earth the

pair. Of earth, the won - - - der rare the

pair. Of earth the won - - - - - der rare the

pair. hap - - - py pair - - - - - - - - - - - -

dim.

won - - der rare hap - - - - py pair hap-py

won - - der rare hap - - - - py pair hap-py

won - - der rare hap - - - py pair hap-py

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - Slum - - ber hap - - - - - - py

pair. In in-no-cence con-tent-ed live.

pair In in-no-cence con-tent-ed live

pp

fz

Nor taste the fruits which know-ledge give

Nor taste the fruits which know-ledge give

fz

p

Slum-ber hap-

Slum-ber hap-py hap-py

Slum-ber

pp

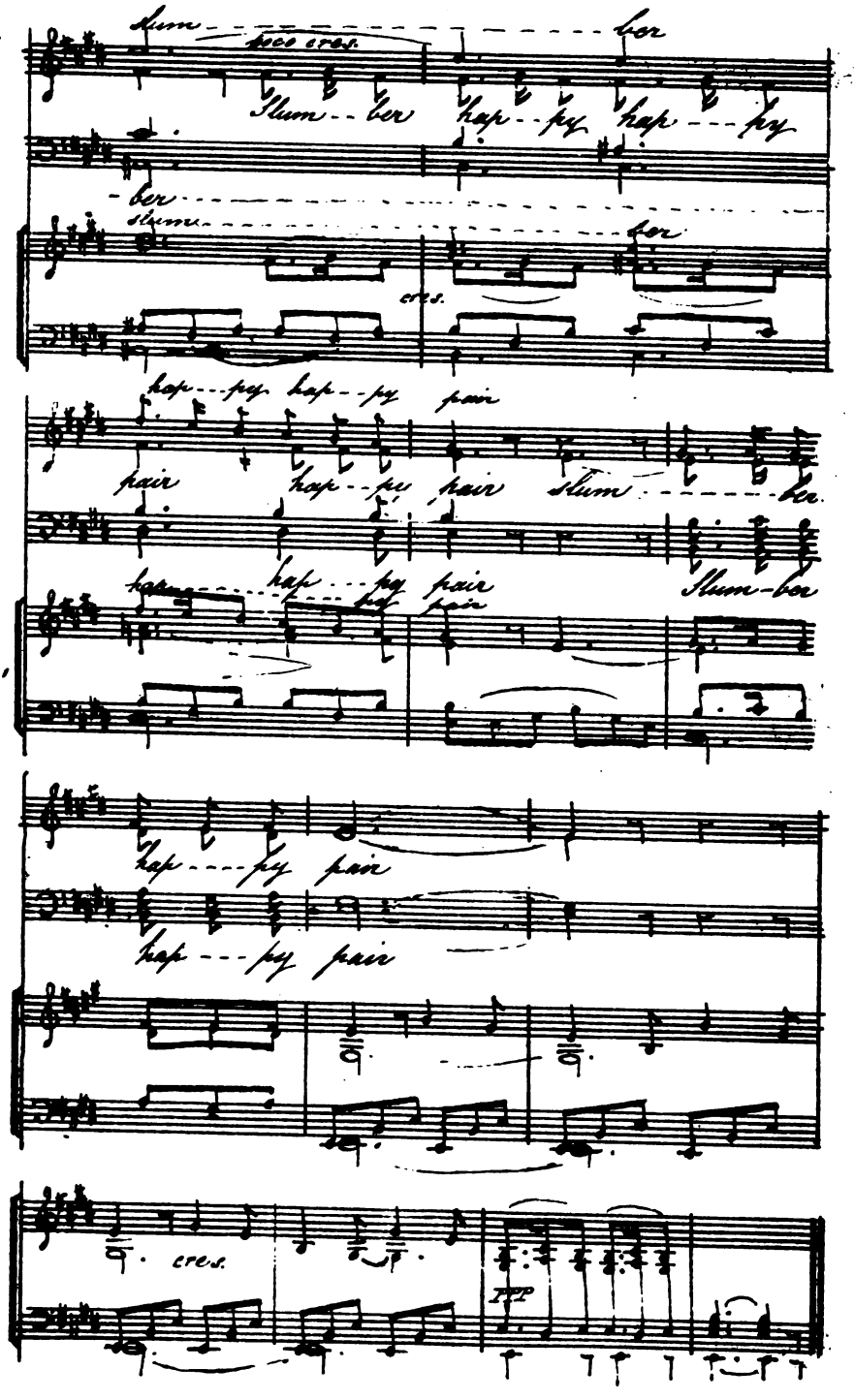
py, pair hap-py pair

pair hap-py pair

hap-py pair Slum-

pp

pp


slum - ber
poco cres.
Slum - ber hap - py hap - py
- ber
slum - ber
cres.
hap - py hap - py pair
pair hap - py pair slum - ber
hap - py pair
Slum - ber
hap - py pair
hap - py pair
cres.
PPP

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

BY RUBENS.

THIS prison scene—of an old man half naked and chained, lying on a bed of straw, with a young woman on her knees beside him presenting her breast to him, and drawing his head towards her as if he were a child—brings immediately to recollection the ancient story of the daughter who thus saved her father, condemned to die of hunger. She, who displayed this extraordinary trait of affection and duty, is usually called the Grecian Daughter, though, we believe, it would be very difficult to fix either the locality or the epoch of the incident. It is one of those stories of filial piety which antiquity has handed down to us, and it may be regarded as a fit companion to that of Æneas, rescuing his father from the flames.

Valerius Maximus, who alludes to the transaction, does not state where it occurred, nor does he say what the crime of the father, whom he calls Cimon, was. Pliny mentions a trait of the same nature, but his information on the subject is also very scanty. A picture, representing the story, was placed in the Temple of Piety, at Rome.

This work of Rubens is the property of the Emperor of Russia. It is exquisitely painted. Nothing can exceed the expression of tenderness which he has given to the female figure. A sentiment of satisfaction seems beginning to reanimate the languid and despairing countenance of the father. The whole is deeply pathetic and impressive. It is one of the finest pieces which Rubens ever painted, and is, by many, considered the principal ornament of the Russian Imperial Gallery.

Below an engraving of this picture, by Van Caukerken, the following verses were inscribed:

Discite quid sit amor, lactat pia gnata parentem
Quem miserenda fames et fera vincla premunt.
Tantus amor, fertur, vitam meruise Cimone;
Sicque fuit patri filia parens.

THE TWELVE HOURS TRIAL,

OR

A SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

A TALE FROM THE ITALIAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

"For, as I am condemned, my naked sword
Stands by me like a hatchment, only held
To show I was a soldier!"

THE hour was past, within which the Countess Rozelli, according to promise, should have sent some token of farewell kindness to her lover; and the latter, contrary to his mistress' command, still lingered about the south wing of the chateau, in which her apartments were situated; hoping that

some chance, or change of resolution, might yet give him an opportunity of conversing with her again. But in vain it was that he, by turns, beset every window; the lattices indeed were open; but the blinds drawn closely frowned upon his hopes. When, at length, tired of watching beyond all patience, he adventured a touch on his guitar, the third symphony brought Jacintha to the casement; but it was only to shake her head at him with an oscillation that carried despair in every nod, and to make motions with both hands at once that he should go about his business. The Chevalier did retire upon this last intimation; for there is a point at which even a lover may suspect that he grows troublesome.—"It is enough," said he, with a bitter smile, as he turned from the chateau.—"Pedrillo, prepare for our departure! Oh, woman," he continued, "woman, prompt ever as your own looking-glass to receive impressions—still like that looking-glass—woe to him who trusts ye; it is the last impression only that ever ye retain!"

"The preparation for our departure is soon made my Lord," said Pedrillo, "we are now just at the southern extremity of the inclosures. Yonder lies the door, and we have nothing to do, I believe, but to walk out. But surely—the hour is barely expired—your Lordship will not quit this place without waiting for the Countess's message. If we go as we are, my Lord, where are we to go to? we shall leave ourselves without a hiding place on earth, or a shilling to help us to one. While, with temper only and resolution, if we get this promised supply of money, we may still hold out till fate grows tired of persecuting us, and our broken fortunes turn, perhaps, to mending."

"To mending!" replied Silvino sullenly, "as I am concerned, say rather to destruction; for there will be little bitterness left now in such a consummation, as it is in reason the only one I can look for. I tell you again Pedrillo, for me, that I would rather die a thousand deaths than owe the slightest favour to the Countess Rozelli. But for you, good fellow," he continued in a milder tone, "you need have no such feeling; stay, therefore, and profit by what I refuse. Consult your own safety; mine is past even caring for. If ever you rejoin my family, tell them I charged they should provide for thee. And so take thy master's last thanks; commend me to my lady, if thou see'st her; live faithfully, be fortunate, and farewell, good Pedrillo!"

If ever any thing like attachment, superadded to duty or obedience, may be expected from a servant to his master, we should look for it where the latter is a bachelor and a soldier. For between the tastes and habits of men of the same age and estate in life, however different their worldly honours or condition, there will generally exist a sort of affinity, which goes far to engender friendship and affection. Pedrillo's principles, strictly analyzed, bore hard upon that latitudinarian character, which a scrupulous christian—or perhaps any person who was very scrupulous—could scarcely have called honest; and yet, out of the effect of sheer love, it would have cost him a greater effort to have deserted his Captain now in peril, than to have followed him—spite of hard words and arrears of wages—in danger or difficulties through the world. Meantime, the poor rogue wept—entreated—protested. In the midst of his grief, he had nigh run mad for joy to see Jacintha at last, stealing through the shrubbery to the appointed meeting place. But still, upon the main question of accepting the Countess's money, the Chevalier's resolution remained unmoved. And, unable to get away prior to the active waiting maid's approach, he had actually twice spoken to her, once to protest

that he "would not receive a sequin!" and, again, to utter an ejaculation of something like surprise, when he heard that she "had not brought a sequin to offer him;" before he perceived—such is the blindness of lovers, and such the dangers of precipitancy—that the person he was talking to had a companion, and, that that companion was her mistress.

The Countess's eyes told, at a glance, that she had been weeping; but there was no encouragement, no change of purpose, disclosed in them, for all that. She was dressed, not as when Silvino had seen her but an hour before, nor as at their first meeting in the unlucky walk of cypresses, but wrapped in a cloak and hat, as if for some intended airing abroad, or present travel; and her countenance, though ruffled, bore less the character of sadness, than that most provoking expression of "purpose"—"business"—"matter to conclude," and "no leisure (or disposition) to dispute of trifles"—which, more than the direst frowns of scorn or of severity, disheartens any man who would address a woman in the way of passion. In that face the Chevalier saw no glimpse of hope. It was a face to give an order to an upholsterer with—not to talk of love; and he turned from the lady with a feeling of provocation roused almost into hatred; it was a feeling under which he could have beaten her on the spot with all his heart and soul, if such a proceeding would have answered any purpose, or been consonant to the forms of tolerable society; and, even as matters stood, it was within a hairs-breath, at the instant, of making him swear to renounce her presence for ever—subject to the casualty of having to retract that oath within the next five minutes, and perhaps bite his tongue off for having pronounced it.

But the Countess spoke, and her lover paused, for if it be a task sometimes to "match the features to the tongue," there are cases in which the tongue—traitor in turn to all sides—is foremost to act the part of a betrayer. "Silvino!" she said, making an effort, but an unsuccessful one, to conquer that unsteadiness of tone, which alone, in the then state of her hearer's feelings, gave him patience to listen to her—"Silvino, do not shun me, I entreat you, it is but for a few moments, one word is all I have to say. I have relied fully upon your promise to quit this neighbourhood, to leave me, and I was going abroad to spare the possibility of this second interview; but I feared—and here her Ladyship's voice grew tremulous as she drew a small silken pocket-case from her bosom,—"I feared that your pride might reject this trifle, if offered by the hand of a domestic. Take it from me Silvino," she continued, weeping, in despite of her utmost exertion, "worthless as it is, and beneath your acceptance, it is all that with honour I can give. Take it, and let me hear only, through any means that you are safe;—and, harshly as you now think of me—with that knowlege, I shall be happy."

It needed scarce the second word spoken by his mistress, and all the anger of the Chevalier had vanished; but grief, and deep perplexity, and passion, still swelled in his heart, and almost choaked his utterance. The parties were alone; for the quick wit of the Countess had suggested to her, in case of Vivaldi's continued obstinacy, the possibility of enriching him by tampering with Pedrillo—and Jacintha accordingly under her directions had drawn that excellent individual aside—who needed no very violent tampering with, where the object was to fill his pockets. But Silvino remained firm; for an instinctive repugnance to do the act which was to put an end to all his hopes, fought up against that opposite impulse, which disposes a man always to yield to any thing, or every thing, when personally solicited by his mistress.

Never, Madam!" he replied, recoiling from her proffered gift, "never, you have misjudged my passion; and now you mistake my character. I have remained here, thus long, perhaps from the weakness of desiring to see you once again; but certainly from no motive ever to receive your charity. For the time at which the aid you offer could even have formed a temptation to me is past. Cast off by those whom alone I love, what can I fear from the keenest vengeance of my enemies? I was not always mad, I was not always wild and profligate; had I never known you, I never had fallen into my present peril. But, for my life now, it is no longer worth defending, and, if ever I have strived for it—far less appeared to set a value on—it was only because I trusted too blindly to your love and your sincerity, and hoped still, in some day like this, that I might devote it to your service."

The Countess accused her lover of pride, of wilfulness, of injustice; maintaining her own fortitude all the while as well as she might—for, though she guessed her object one way secure through the ministry of Pedrillo, yet, having made the other offer, it was difficult to get away without obtaining its acceptance. The Chevilier mean while caught her hands in his, as she still pressed the packet upon him, "Eugenia!" said he, "I am a beggar, but of a higher order, and more importunate than you imagine." But, as the very devil, and the Marquis Migrano's crinkum-crankum style of gardening would have it, just as the Captain was on his knees, most passionately kissing her Ladyship's fingers, and her Ladyship was struggling in good earnest, and protesting they should not be kissed any more, a footstep close at hand, alarmed the disputants; and the lady, looking suddenly round, to her inexpressible horror beheld Signor Terratinto—breathless with haste or alarm, or perhaps, indeed, only with virtuous confusion; for he had evidently arrived just in time to lose no material part of what was passing.

"Rise Chevalier, for shame!" exclaimed the Countess, ready to sink with anger and confusion. "This person," she continued, endeavouring to collect herself, and addressing Terratinto, "has a request, a petition to the Marquis—which I will get you Sir, if you please, to attend to."—The dilemma was certainly the most unpleasant in all the world.

"Your Ladyship's pardon, but the Captain's Excellency is known to me" stammered out the Steward—which had the effect of making the dilemma just ten times worse than it was before.

"Then leave this place instantly Sir," cried the Chevalier, who saw that concealment was hopeless, "if you value my favour."

"My Lord, my Lord," replied the Steward, "Nay, I must speak, and you must give me time to recover myself. It is your Lordship who must leave this place instantly, for your life is in danger, and I am ruined for only having assisted you."

"The Chevalier's life," her Ladyship was startled rather out of the niceties, "is not in present danger I trust, good Terratinto?" she exclaimed.

"In what danger, and where is my servant—what is it that has happened Terratinto?" asked the Captain.

The appearance of Pedrillo solved the mystery in less time far than it would have taken the terrified Bailiff to have explained it. "We are lost!" he cried, rushing in, followed by Jacintha. "It is all over, my Lord. The Chateau is full of soldiers."

Questions now came too rapidly for answers, and every one—as there were too many—was, of course, repeated twenty times over.

"Of what soldiers do you speak, in Heaven's name!" asked the Countess.

"A party in search of spies and deserters, if your Ladyship pleases," sobbed Jacintha.

"Are they of our regiment?" said the Captain.

"They are not," replied Pedrillo, "but they'll examine us. Half the servants in the house have been paraded, and the roll called already."

"If this danger which I scarcely comprehend, is so sudden then," cried the Countess, "for all our sakes, Silvino, do as I desired at once, take this packet, and save yourself. Begone."

"It is too late to fly," groaned Pedrillo. "They are here, flight now is hopeless!"

"Not if you could reach the river, surely," said Jacintha; and my Lady's carriage is here ready at the gate."

"I tell you no," cried Pedrillo, "it is impossible—my Uncle understands it all. We have no passport: we shall be stopped and hanged, go which way we will."

"Terratinto!" exclaimed the Countess in serious alarm, "Is this true? Is a passport so absolutely necessary; are there no possible means of obtaining one?" Silvino continued she passionately, "why will you not answer?" for the Chevalier, who saw the difficulty and the hopelessness of all remedy, had enough to occupy his thoughts without discussion. "Will you stay here and make no effort, or do you labour to work out your own destruction, for the poor unworthy triumph of inflicting wretchedness upon me."

"There are no means of procuring a passport Eugenia—no hopes," replied the Captain firmly; "and without one, I doubt there is small chance—(no chance at all, wept Pedrillo)—of our escaping." "But, for myself," he continued, taking the Countesses hand tenderly, but respectfully, and half supporting her as he spoke, "we talked of this you know but a moment since; and did I not say that you had given me a charm to meet the danger lightly? One sacrifice, I trust, will satisfy justice. My poor follower here, as well as this old man, who has assisted us, must be saved from harm. And now give me this packet which you offered, or what else you will, but upon any terms, bid me quickly farewell and leave me; for what is to happen must not happen here; nor, if it is to be of evil—Eugenia for worlds, whatever you think of me—would I have you witness it."

The roll of a distant drum rung like a death knell in the ears of the whole groupe as the Chevalier concluded. "They are at hand," he cried, "Once more, Eugenia, farewell;"

The Countess shuddered, but she signed to the Chevalier to stay. "Will not a bribe serve?" she cried. "A thousand sequins! Is it not possible to counterfeit such a paper as this passport?" The steward shook his head.

"There *is* a passport," continued her Ladyship after a pause, and in a voice scarcely audible from deep emotion—"It is that with which the Judge, the Count Rozelli, was travelling ———."

"Blessed lady," exclaimed Jacintha, in a transport of joy, "that your Ladyship means—it is above in the *escritoire*—with which my Lord was travelling when he died."

The last few words of the sentence sounded like a reproof of the tone in which the remainder had been uttered; and a deep silence followed, which, painful as it was! none cared to interrupt or break. Another long roll of the distant drum did break it. The Countess glanced her eye round the circle rapidly, it met no look except Silvino's, every other eye was on the earth, and every cheek was pale. In that look there was neither re-

proach nor solicitation; but—the Countess beckoned her maid—the emergency was too dreadful—it was impossible to see her lover die.

"And the—the robes that we saw this morning in the cabinet, shall I bring them too, my lady?" whispered Jacintha.

The Lady turned upon the questioner—was she jested with?

"It is because your Ladyship—because these gardeners dresses, with the title of a Judge, will never pass."

The reprieve comes not at all that comes too late. Silvino's thanks to the Countess, began when Jacintha and Pedrillo departed, were yet unfinished at their return. They brought intelligence that the beating of the drums was occasioned by the arrival of a new Commanding Officer—some Baron, whose name Jacintha had forgotten, or not allowed herself time to inquire. But within twenty seconds from that time, by the waiting maids assistance, joined to that of Terratinto, Pedrillo, and the Captain, were outwardly converted into a Judge of Assize, or some dignitary of that description, and his Clerk. Disguises which—however suddenly their adoption had been determined on—circumstances afterwards shewed they had not assumed one moment earlier than was expedient.

CHAPTER XIV.

"'Tis a strong virtue that stands bullet proof.
No trick of fortune bend him?—a fish wife
Has a fate.—That's hard to promise!"

The Chevalier Vivaldi, wrapped extemporaneously, in a robe of velvet, trimmed with ermine, and invested with that identical cap of state which had been wont so often to terrify rogues, rather than aid them in their ill devices, waited while Pedrillo, equipped with a cocked hat, surmounting a wig that resembled nothing in the world so much as a beehive, unbarred the southern gate of the Migrano demense, without which the Countess Roselli's carriage was in attendance. Her Ladyship, in person, still remained, to secure the masqueraders in their flight; for, without such a presence, her own coachman and footman would, most likely, have ran away from them as goblins, or apprehended them as imposters. And strangely buffetted in mind, between love, and the misdoubt of an untimely end—a sense as regarded the Countess, of the delicacy of his situation, and, as regarded himself of its ludicrousness—the Chevalier had sworn a thousand blessings and farewells to his mistress (who wished him gone, though it were only that she might get rid of the confusion and provocation of being obliged to look at him), and was gathering up his courage actually to depart.—Matters were just in this conclusive position—the exiles taking their first pace towards an overt-act of self deportation—Pedrillo marshalling the way they were to go, and Terratinto wondering how he should come off after they were gone—when the eccentric modulations of an Irish planxty—something about

"As I went to Mondeer, with my barrel of beer,
I met with sweet Peggy, whose beauty was clear."

and so forth, seemingly warbled about six yards off, grated upon the ears of the party; and the next moment, trilling a most delicate chorus of

"Ratting a roo-re-roo-re-roo!"

in exact time to a full thirty-inch step, which at the appearance of so many strangers, however he brought up suddenly into a "Halt!" round a corner, forsaken by his guide Dr. Grenouille, and strolling at large to seek whom he might devour, came the quondam graduate of Dublin College, and present Commander of Fusileers, Major Phelim Mc. Mullinoch Roderick Blunderbog O'Liffey.

The rencontre was unexpected on both sides; but the Major was a citizen of the world, and paid his compliments extempore with a very tolerable air—"Upon my conscience, Ladies and Gentlemen," said he, bowing a military bow, stiff rather, but extremely courteous, "but my excellent host the Marquis is pleased to heap too much upon the modesty of the military profession; for though a soldier and an Irishman may be concluded able to introduce himself any where, how the deuce can he introduce himself when he does'nt know who it is that he has to introduce himself to?"

This address, amounted to a question, which in many cases it is easier to ask than to answer. The Chevalier doubted, if he spoke, whether he should speak like a Judge, and had a great disinclination to speak at all. Terratinto, in virtue of his office, and in a cold sweat, for fear the Major should happen to know that the person who was going to be presented to him had been dead three months, did get out that "the Honourable Major" (whose name he did not venture to pronounce), was addressing "The Count, Judge Radamanthus Rozelli." By that time the Chevalier mustered nerve enough to concoct the single sentence, meant to cover his retreat—His "immediate departure from the Chateau"—in fact, his "coach being waiting at that moment"—had prevented his cousin, probably from "thinking a formal introduction necessary"—however he must personally regret any circumstance that prevented "his improving his acqaintance with Major O'Liffey." But he who holds the stirrup, is not yet in the saddle. "Your Excellency's coach is at the gate," delivered Pedrillo, making a leg: but—"Och then! let it stay there just as much time longer as his Lordship might order yourself to be hanged in, good luck to him my jewel," replied the Major. "Upon my honour," continued he, "I ought to apologise for not being aware at once of your Lordship's rank." "I beg Major you will use no formalities." "Och! its only because I was never in a Court of Justice in all my life, except once when I was taken there against my will. But, as luck will have it, I have the honour to meet your Lordship in the very nick of time. We have a new Commandant just this very hour appointed to this district, and, as you are travelling, it's odds if you would have gone five miles any way without being stopped, because the Colonel or myself had not surveyed your passport. But now—I feel the greatest pleasure that I happened to pop in your way (and sure the Marquis might have known this and sent me to you) before your entire departure—if you'll shew me the paper now, I'll countersign it at once, and so spare you all future examination or inconvenience."

All parties, except the framer of this proposition—as not unfrequently happens—wished him who devised it at the devil. The Countess Rozelli, had answered the Major's first salute by a distant inclination, and she still remained aloof, with her *suivante;* ashamed of the sacrifice she was making, and yet trembling lest some new accident should render it of no purpose. Silvino longed to adventure hap-hazard, some claim to exemption from scrutiny, on the score of his rank or place; but then to commit any mistake, and in the person of one who could hardly by possibility be mistaken, it

was too much to run the chance of.—"The passport, Pedrillo—I mean Rodrigo—you have it?" demanded the Chevalier at length; seeing no loop-hole to back out at. "Your Lordship's passport is—your Lordship has it in the guard of your Lordship's robe," replied Pedrillo, directed by Jacintha's eye, for, as yet, he had never seen it. "If he finds the date, that will ruin all!" exclaimed the Countess, whose situation of perplexity was really pitiable; but, as the Major had no ground for suspicion, he did not look at the date, and he found enough at last to disconcert her Ladyship, without going into such particularity.

Major O'Liffey unfolded the parchment, the Chevalier looking over his shoulder, "*Nomine Ludovici Tertii*," these forms my Lord are, in my mind, very useless; but your Lawyers that make them—that's one consolation—are forced to abide by them. "*Nomine, Ludovici—Dei Gratia—signata et sigillata* ——."

"Will you allow me to read Major, if the Latin form is at all inconvenient?" interposed Vivaldi; who, to get the paper into his own hands, would have undertaken the explanation of Gaelic."

"Inconvanient—and to a Bachelor of Arts in Trinity College Dublin?—sure your Lordship is jesting! The very dogs that are born in that place spake Latin, my Lord," returned the Major.

"I meant merely that our Italian style," said the Chevalier, "might confuse ———."

"Och! the devil a bit! and indeed if your Lordship was wishing to hear any language in the wide world—dead or living, past, present, or to come—spoken in its real purity, especially English, its to Dublin, just little Dublin, and no where else, you must come. 'Let pass freely,'—um—um—'All assistance in case of need,' that's right. 'The Count Radamanthus Rozelli, Chief Judge of our Criminal Court,' that's your Lordship—to think what interest does now! (shrugged the Major to himself) here's a Judge hardly twenty years old!—'His Lordship's clerk, Vincentio Balbi.' That's the gentleman in the wig?—Pedrillo bowed. 'The Countess Eugenia de Rozelli, his Eminences Lady, and female attendant,'" continued the Major; and, as he spoke the words, all eyes—surprised, as though by a sudden jump out of their assumed unconcern and negligence—were turned upon him with looks of incredulity and horror.

It is very shocking to see how many people there are in the world, who will, in spite of your teeth, be pleasant and polite, and never believe how savagely and afflictingly they are, all the while, a bore! The mention only of a Countess's name, was an opportunity for Major O'Liffey to display his breeding, He stopped, as we have seen, when he came to it; and "With your Lordship's permission?" looking towards her Ladyship, he said with a gallant and gracious smile.

His Lordship, as far as he had any consciousness left, that of the Countess seemed to be entirely gone, gasped out a sort of "By all means Sir," or "any thing you desire," inwardly swearing to murder every Major in the Italian service, if he did, by any miracle complete his escape.

"In that case then," continued the Major, bending to the very earth, and laying his hand upon his heart, with an air of the "tenderest" insinuation, "the forms of duty will allow me, I believe, to address one word to the Lady Rozelli, by asking—in the true tone of an Commissary of Police—whether she is the Lady described in this passport, and the wife of his Lordship here, with whom I hope some day to have the honour of being better acquainted?"

Alas! we all know how we begin a transaction; but, which of us know how he shall end it. The Major's question was almost accidental—purely the result of a delight to display his parts and person—in a conversation, if it were only of six words, with a fine woman; and yet it paralized every soul that listened to it. He paused for an answer—his cocked hat still hanging in his hand, and his person inclined in an attitude respectfully irresistible—and there was no flying nor tarrying—no replying nor yet remaining silent. The only refuge seemed to be in murdering him upon the spot; and then, where the deuce were they to put his body!

Silvino—not knowing at all what to do—attempted to smile; but it was a horrible convulsion, and something between the terrified and the blood thirsty!

The Countess, with a desperate effort, did smile, as she tried one effort to elude the danger, by a careless—half frigid, half familiar—question in reply—"I believe it is not absolutely necessary that I should answer as to that fact, Major?"

But it would not do. The Major's wit, as well as his gallantry, was excited—"Upon his honour the question was a regular one." "Her Ladyship might trust to his Excellency—he was afraid—for allowing no question to be put that was irregular. Should he—still smiling inexorably, as he held his pencil suspended over the passport—should he take the freedom to request, for form sake, the honour of an answer?"

Silvino had no choice but to turn to the Countess, as if requesting her to speak. Pedrillo put his hands to his ears and shut his eyes, that he might not hear what she said. What followed was the business almost of a moment. The measure of the Countess's distress and perplexity was full—she made the required answer, in the affirmative;—and instantly fainted in the arms of her attendant.

"It is nothing—a trifle, if there were but a seat here—nothing at all," cried Vivaldi—as he supported the lady—to the astonished, and really anxious, Major.

"As there is no seat, had not your Lordship better put my Lady into the carriage *at once?*" said Jacintha.

If a thousand crowns did not reward that intimation, the waiting-maid was defrauded of her due. "Faith, if it's nothing but vapours, I don't think your Lordship can do better than that same," said Major O'Liffey.

"Where are you taking me to?" exclaimed the Countess, recovering her consciousness, as she was supported between Vivaldi and the good tempered Major, to the gate. "Och! be asy now," replied the latter—saying what the first could not muster courage to say—"and in an instant your Ladyship will be seated in your own carriage."

Pedrillo received the passport, and ascended the box of the vehicle. The Countess was lifted into it; Jacintha and Vivaldi followed. Terratinto closed the door, and made off to conceal himself; the Major raised his hat—"postilions!"—Vivaldi waved his hand cordially—and they were gone. How long was it since the Countess Rozelli's pious grief had recoiled even at the thoughts of conversing with her lover?—she had sacrificed her husband's memory to that lover—given him her husband's name and station—disguised him in his very robes of state and office—enriched him—eloped with him—publicly owned herself his wife! and yet—is it not fortune that is too hard for the strongest of us—is not half our honesty as much dependent upon accident as upon resolution—circumstanced as she had been, and acting as she had done, would it not be hard to declare that she was to blame?

CHAPTER XV.

"Man's life's a book, and some of them are bound,
Handsome, and richly, some but meanly clad;
And, for their matter, some of them are found
Learned and pious; others are too bad
For vilest fires.—Both have their use!"

There's not one moment dies, by day or night, but bears the fate of some man. A "Twelve Hour's Trial!"—Folios, perchance, might scarcely serve to tell that brief time's history. Kings have grown beggars—slaves set their feet on thrones, within it—cities been sacked or swallowed—empires lost and won. Ladies have changed their minds in such a period;—loved what they scorned—it being denied them; hated their own choice—it might be, they had possessed it. The gold that was hoarded by an usurer, in the first hour, has been scattered by the heir that he starved—and damned for—before the eleventh. Maids have gone safe to bed—locked up—(they say) at night; and yet been missing out of the window or up the chimney—in the morning. Poets have talked (and lied) of plays written within twelve hours;—marry, seeing them damned afterwards within two, they have been less curious for such expedition. Yet, on the other hand, how many a poor rogue, who writes the first chapter of his tale in two hours, cannot, within twelve, hammer out the (always unsatisfactory) conclusion. Telling what every body already knows—will have told—yet always grudge to listen to. Deaths—births—and marriages—as much looked for in the last page of the novel as in the last column of a newspaper. The final chapter of a third volume—the final glass of a third bottle—When was it the ware of author, or vintner would not pall upon the palate in such a sample? Let the wise—in wit or wine—be counselled then, and taste the dregs supplied by neither; though custom has made it "a property of easiness" in them, that they pay for the dregs supplied by both.

Between the cup and the lip, the lapses are proverbial; and, even when a man has the cup to his lip, let him not make too sure of drinking the liquor to the bottom. From sun rise to evening, great were the changes which had taken place in the fortunes of the Chevalier Vivaldi; but, even yet, his destiny was not quite fulfilled; and, in a strange condition indeed, stood the estate of those persons whom he had left behind him.

About an hour subsequent to the events related in our last chapter, dire was the confusion which reigned in the Chateau Migrano. The Major, Mc Mullinoch O'Liffey, returning from his ambulatory excursion, only as the second dinner-bell had sounded, was chidden by the Marchioness Clarissa for his so long delay,—"Which has lost you the opportunity Major," said her Ladyship, "of a private introduction, before dinner, to a cousin of mine, and the handsomest woman in the province, who is on a visit with us—the Countess Eugenia de Rozelli."

"Be consoled, Major O'Liffey, and heed not the Marchioness," laughed the Marquis Migrano—"unless you will do me the honour to lead her to the drawing-room. It's a hundred to one, if you had been here an hour ago if the Countess would have shewn herself until dinner; and, even now, its more than probable that her ill state of health may prevent us from seeing her at all."

The Bachelor of Trinity, in answer to the Marchioness's charge of delay

against him, before the Marquis spoke, had been on the point of mentioning his interview with the Count and Countess Rozelli; but—the whim of leaving him to blunder upon such exalted persons at a hazard, and without any introduction—he already thought more fantastic than humourous; and, if the joke was to be carried any further, did not much care for being included in it. Drawing himself up therefore to the full height of five feet and eleven inches, and reddening to the very whiskers—as a man is apt to do who feels himself the most respectable person in the world, and rather suspects he is being made an ass of—" My Lord," said the Major, " nobody on earth likes a little pleasantry better than myself—that is, when it's neither at my expense nor at the expense of my friends—nor no way reflects upon my country—but, when I had the honour to assist the Countess Rozelli into her own travelling carriage half an hour since, on her departure, entirely, as herself informed me, from the Chateau Migrano, I am at a loss rather to conceive how it can be the fact of her indisposition, which is to prevent my enjoying the farther satisfaction to meet her this day at your Lordship's hospitable table?"

" The Countess Rozelli!—on her departure!"—Surely you are under some mistake Major?" said the Marquis, in great surprise.

" It is impossible Major," said the Marchioness laughing. " The Lady Rozilli; you must have seen her ghost."

" By the powers then," replied the Major, " but, if it was her Ladyship's ghost, she brought half the church-yard along with her? For there was the ghost of the Count himself—and his clerk, and a cratur of a waiting-maid—let alone the ghost of a travelling carriage and horses—whips, postilions, saddles, and other moveables!"

The Marquis looked in the speaker's face—" He has gone mad!" he cried in horror. " A sudden attack. I have read of such cases, in Profundito Moonshine-a-gabalus!"

" The Count Rozelli!" said the Marchioness seriously.

" I countersigned his Lordship's passport, with my own hand," returned the Major.

" How did you know it was the Count, Sir?" gasped the Marquis.

" Sure, wasn't he in his official robes my Lord, and didn't your Lordship's own steward personally introduce me to him?"

" The Count Rozelli—and in his robes!" exclaimed the Marchioness in terror and astonishment—" Good Heavens, what can this mean Major O'Liffey? The nobleman of whom you speak died thirty leagues hence, and has been dead these three months!"

There are points at which joking ought to cease; but here, the true meaning of the parties only added to the difficulty.

" In the name of miracles!—my steward!—Who waits there!"exclaimed the Marquis. " Where is Terratinto?"

" My Lord, the tables have been laid some time; but he cannot be found any where," said the domestic who obeyed the call.

" Is the Countess Rozelli—stay! I will go myself to her apartments," exclaimed the Marchioness.—" There is some reality in this!"

" The Countess's carriage was ordered to the south gate, for her Ladyship to go abroad an hour ago," returned the servant. " But—I beg your Ladyship's pardon,"casting his eye from a side window—" There it is now standing in the Court-yard."

One step carried the Marquis and the Major—and the Marchioness hardly made two—to the window. There was the carriage—the next movement

was, naturally, to the door; for people do not fathom mysteries by waiting till the solutions come down the chimney. On this occasion, however, the wonder would have dissolved itself. Before any one could reach the door of the apartment, it was opened from without. The "Colonel," in a dozen voices, was loudly called for. Jeunesse, the orderly serjeant, who had been dispatched to take post at the inn of Benevente—hurried forward with news that he had "apprehended a deserter." And, the next moment—followed by the whole fugitive party—the Countess Rozilli, Jacintha, half a hundred male and female servants, and Vivaldi, in the Judges robes—Pedrillo, secured between two file of Fusileers, was marched—as the victim—into the apartment.

"The Count Rozelli!—and, is it alive or dead he is now?" exclaimed Major O'Liffey.

"My new gardeners, and this dress! are we all of us mad—or haunted!" cried the Marquis Migrano.

The Marchioness looked at Vivaldi. Her wonder was over; and she crossed to give countenance to her cousin.

"One word!" cried the Chevalier, as he threw off his judicial robes,

"It is the Captain!" exclaimed Jeunesse—"I knew it!"

"Allow me but one moment," pursued Vivaldi, "and the whole will then be known to all. Disguise, Major O'Liffey is no longer possible—to you, Sir, I surrender.—My first remaining duty is to the poor fellow who stands already here your prisoner; and to him—as his crime has merely been an attachment to his Officer—I am sure you will be disposed to shew favour. My next debt," he added, turning with an air of the deepest respect towards the Countess Rozelli, "is to this lady! Circumstances may seem to make that a fit subject for mirth, which has, in truth, been a matter of deep distress and suffering; but I take Heaven to witness she is innocent of all favour towards her unfortunate lover—beyond a desire to preserve his life. For the rest, continued the Chevalier, I must now abide my hazard. My quarrel with the Baron Albini, was a soldier's one. There is no man who has more regretted his death than I have; none done more justice to his memory. The laws of my country may condemn; but the voice of my antagonist himself could he live again—if I know any thing of his character—would be the first to extenuate my conduct." "Room for the Colonel!" cried the Orderly Serjeant. Once more the room door opened. With his last words to the Major, Vivaldi had presented his sword—and it was the Colonel Baron Albini—alive and recovered—who received it.

Then if the fortunes of our soldier, are not yet completed, at least they look forth from hence so plain, that he who runs may read them. Proffering his master's false passport at the guard-house of Benevente, Pedrillo had been recognized by the Orderly Serjeant, Jeunesse, who had come with Baron Albini from Silvino's own regiment of chasseurs. Too manly to abandon his follower, Vivaldi had returned to share his fate; but had forborne from disclosing his real condition until he should be in the presence of a competent authority. But this fair resolution having turned out so fortunately—in the Captain's full restoration to rank and safety—there needed but one circumstance to complete his happiness; and it had been pity that that one had been withheld?

"For me," said the Baron Albini, mildly, but seriously—Jeunesse! let Pedrillo be set at liberty.—"The Chevalier has done me such liberal justice, believing me dead, that I should feel loath to stand worse in his estimation being living.—Captain Vivaldi, let us exchange congratulations, our quarrel

was a hasty one. You will before now, I fully believe, have regretted it; and I am very happy to be able to tell you personally, that I regret it too."

"Captain Vivaldi!" said the Major of Fusileers, "I shall be proud of the opportunity of making your acquaintance. Dicing and duelling are both habits to be avoided—but then, how the devil is a gentleman and a soldier to avoid them. And now—in regard to an observation of your's just now—I'll give you a small taste of reasonable counsel. That lady—her Ladyship the Countess, I mean, has, in my presence, acknowledged herself your wife. And, by the powers, if it was on behalf of myself she had made that confession, I'd not make so ungrateful a return as not to keep her tooth and nail to the text of it."

Thus, how could the lady escape? It was worth while to consent, only to get rid of the argument. The spell of widow's grief was broken;—it would have been impossible, with proper gravity, to have returned to the walk of cypresses, and the ornamented tomb.

The Marchioness Migrano, who was not ill-natured at heart, whispered that she was ready to believe her cousin to be very sorry to be forced to marry the object of her earliest choice.

The Marquis looked at the robes, the recollection of which had caused a certain indisposition; and—your people who believe so much of virtue are always illiberal—he thought, like a booby as he was, a great deal worse of his cousin's heart than it deserved.

To have capitulated for a liberty of three months—it was worse than putting the question out of court upon the sudden. As bad as dabbling for an hour upon the brink of a cold bath, when one plunge—and all over—is so much better. The case was hopeless for victory—and the Countess surrendered at discretion.

Upon the immediate disposition of his minor characters our Italian author is brief; it appears merely, that Pedrillo and Jacinhta were rewarded for their services; that Terratinto crept out of the Migrano dust-hole again into the pantry; and that Dr. Grenouille sailed for Holland, turned dancing-master, and made a large fortune, being the first who had ever been seen in that country. The ulterior doings even of his leading personages, the writer again refuses to relate; the historian he says, of their "Twelve Hours Trial" will have tiresomeness enough to answer for, without exceeding the letter of his undertaking. All that follows is one line of declaration, that the Chevalier Vivaldi, though he knew no Greek, proved as agreeable a husband to the Countess Rozelli as his more learned predecessor. And that her Ladyship, both as wife and widow, would, no doubt, have obtained the honour of cannonization; if the kalendar of female Saints had not been unluckily filled up—(at least. no additions have since been known to it)—several centuries before her application.

SKETCH FROM PIETRO BERETTINI.

The annexed Plate is from the Gallery Panfili at Rome, which was painted by Berettini, for Innocent X., and the pictures in which have been admired for the spirit and variety of the composition.

Pietro Berettini, commonly called after the place of his birth Pietro da Cortona, was born at the close of the sixteenth century. At a very early age he was sent to Florence to receive instructions from Comodi, who took his young disciple, not yet fourteen, to Rome. When Comodi, who had only visited

Rome on business, returned to Florence, Pietro was left under the care of Baccio Ciarpi, a Florentine painter, to whose advice he may have been indebted for an improvement which he certainly could not receive from the imitation of the works of that master. It appears, indeed, that Berettini, whether under the direction of Baccio or not, pursued the best course of instruction which he could have adoped. He laboured most assiduously at making sketches from the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, to which he joined the study of the ancient statues and bas-reliefs. He devoted much of his time to drawing from the Bas-reliefs on Trajan's Column, by which he is supposed to have acquired a taste for those massive proportions which are observable in many of his works, and which are, in some degree, apparent in the specimen we have selected.

The early essays of Berettini were patronized by the Marchese Sacchetti and his brother, the Cardinal. By the latter he was introduced to Cardinal Barberina, a nephew of Urban VIII., who afforded him a very extensive field for the employment of his pencil. He also enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated Marino, and the praises of the poet contributed not a little to spread the fame of the artist. Marino possessed a Gallery of Paintings and Sculptures, each of which he made the subject of a set of verses, and these poetical effusions being collected, were published in one one volume, under the title of " La Galeria del Cavalier Marino."

There is no complete biography of Pietro, but it appears that soon after his arrival at Rome, he was, through the recommendation of the prelates we have just mentioned, employed along with Agostine Ciampelli, to paint some pictures for the Pope in the Church of St. Bibbiana. But what laid the foundation of his fame was a Nativity which he painted for the Church of Salvatore in Lauro, now called " of our Lady of Loretto."

Pietro spent a few years in Florence, whither he was invited by Ferdinand II. to paint several of the rooms in the Pitti Palace. He had completed three of the Chambers, and was making arrangements for painting the fourth, when, in consequence of some offence, which he received from a Nobleman of the Court, he suddenly relinquished the work and returned to Rome. The paintings of this chamber, and other works which Pietro had begun at Florence were completed by his pupil, Ciro Ferri. It was on his return to Rome that he adorned the Panfili Gallery with a series of paintings, into which he introduced the History of Æneas. He also assisted in completing the pictures of the Cupola of the Church of the *Padri dell' Oratorio*, and embellished the Colonnade of the Church *Della Pace*. On completing this last work he received an order of Knighthood from Alexander VII. He died in the year 1669, and was buried in the church dedicated to St. Luke.

The ceiling of the great hall in the Barberini Palace may be regarded as Pietro's principal work. It is astonishingly rich in figures, and notwithstanding their abundance, nothing like constraint or confusion appears in the composition. The colouring is also very fine, and the effect of the whole is magnificent. Twelve years elapsed before this work was finished, and yet it seems to have all the ease and freedom of a piece painted in a day.

Nature had endowed this artist with a great talent for composition, but he was deficient in expression. He appears to have considered that branch of art in which he shone as the most important, and to have sacrificed every thing to it. He loved to occupy a great space in his compositions, and frequently introduced figures for the sole purpose of filling up. A critical eye will discover a sameness in the air of his figures and in his

draperies. In short he was a mannerist, but his manner was easy and graceful.

Pietro da Cortona was the founder of a considerable school. Fiorillo, in speaking of the extent to which the imitation of his manner prevailed, not only in Tuscany but in Rome, observes, that "from many causes it was at first resisted in the latter. In Florence, however, it was otherwise; for the first specimens of his painting in the Pitti Palace obtained for him the decided approbation of the most eminent masters. In a short time the imitation of his style became general, and it may be said that about the middle of the seventeeth century both the Florentine and Roman school overflowed with partizans of Cortona. But the Florentines overlooked the best properties of the model which they wished to reach, and those who aimed at ease, became superficial. That skilful ordonnance which depends on taste, and of which Berettini was so great a master, degenerated into affectation. With respect to the course which art took at this period it has been truly remarked, that just at the time when the Caracci school was silently closed, the doors of the Cortonian were thrown wide open."

IL NOCE DI BENEVENTO.

The grand Ballet, entitled *Il Noce di Benevento* (the Nut-tree of Benevento), has recently been revived at Milan. This piece, which in Italy and Germany has enjoyed popularity for a long series of years, was originally produced at Vienna, by the Ballet Master Vigano, a man of considerable reputation in his time. He filled the situation of Ballet Master first in Venice, and subsequently in Vienna and Berlin, and he was the husband of the celebrated dancer, Madame Vigano. He himself composed music for several of his Ballets; but he was deficient in scientific knowledge, and frequently violated the rules of composition. Of the *Noce di Benevento*, however, only the dances and the pantomimic actions were invented by Vigano, for the piece was set to music by Süssmayer.* The recent revival of this ballet induces us to present an account of it to our readers. They will immediately perceive that nothing but the excellence of the music, could have recommended such a piece to public favour.

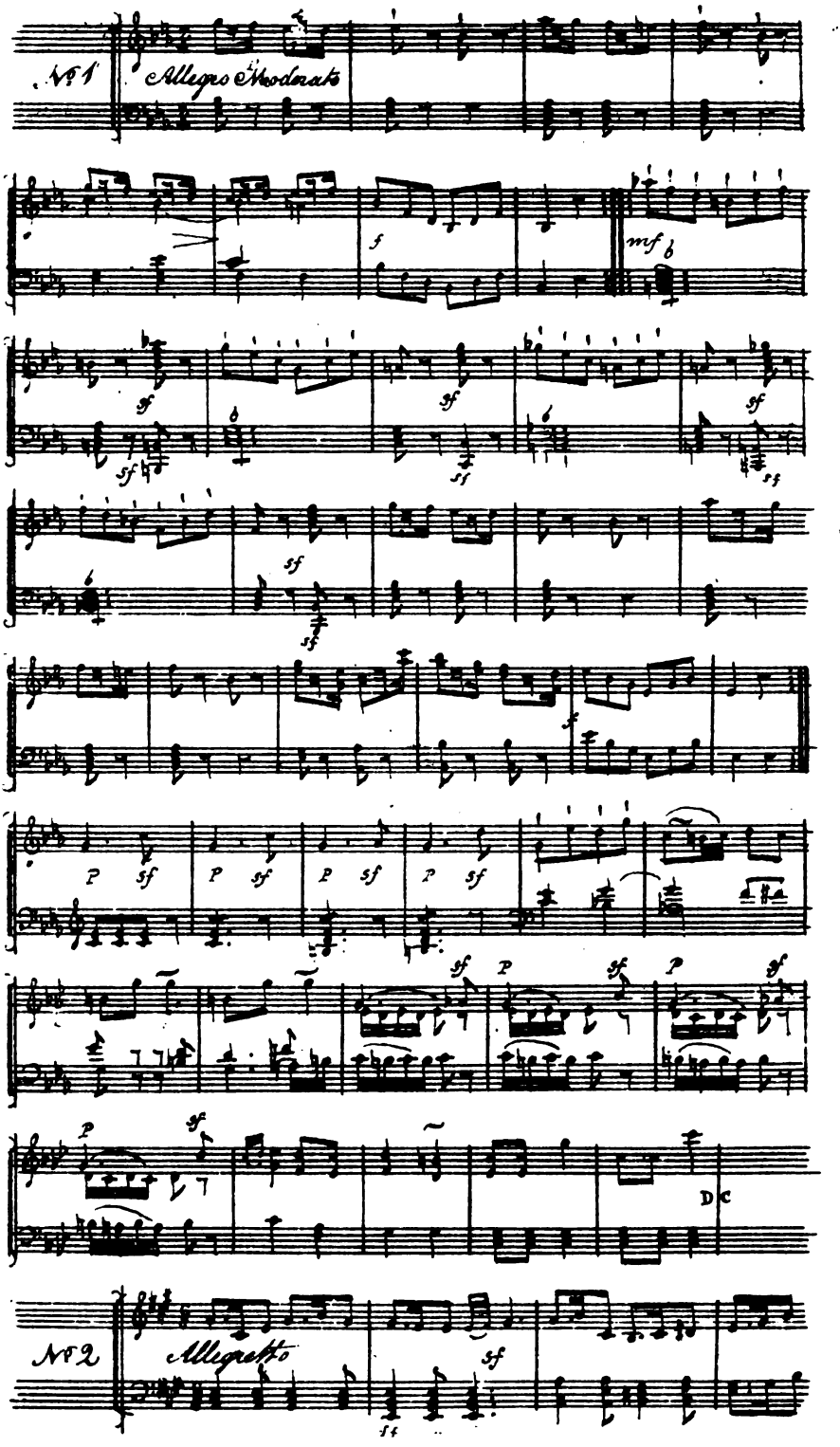
The ballet itself is an absurd allegory, apparently intended to represent the conflict between reason and error. The first scene exhibits a view of a forest, in which stands the Nut-tree of Benevento. This tree is nighly haunted by witches and evil spirits, who, on the rising of the curtain, are discovered engaged in their fearful incantations. A uniform succession of notes performed on the oboes, violins, and violincellos, comically represents the harsh accents of the witches, whose hobbling motions are marked by the second violin and bass. Next comes a dance of the witches, one of the most admired pieces in the whole ballet. *(See No. 1.)* A storm suddenly arises, and the witches take to flight. The Lady Dorilla, who has joined her husband, Roberto, on a hunting party, looses herself in the Forest of Benevento. She wanders to the Nut-Tree, beneath which she sinks down, overcome by fatigue. She soon falls into a profound sleep, during

* This composer, who died at Vienna in 1803, at the age of thirty-seven, was a pupil of Salieri, and the author of a considerable number of Dramatic Compositions, all of which have been performed with success. The Opera of *I due Gobbi*, which he composed in conjunction with Paer, was brought out in the year 1796, and proved very attractive. Süssmayer, derived no inconsiderable share of his reputation from the admirable way in which he filled up the instrumental accompaniments in some passages of the celebrated *Requiem*, which Mozart, by his premature death, was prevented from completing.

which a beautiful *Andante* movement in six-eight time is performed. Two witches, Canidia and Martinazza perceive Dorilla, and each determines on carrying her off. Martinazza transforms a bush into a large lantern, which is destined to represent the light of reason. At the command of Canidia there appears on the opposite side of the stage an enormous stag, which is made the representative of error; but why that animal should be selected for this purpose we must leave our readers to discover. A violent dispute ensues between the two witches, and a very original *Allegro agitato* is performed by the orchestra. The contest ends in the triumph of Canidia, who draws a magical circle round Dorilla, and rouses her from her slumber. The motion of the witch is here accompanied by a beautiful *Andante*, in which Süssmayer has employed the open E of the violin in a singularly expressive manner. Dorilla perceives the stag, and attempts to shoot it; but by the art of Canidia she misses her aim, and she is conveyed by a spirit into the body of the animal. Roberto, accompanied by his retinue, enters in search of his bride. On beholding the stag, he, in his turn, takes aim at it, but Martinazza, who steps out of her lantern, acquaints him with Dorilla's singular place of concealment. She invites him to enter her lantern and to witness his wife's infidelity.

In the second act, the scene, which is supposed to be within the body of the great stag, represents a beautiful cabinet, where Dorilla, who has been corrupted by the arts of the witch, receives by turns the addresses of three different lovers. Here the composer has introduced a beautiful *Adagio non tanto*, quite in the style of Haydn. The lovers represent the three ages of man. The first recommends himself by youth, the second by strength, and the third by riches. The old man, presents to the fair huntress numerous splendid dresses and ornaments, which are brought in by fiends, disguised as milliners, jewellers, &c. Here a grotesque dance is introduced, the music of which we may hereafter give. Dorilla, after receiving the presents, ungratefully turns her back upon her old lover. Roberto, who views all this from the magical lantern, rushes furiously to take vengeance on his faithless wife. Dorilla flies for protection to her old suitor, who draws his sword upon Roberto. At this moment all three are struck motionless by the power of Canidia, and, as the magical lantern is now abandoned, it is impossible to see what afterwards takes place in the stag's body, and the scene again changes to the Forest of Benevento. In the third act Martinazza despatches three of her attendant spirits to restore to Dorilla and Roberto the power of motion, and to furnish the latter with the means of killing the stag. A *pas de trois* is here introduced, which, on every representation of the piece, elicits the most vehement applause. A portion of this bold and original composition will be found among our selections. *(See No. 2.)* A shower of fire which issues from the mouth of the stag, alarms Roberto's attendants, who take flight without waiting to render him assistance. Martinazza conducts him alone into her lantern, and provides him with arms for attacking and subduing the stag. Roberto offers up a prayer, and the melody which is here introduced, is performed with a different accompaniment, when the attendants of Roberto testify their remorse for having deserted him.

We will not trespass on the patience of our readers by any further detail of the very absurd and uninteresting incidents of which this piece is composed. The above description suffices to point out the most remarkable portions of Süssmayer's composition. We have only to add, that the third act concludes with a beautiful Allemande *(see No. 3)*; and that the best piece in the last act is a dance, in the waltz style, in three-eight time.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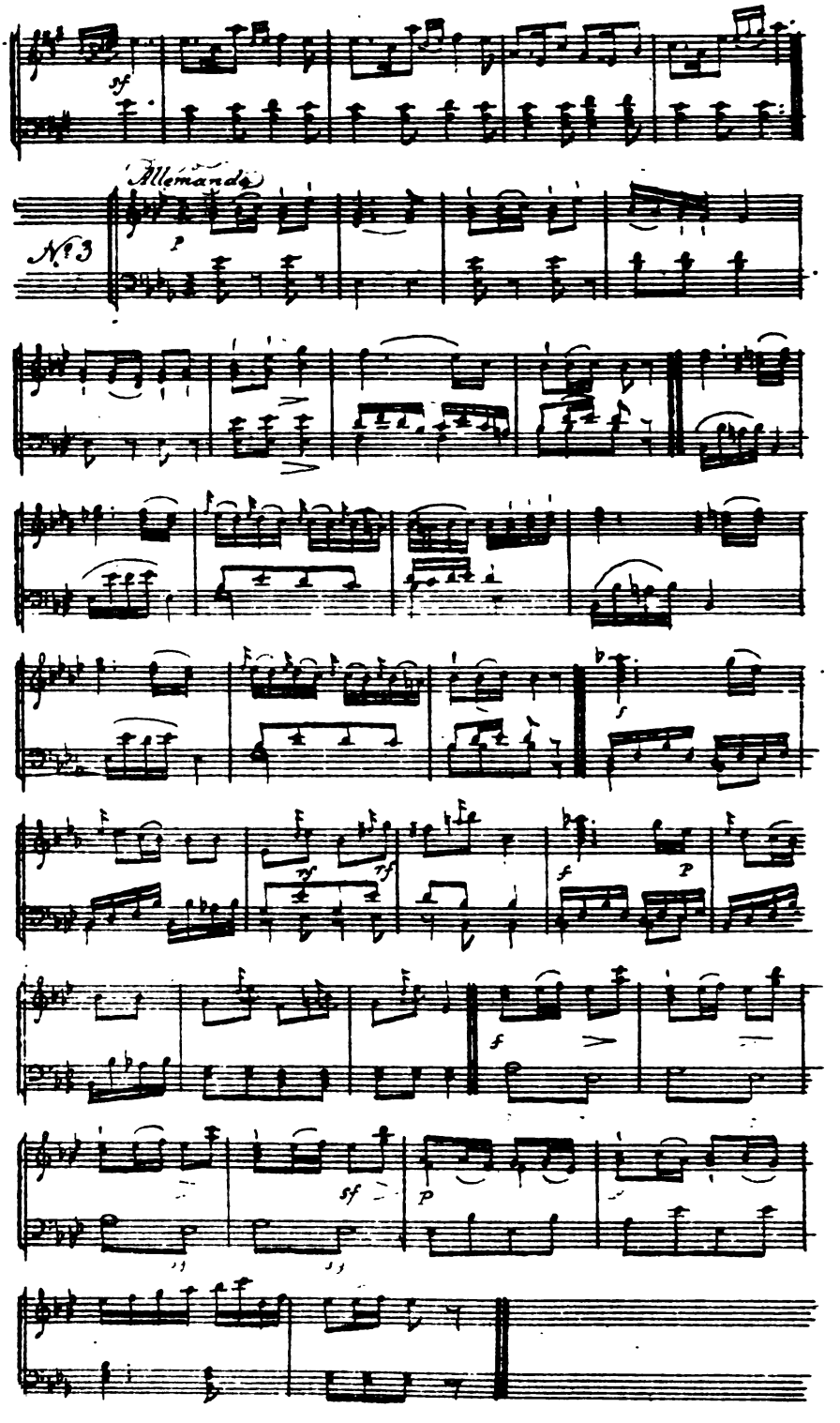
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WINTER, THE COMPOSER,

THE above eminent musician died at Munich, on the 17th of October last, at the age or 71 years.

Winter, who has been celebrated throughout Europe for the space of half a century, was a remarkable example of profound, various, and prolific talent. Many of his works are generally known and justly appreciated in England. Those of his Operas which have enjoyed the highest popularity on our stage are *Castor* and *Pollux* and *Il Rato di Proserpina.* The exquisite duet of *Vaghi Colli*, in the last-mentioned piece, would, of itself, suffice to immortalize its author, independently of the numberless masterly productions to which his name is attached. But of all Winter's compositions, that which attained most celebrity in London, was the Ballet of *Orpheus*, which was brought out many years ago at the King's Theatre. This piece was totally novel in its kind, being a pantomime interspersed with choruses, The descent of Orpheus into Hell was a subject which afforded admirable scope for the genius of a composer ; and the expressive music which Winter adapted to the the pantomimic action of this ballet produced effects for which, perhaps, language itself would have been inadequate. The piece produced an extraordinary sensation.

In the year 1802, Winter composed the Opera of *Tamerlan*, for the French *Academie Imperiale de Musique.* One of the characteristic beauties of Winter's dramatic music is, that its style always accords with the scene in which the action is supposed to take place. In the Opera just mentioned, this local colouring, if we may so express it, is carried to the highest perfection ; and on Tamerlan's entrance into Adrianople, the music, when combined in the reprepresentation of the Opera, with the splendid scenic accessaries, and the dancing of the baya eres, renders the dramatic illusion complete.

After the successful production of Tamerlane, some of Winter's musical friends proposed to him the story of Castor and Pollux, as the subject of an Opera, To this suggestion, however, formidable obstacles opposed themselves. Winter felt that to undertake such a task would be bold and hazardous, in spite of the high reputation he then enjoyed. " I know," said he, to a friend, " that the French are fond of comparing and criticizing. They will recollect that their celebrated Rameau first composed music to Bernard's drama of Castor and Pollux in 1733, that he retouched his work in 1736, and that the Opera was brought out with great splendour when the Court visited Fontainbleau in 1748. After all this, I must inevitably fail were I to attempt the subject."

Castor and Pollux had, indeed, already been treated by various musical composers, besides Rameau, and with different degrees of success. Operas, on this subject, had been produced by Trajetta, Candeille, Bianchi, Sarti, Vogler, and Federici.* But what Winter dreaded was the prejudice of the French in favour of him whom they stile the Newton of Music. He was however at length prevailed on to undertake the arduous task, and in 1803 his Opera of Castor and Pollux was brought out in London, where it was

* Trajetta composed an Opera on this subject at Turin ; and in 1791, M. Candeille newly arranged the music of Rameau's Opera. Bianchi composed an Opera entitled Castor and Pollux at Florence, and Sarti produced one on the same subject at St. Petersburgh. In 1787, Vogler composed music to an Italian version of Bernard's text; and Federici brought out his Castor and Pollux at Milan in 1813.

highly admired. It did not, as might be expected, meet with the same success in Paris, where Winter's music was pronounced to be inferior to that of Rameau.

To enumerate the works of this distinguished composer would swell the present article to an inconvenient length. His Operas alone amount to about thirty in number, in addition to which, he has produced a considerable quantity of highly-esteemed Church and Chamber Music. Winter was, in his youth, a celebrated performer on the violin, and was leader of the band at the Opera of Munich. For many years preceding his decease, he had filled the situation of Chapel Master to the King of Bavaria. He was a native of Munich.

GOETHE'S LETTERS FROM ITALY.

VENETIAN COLOURING.

Venice, October 8.

Yesterday I visited the palace Pisani Moretta to see a valuable picture, of Paul Veronèse. The women of Darius are on their knees before Alexander and Ephestion. The mother of Darius kneeling in the foreground of the picture addresses the latter, whom she takes for the king. Ephestion directs her attention to Alexander by pointing to him with his hand. A story is told of this picture. It is said that the artist having been well received, and treated with great distinction in this palace, in which he lived for a long time, painted this picture secretly, and left it rolled up under the bolster of his bed as a monument of his gratitude. The work is unquestionably worthy of a singular origin, for it gives a complete idea of the extraordinary talents of the painter. His great art, independently of the fine tone of colour which pervades the whole composition, is to produce a ravishing harmony by the skilful distribution of light and shade, by the employment of Chiaroscuro and the judicious blending of local colours: this is the merit which is eminently conspicuous in the family of Darius. The picture is in excellent preservation. It seems as if it had been painted but yesterday. This is an inestimable advantage; for when a painting of this kind has been injured, the same pleasure is not experienced in contemplating it; though it is difficult to explain what it is that disturbs the enjoyment we receive from it.

To excuse the artist for his infidelity in costume, it must be supposed that he chose to represent this scene as if it had happened in the sixteenth century. The gradation of the three female figures from the mother to the daughter of the Persian Monarch, is perfectly true to nature, and produces the most exquisite effect. The young princess, on her knees, behind her mother and her grandmother is a charming creature; an expression of refractoriness and pride, wonderfully becomes her fine countenance. It is easy to read in her face the dissatisfaction she feels at her situation.

Accustomed as I am in observing nature, to borrow, as it were, the eyes of the artist, whose pictures deeply interest me, I pause here to make a particular observation. The eye evidently forms itself according to the objects which it is in the constant habit of seeing from infancy upwards, and thus it is that every thing in nature presents itself to a Venetian painter, under a clearer and purer light than to other artists. How, indeed, can

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we, who are condemned to live on a soil alternately dusty and muddy, under a sombre sky which darkens all the reflects, and who generally frequently confined within contracted and melancholy dwelling places, understand the appearance which objects assume under a pure and favourable light?

It was by traversing the Lagunes, under a beautiful sun,—by looking at the Gondoliers, in their variegated dresses, moving freely about, or rowing in their boats,—by considering how agreeably their forms were set off by the green colour of the liquid plain and an azure sky, that I formed to myself a perfect idea of the beautiful colouring of the Venetian school. The rays of the sun really give a dazzling brilliancy to colours, and the objects which are in the shade still throw out so much light that, in comparison with real obscurity, one would believe them to be luminous. The reflects of the green of the waves produce the same effect. It is a picture all over light. The froth of the waves and the flashes of lightning are the only salient traits.

This magnificence of light is displayed in the highest degree in the works of Titian and Paul Veronèse. When it does not appear in them, the picture has been injured, or the artist has been negligent in its execution.

The cupola, the roof of the church of St. Mark, and its sides, are filled with pictures. All the figures are variegated and painted on a golden ground. The workmanship appears a kind of Mosaic. Some are fine, others of inferior merit. The latter have doubtless been executed from the cartoons of the master after his death.

It is with reluctance I reflect that the whole of an art often depends on its first inventors, and that they alone give to it its direction and true spirit. It is thus, with painting on glass, which formerly produced such brilliant specimens. That art, so useful to the progress of ancient painting, and which decorates with such lustre our christian temples, now serves in its decay only to adorn tobacco boxes and bracelets. Our modern ages are not so distinguished for improvement as is generally thought.

BUSTS AND SCULPTURES.

The palace Farsetti contains a rich collection of casts from the antique; I shall say nothing of those which I have already seen at Manheim. I confine myself to those which are new to me, viz. a Cleopatra of Collossal size. She is in her death sleep, with the asp round her arm: a Niobe covering with her mantle the youngest of her daughters, to protect her from the arms of Apollo; some Gladiators; a Genius, with the head under the wings; some Philosophers seated and standing.

These are works capable of giving pleasure and instruction to the world for ages, without reflection being ever able to exhaust the merit of the artist. A number of busts transport me into the beautiful periods of antiquity. I too sensibly feel how far I am behind in the study of those magnificent remains, but I shall become more skilful. I know at least the right road. Palladio is my guide in all the arts. He teaches me what gives them life. This collection also contains a fragment of the cornice of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, at Rome. This superb specimen of architecture reminded me of the capital of the Pantheon which I saw at Manheim. These fine fragments are quite different from the poor Saints of ridiculous forms, heaped one over the other in wretched niches, or stuck in the walls of our Gothic Churches. They are also very different from our tobacco-pipe pillars, our little pointed spires, and loop-holes for light. Thank Heaven, I have bid an eternal adieu to the study of all those objects of bad taste.

A few words more on a production of the art of sculpture which has astonished and charmed me, though I had only the opportunity of a transitory view. I mean the two enormous lions in white marble, which stand before the gate of the arsenal. One of them is raised on his fore feet, the other is couching. These two magnificent objects form a most agreeable contrast. Their grandeur makes every thing around them shrink, and would reduce him, who contemplates them, to nothing, were it not that one feels one's self elevated by the examination of works so sublime. These lions are doubtless of the finest age of art in Greece, and must have been brought from the Piræus to Italy, when Athens shone in her greatest splendour and lustre.

The bas-reliefs in the wall of St. Justin, in which the Venetians celebrate the triumphs obtained over the Turks, were, doubtless, also brought from the city of Pericles. Unfortunately they are, in some measure, hid by the stalls. The Sacristan pointed them out to me, because, according to tradition, these bas-reliefs supplied Titian with models for the beautiful angels with which he adorned his picture of the Martyrdom of St. Peter, These models are genii, bearing the attributes of the gods. They are truly charming.

A Collossal Statue of Marcus Agrippa, erected in the court of Appeal, has produced upon me a powerful impression. He is represented naked. A dolphin which is by his side, and which seems to plough the waves, indicates his naval victories. The image of a man so magnificent as this is, seems to elevate him to the rank of the gods.

I have had a very near view of the Horses placed in the Church of St. Mark. It appears evident that they have been injured. Part of their bodies has all the lustre of the most brilliant of metals: others are spoilt by verdigris. On a close examination they are discovered to have been completely gilded, and here and there are to be perceived the mark of the axe employed by the barbarians to remove the gold which they might have filed off. But their brutality has allowed the forms of these beautiful coursers to subsist. None but a connoisseur can fully explain their beauty. By a singular contrast, when closely seen they seem heavy; but when viewed from the square of St. Mark they appear to have all the lightness of Deer.

THE LIDO.

October 9.

I made an excursion this morning to the Lido, that tongue of land which terminates the Lagunes and separates them from the sea. We landed and traversed the ground. I heard a very loud noise, it was the sea, of which I soon had a view. The waves covered the shore, and when they retired the reflux was nearly one-half of their first flow. I have seen then this beautiful spectacle, and have followed the traces of the liquid element on the fine sand which it abandoned. How I should have wished to have had some children round me, and to have seen them gathering the shells. I became a child myself, and gathered a number: I shall cause them to be dried for the purpose of preserving them; for they are impregnated with the humid glutime of fish, which the sea here throws up in great abundance.

The English are buried on the Lido, at a short distance from the sea, and the Jews a little further off. These two descriptions of heretics are not allowed to be buried in consecrated ground. Here I found the tomb of the English Consul, Mr. Smith, and his first wife. It was in his edition that I read Palladio, and I did homage to him on his tomb, though it was not on

sacred ground. But this is not the only misfortuue the tomb is destined to suffer; it is already half buried. The Lido is a sand-bank formed by the wind, and the sand is constantly every where encreasing. In a short time this monument will no longer be found. At present, only a small portion of it is seen.

I i tend to engage a boat to enjoy, at my ease, the magnificent spectacle of the sea, for the Gondolas never venture out of the harbour and the canals.

I have found by the sea-side several plants, the uniform character of which enables me the better to understand their properties. They are all rich, vigorous, succulent, and viscid. These different qualities are apparently derived from the salts of the sablonous soil, or rather those with which the air is impregnated. Like aquatic plants, they abound with sap, and are viscid and resinous, like those of mountainous district. Their leaves tend to the elongated form, like those of the thistle, and are sharply pointed and strong. I found a bushy plant, formed of a kind of foliage which appeared to me like our coltsfoot, but armed with prickles. The leaf has the consistency of leather, as have also the capsules and the stalks. All these parts are rank and well nourished. I have brought away some of the seed and some of the leaves gummed on paper. *(Eryngium maritimum.)*

THE DIKES, FORMATION OF THE LAGUNES, &c.

This has been a happy day to me, from morning to night. I have been at Palestrina, opposite to Chiozza. There are the great works known by the name of Murazzi, which the republic has caused to be constructed to serve as dikes against the inroads of the sea. These dikes are formed of hewn stone, and are destined to protect the Lido against the fury of the waves.

The Lagunes are the work of time and of nature. The double effect of the action of the flux and reflux on the land, and of the continual fall of the waters, doubtless formed at the upper extremity of the Adriatic a marshy bottom of considerable extent, covered by the flood tide and left partly dry by the ebb, Human industry seized upon the most elevated points, and thus was Venice formed, which is only a numerous group of little islands, surrounded by a number of others. With great labour and incalculable expense, deep canals have been cut in these marshes, by which even ships of war may pass by the tide to the principal stations. Great care und constant vigilance can alone preserve these works, conceived and executed by the genius and activity ot the antient inhabitants. The Lido is accessible only at two points, near the Citadel and Chiozza, at the opposite extremity. The flux and reflux brings the water thither, and carries it back again twice a day, always by the same passage and the same direction. The flood-tide covers the lower parts of the marsh, and leaves the elevated points, if not dry, at least visible.

It would be precisely the reverse, if the sea, seeking a new direction, were to assail this tongue of land. Palestrina, St. Peter, and the other little villages on the Lido, would be washed away ; their ruins would fill up the canals of communication, and, in the revolution produced by the encroachment of the water the Lido would be converted into islands, and the islands that now lie behind it would become so many marshes. To obviate this misfortune, precautions have been adopted for the security of the Lido. The action of the waves is opposed by every obstacle capable

of protecting the land and the establishments which human industry has created upon it.

It was wisely determined to leave only two inlets for the entrance of the sea, and to obstruct its advance at every other point. Thus, in the most extraordinary swell of the water, there is nothing to be feared from the most violent action of the waves; and their fury must necessarily abate in a few hours, with the turn of the tide.

However, the Venetians have nothing to fear; for the slowness with which the sea makes its encroachments must ensure their security for ages to come, and a due degree of attention will keep them in possession of their canals.

All that is wanting is the adoption of better regulations for cleansing the streets, which would be as easy as necessary; for the want of vigilance on this point, may, in course of time, be attended with fatal consequences. To empty any kind of filth into the canals is, indeed, prohibited, under a heavy penalty; but, during heavy showers of rain, the sweepings of the streets, which are heaped up in corners, are washed into the canals, and what is worse, into the pipes destined solely for the conveyance of water; and these pipes being obstructed, the streets run the risk of being inundated. I, myself, witnessed an instance of this, when both the Piazza and the Piazzetta of San Marco, were nearly flooded, in consequence of some drains being stopped up.

In rainy weather, the mud in the streets of Venice is intolerable. In crossing the bridges, the men's cloaks *(tabarri)*, which are worn in Venice all the year round, are covered with splashes. The Venetians do not wear boots, but shoes and stockings, which are very ill calculated for walking in the dirty streets of this city; for the mud here is worse than the ordinary kind, in as much as it possesses a corrosive quality. In this state of things the pedestrians are continually murmuring and venting imprecations on each other. However, on the return of fair weather, nobody ever thinks of cleaning the streets. It may well be said that the public are always complaining of grievances, without ever attempting to remedy them. Here it depends only on the will of the Sovereign to obviate all the evils arising out of the neglected state of the streets.

This evening I again went up to the top of St. Mark's tower. From this elevated point I recently had a view of the Lagunes in all their beauty, at flood-tide; and I now wished to see them under a less brilliant aspect, during ebb-tide. In order to form a correct idea of these two pictures, it is necessary that the imagination should embrace them both at once. It is curious to observe in the surrounding prospect nothing but land at those points which before presented one transparent sheet of water. The islands no longer appear like islands; they are merely rising spots on the surface of a vast marsh, which is intersected by canals, and which in colour is something between green and grey. This marsh is overgrown with marine plants, the growth of which is gradually increasing, notwithstanding that they must be continually disturbed by the motion of the water during the ebb and flow of the tide.

The stone-work erected here to oppose the advance of the sea consists, first of a few steep steps, then a gently inclined plane. Above these are a second succession of steps and an inclined plane, similar to the first; and the whole is surmounted by a perpendicular wall, with a projecting cornice. These steps and inclined planes are assailed by the sea at flood tide; and in

extraordinary swells, the waves even break against the upper wall and its cornice.

At high water, thousands of shell-fish are washed up against these dikes; they consist chiefly of perriwinkles, single-shelled patellæ, and small crabs. But no sooner are these animals settled in their new lodging place, than the waves begin to recede; and the inhabitants of the sea, thus forsaken by their native element seem, at first, to be lost in astonishment. They look in vain for the return of the waves, until the rays of the sun, drying up their temporary abode, compel them to retreat. Meanwhile the crabs hunt after their prey. The method they pursue in this operation is most curious. I was highly diverted in observing the motions of their circular bodies, and long claws, which they employ like pincers; for there is nothing very remarkable in their spider-like toes. They advance as if they were raised upon stilts; and as soon as a patella, protected by its shield, begins to move, they endeavour to slip their claws into the little aperture between the shell and the ground, with the design of turning the animal upwards, and devouring it. The patella, however, fastens itself on a stone as soon as it perceives the advance of the enemy. It is curious to see the artful tricks practised by the crab, while he moves round the little roof beneath which his prey is securely sheltered; but all his efforts are insufficient to force the little animal to quit its hold, such is the strength of muscle possessed by the patella. At length his patience being exhausted, the crab renounces his intended victim and advances in pursuit of another; and the patella finding itself thus at liberty, gently continues his retreat to the sea. I never once saw a crab succeed in his attack, though I passed a whole hour in watching the motions of these curious animals as they descended along the two inclined planes and the intervening steps.

A VENETIAN COMEDY.

October 10.

At length I may say I have seen a comedy. I went yesterday evening to the Theatre of San Luca, where I witnessed the performance of *le Baruffe Chiozzette*, which may be translated *the Fray of Chiozza*. It is the production of Goldoni. The *dramatis personæ* consist of inhabitants of the port of Chiozza, male and female. The clamourous manners of these people, whether in joy or in anger, their vehemence, irritability, honest frankness, and natural humour are here admirably pourtrayed. As I was yesterday at the port of Chiozza, I had the manners of the inhabitants, as it were before my eyes, and their voices still resounded in my ears. I was highly amused with the piece, and though many of the details escaped me, yet I was enabled to follow the connection of the whole. The following is a brief description of it. Some women of Chiozza are seated before their doors at the sea-side, spinning, knitting, sewing, and gossipping. Presently, a young man passes by, and salutes one of party with greater cordiality than the rest. The female thus singled out is immediately assailed by the coarse jeers and abuse of her companions. One of the women utters a reproach, the justice of which cannot be denied; this is the signal for a general uproar. The disputants proceed from words to blows, and at length the interference of the police officers becomes necessary.

In the second act the scene represents the sittings of a court, where a clerk presides in the the place of the absent Podesta, who being a Nobleman, cannot with propriety be brought forward on the stage. Before the investigation of the business commences, it is the secretary's task to take down the depositions of the different witnesses in priority. He happens to

be a lover of the first witness who presents herself. He is delighted at the opportunity of having an interview with her; and instead of taking down her evidence he begins to make love. A woman, by whom the clerk is, in his turn beloved, urged by jealousy, bursts into the room. The lover of the first woman also enters in a rage, followed by the other characters. All launch into a torrent of furious abuse; and the uproar of the port is renewed in the justice room.

The comic spirit of the piece is maintained with increasing force, until the third act, which terminates with the indispensable *denouement*.

The most happily conceived character of the whole was that of an old boat-man, who has partly lost the use of his limbs and speech, through the effects of the rough sea-faring life to which he has been devoted from his youth. He makes a motion with his lips, arms, and hands, before he can succeed in giving utterance to his ideas. He can articulate only a few words in succession; and from the effects of his infirmity he has acquired an air of laconic gravity, which forms a marked contrast to the clamorous and vehement manners of the characters by whom he is surrounded.

The audience manifested the most enthusiastic delight at seeing their own manners exhibited in such natural colours. Shouts of laughter and continued acclamations accompanied the representations from beginning to end. The piece was admirably performed. The actors entered completely into the spirit of the parts allotted to them. The principal actress was charming; she was seen to infinitely greater advantage in comedy than in a tragic character, in which I had previously seen her, It is impossible to conceive a more perfect imitation of the voice, gesture, and manners of a female inhabitant of Chiozza. The other actresses were also deserving of praise. How much honour is due to the author who could produce such a rich comic treat from such scanty materials. The piece indeed, cannot be truly relished except by the Italians themselves; but it bears throughout the impress of masterly talent.

I have seen some of the performers of Sacchi's company, for whom Gozzi wrote his works, but who are now dispersed. Smeraldina is a little plump woman, full of vivacity and spirit. Brighella is a thin well made man: his gesture and action are excellent. The masks, which to us appear to be destitute of all animation and meaning, produce a very different effect on the Italians. The mask is here a native of the country. Individaals of every age and rank are seen in masquerade during a great part of the year; and therefore nothing appears more natural than the black faces of the actors on the stage.

THE FRENCH TRAVELLER.

October 11.

Amidst this crowd of men solitude is impossible. Chance has introduced me to an old French gentleman, who, undertanding no Italian feels himself lost here, and who, notwithstanding his numerous letters of introduction, appears to be in an unknown world. He is a man of rank, and is a very agreeable companion; but he cannot derive amusement from his own intellectual resourses. He appears to be about fifty years of age, but he has a son in France only seven years old, respecting whom he is very solicitous. I have done him some trifling acts of service. He is travelling in a very commodious style, but with great rapidity. His object seems to be merely to enable himself to say that he has seen Italy; and perhaps he

picks up all the information which his hasty journey affords him the opportunity of obtaining. I gave him some hints on different subjects. As we were conversing about Venice, he asked me how long I had been here. I told him only a fortnight, and that I had never been here before, to which he replied by the observation: "*Il parait que vous n'avez pas perdu votre temps.*" This is the first testimony of my industry which I have been enabled to adduce. This Frenchman has been here only a week, and he sets out again to-morrow. I was very much gratified by this opportunity of seeing a genuine inhabitant of Versailles in a foreign country. I was astonished to find that a man may travel without observing any thing around him; and yet this Frenchman is a polished and a sensible man in his way.

HIS JOURNAL, &c.

October 12.

I have just looked over my journal, to which I have added a few notes. I am now about to pack it up and send it off to be submitted to the judgment of my friends. I ought, perhaps, to add a few explanations and corrections; but I prefer leaving it as it is. It presents throughout a memorial of first impressions; and if not always correct, it is at least worth something. How I wish I could waft to my friends a breath of the light fresh air that I inhale here! The charm of existence, in this genial climate, renders our ultramontane life a sort of enigma to the Italians. Indeed I can now scarcely comprehend it myself. However, the foggy atmosphere on the other side of the Alps, cannot veil from me the features of my beloved friends. It is only the delightful climate that would induce me to prefer the regions I now inhabit; for habit, and the love of one's country are powerful ties. I could not pass my life here, or any where without something to call my mental faculties into activity. At present the novelty of every surrounding object affords ample exercise for my mind. Here architecture rises like an apparition from the tomb of antiquity. I study her sublime art, as I would the rules of a dead language, not for the purposes of ordinary use or pleasure, but because all that relates to venerable antiquity is to me an object of pious adoration. As Palladio continually refers to Vitruvius, I procured Galliani's edition of that author; but it is still packed up among the rest of my luggage, and the study of that volume remains a project in the corner of my brain. The observations and the works of Palladio, his conceptions, and his productions, are to me a better commentary on Vitruvius than the Italian translation. It is not an easy task to read Vitruvius in the original; the work is obscurely written, and would require critical study to render it intelligible. However I am going through it, and it affords me matter for interesting reflection. I read it as one would read a breviary, from devotion rather than for instruction. But the nights are growing long, and I shall have more time for study.

Every thing that I learned to admire in my youth has again become dear to me. What happiness it affords me to renew my acquaintance with the classic authors! I may now venture to confess the moral disease with which I was once afflicted. A few years ago I dared not cast my eyes on a classic author, nor look on any thing that might suggest a thought of Italy. If from any accidental circumstance impressions of this nature were excited in my mind I suffered an absolute martyrdom. Herder used often to jeer me for having learned all my Latin from Spinosa. He had remarked that this was the only work I read in Latin; but he little knew that I was compelled to banish from my mind every impression relating to antiquity,

and that to save myself from painful feelings, I sought refuge in the abstractions of Spinosa. Wieland's translation of Horace's Satires rendered me miserable. No sooner had I read two of them than I was almost driven mad.

MUSICAL NOVELS.

In a country in which a taste for reading has penetrated all classes, and become almost universal, the main object of a great proportion of the books published will be entertainment. It is not therefore surprising, that the German press should, along with its massy and erudite productions, give birth to a multitude of *Nouvellettes* or little Stories. Considerable merit cannot be denied to many of these "Erzählungen," as the Germans call them, though they are too often tinctured with the mysticism and obscurity to be found in some of the more laborious works of that ingenious people. In other countries of Europe, a Novel is, or at least is by the author, intended to be, a representation of real life; but in Germany pains often seems to be taken to discard the semblance of reality, and the awkward contrivance of supernatural agencies is often substituted for what certainly is a far more difficult task—the natural painting of character and manners. Sometimes the novel has reference to a particular art or science, the author's knowledge or opinions respecting which, it serves to display; and accordingly, Painters and Musicians frequently form principal characters. Supposing that notices and specimens of the different kinds of German stories will not be unacceptable to our readers, we shall, without further preface, call their attention to two, of which Music forms the subject.—The authors of both are men of literary reputation; and the first, published about a year ago, is written by L. Tieck, and entitled:—

Musicalische Freuden und Leiden (*Musical Joys and Sorrows*).

A young Count passionately fond of music and a fair vocalist, who has attained the *beau ideal* of song, and whose talents are accompanied by that kind of sentimentality which may be expected to belong to the heroine of a German Novel, form the principal characters. The Lady is said to sing from the soul, but her singing does not please an old Italian, our Opera performer, who is an admirer of the Bravura style, and who detests "soul singing as a German invention, unknown to other countries." Among the other characters are a Chapel Master, who has always been the victim of the artifices and pretensions of some Prima Donna or other; a Tenor Singer, who has a part in a new Opera composed by the Chapel Master; a pretended Enthusiast, who, really has no taste for music, but constantly affects extacy when he hears any thing which he supposes ought to be praised; and a sensible judicious man, very fond of music, but who knows nothing of it as an art. This last character is called the Layman. Having thus described the *personæ*, we proceed to give a brief account of the Story in which they figure.

Early one fine harvest morning, two friends (the Chapel Master and the *Tenore*) arrived in a diligence at the gates of a town in Germany. Here they alighted from the coach, intending to walk through the streets and proceed on foot to the residence of Baron Bernott, which was situated at a distance from the town. They had not gone far on their journey, when their

attention was arrested by the voice of a female, singing exquisitely in a small house on the road-side, near a grove of fir-trees. The voice was so exceedingly beautiful that the travellers stood for some minutes listening to it with astonishment and admiration. "Who lives there?" said the Chapel Master, addressing himself to a person who happened to be passing by. "The Devil and his grandmother live here!" exclaimed a voice from one of the upper windows of the house, and, at the same moment, a lute-case was thrown at the head of the inquirer. The Chapel Master looked up and beheld at the window a little grey haired man, whose countenance bespoke the most furious indignation. For a moment the Chapel Master knew not whether to resent or to laugh at the affront he had received, but there was something so extraordinary in the appearance of the old man that the Chapel Master, in his perplexity, raised his hat, and with a respectful bow wished him good morning.

The travellers journeyed on conversing together on the singularity of the scene they had just witnessed, until they reached an inn, at which they proposed taking some refreshment. Just as they were about to enter the yard, they perceived at an upper window a young man, in a yellow dressing gown and night cap. They immediately recognized the jolly good-humoured countenance of the enthusiast Kellerman, who in a moment came down, and with an extravagant theatrical air saluted his two friends. The Chapel Master made anxious inquiries respecting various singers who were to perform in his new Opera which was that evening to be rehearsed at Baron Fernow's.

"They are all arrived replied Kellerman, and are as well in health as they think proper to be. They have, however, been grumbling as usual, about the parts allotted to them. One has too much to sing, and another too little. An air should be in G sharp when the composer has thought fit to set in A flat," &c. &c.

At the suggestion of the Tenore all three enter the inn to have some refreshment and further conversation on the subject of the Chapel Master's new Opera.

In the evening a numerous musical party is assembled at the residence of Baron Fernow, where Kellerman is seen busily running about, and proclaiming the merits of the Chapel Master's new composition, though he has not yet heard a single bar of it. But the attention of the company is suddenly averted from this Enthusiast by the entrance of a young lady, who, in spite of a singularly simple style of dress, attracts the notice of all present by her graceful figure and deportment, and her beautiful and highly expressive countenance. This is Julia, the daughter of a poor musician. She advances modestly to the daughter of Baron Fernow, to whom she apologizes for the absence of her father, whose illness and depression of spirits she says, compels him to avoid society.

No portion of the new Opera has, as yet, been heard, for the Baron does not wish the musical performances to commence until the arrival of Count Alten, who is momentarily expected. Baron Fernow informs the Chapel Master that the Count is a man of very eccentric character. He has an extraordinary passion for music, which is his only source of amusement. He travels about from place to place attending concerts, and hearing every new singer and new composition; yet with all his love for the art, he is of so restless a turn that he seldom has patience to hear a piece of music to an end; and his taste is so extremely capricious that he is seldom satisfied with any composition.

At length the Count arrives, and after hastily saluting the Baron and his family, he sits down and enters into conversation with an old Italian, by whom he is accompanied. Suddenly turning his eyes towards Julia, he exclaims with emotion, "Heavens! whom do I behold." The Tenore had just concluded a song from the new Opera, with which the company were all enraptured. The Count, however, had not heard a single note. He drew his chair near to Julia, and seating himself addressed a few words to her. As she turned to reply to him, he exclaimed, "Ah! this exceeds all that my imagination ever pictured." "Pardon me, Madam," he continued, "you, no doubt, think my conduct extraordinary. When I first cast my eyes on you, a few minutes ago, I thought I recognized a former acquaintance, and now, on a nearer approach, your exquisite beauty dazzles and confounds me! Heavens! how divinely you must sing."

"I assure you, Sir, you are greatly deceived," replied Julia. "I really do not sing. I possess neither a voice nor a knowledge of music to qualify me for a singer."

The Count gazed earnestly in her face and shook his head. In the meanwhile a duet was proposed. The piece was extremely difficult, and the principal female singer declared herself unable to execute it. She wished some passages to be altered to suit her voice, but the composer positively refused to sacrifice expression and energy to the caprice of a performer. In consequence of this little dispute the duet was relinquished, and while the Chapel Master was selecting another piece, the Count said to Julia, "I am convinced that you could with ease execute all those passages at sight." Julia once more declared herself utterly unable to sing, upon which the Count, in a tone of earnestness said:—"It is useless, Madam, to persist in denying the possession of an accomplishment in which every feature of your expressive countenance proves you to excel. Could that round full mouth, that beautiful swell in the centre of your lips have been produced by any other cause than the constant vibration of pure and melodious tones. Observe, on the contrary, the frightful angular mouth of yonder celebrated Prima Donna, whose shrill unmusical tones are with difficulty forced out from her flat and compressed lips." He earnestly entreats that she will favour him with a single strain; but Julia, on her part, positively alleges her inability to comply with his request.

The party breaks up, and all depart, with the exception of the Chapel Master, the Count, the Italian, and Enthusiast, who are invited to stay and sup with Baron Fernow. The Chapel Master, who is very much dissatisfied with the manner in which his Opera has been performed, breaks forth into bitter complaints of the miseries which a musical composer has to encounter; and the other guests, in turn, relates the joys and sorrows which they have, at various times, experienced through their love of music.

A man of middle age enters, and is introduced as a particular friend of the Baron. He apologizes for not being present at the concert, alleging that he is too much of a Layman in music to mingle with connoisseurs. Kellerman, who listens with astonishment to this candid confession, observes, that had he himself possessed sufficient courage to make a similar acknowledgement, he might have been spared a world of annoyance and mortification. Nature, he says, created him without any taste for music; but he fell in love with a young lady who was moved to tears whenever she heard a melancholy air. In the hope of rendering himself agreeable to this sentimental fair one, he assumed the character of an extravagant musical

Enthusiast. But this served only to make bad worse. Her friends, who at first looked upon him as an insensible dolt, now pronounced him to be an intolerable coxcomb, and even his mistress quarrelled with him, because, on one occasion, when listening in rapture to the performance of a piece of music, he shed tears in the wrong place, precisely at the least pathetic passage in the whole composition.

"To me, also, said the Layman, music has proved the source of numberless vexations. All the years of my childhood were embittered and rendered miserable by music." He then relates, with a considerable degree of humour, how, at the age of twelve, he was placed under a teacher of the violin, and how both master and scholar continued uselessly to torment each other for the space of six long years.

The old Italian next related in his broken German, how he had in his youth been a favourite Tenore in Naples. At Rome he became enamoured of an Opera singer, whom he married. They lived happily together until his wife got engaged in a town in Germany, where a celebrated musician, named Hortensio resided. Hortensio undertook to teach the lady to sing *from the soul* in the new-fashioned German style, and for it she abandoned the Italian manner. From that moment the conjugal felicity of the prima donna and her caro sposo was at an end. Discord arose between them. Their disputes on style in singing ended in a separation, and thus the poor Italian's happiness and hopes of prosperity were all annihilated by the German taste for soul singing.

Baron Fernow then addressing himslf to Count Alten, inquired whether he had any musical sorrows to relate. "For my part," said the Count, "I have been, from my earliest boyhood, passionately fond of music. My father, a serious old fashioned man, strongly disapproved of my enthusiasm, which he feared might divert me from more important pursuits. At an early age I was sent on a Diplomatic Mission to a Foreign Court, from whence, after a short period, I was recalled. On the evening preceding my departure a concert was given, in which a young female singer made her *debut*. I attended the concert, but the audience was so numerous that I could only now and then catch a transient glimpse of the Lady, and I could merely discern her white neck shaded by clusters of rich brown ringlets. I however listened with rapture to the enchanting tones of her voice, and in that happiest moment of my existence I made a solemn vow, that the wonderfully gifted being who had so captivated me, should alone be my wife. Before the conclusion of the concert I was obliged to take a hurried farewell of the Premier, and to set out on my journey home. On my arrival I found my father on his death-bed. He did not long survive; and, after rendering the last melancholy honours to his memory, and arranging my family affairs, I again returned to the city where I had lately discharged my diplomatic duties. I made eager inquiries respecting the syren, whose fascinating strains still seemed to vibrate on my ear. But no one could inform me whither she had gone. Since that time I have exerted every effort to discover her, but without success. This evening, however, I thought I recognized her in a lady whom I met here. I fancied I once more beheld the fair neck and brown ringlets, which were all I ever saw of the unknown being on whom my future happiness in life depends."

It was now late, and the little party broke up. Here the author as recourse to a most awkward and unnatural expedient for bringing about his *denouement*. On the way home, the Italian abruptly asks the Count to do him the favour to accompany him next morning to the grove of fir-trees, to

which allusion was made at the commencement of the tale. He tells the Count that he has formed the resolution of shooting himself, because the recollection of his lost wife rendered life insupportable to him. The Count, without much hesitation, complies with this extraordinary request, but he proposes that the Chapel Master shall be one of the party, in order that the act of self-destruction may be proved on good evidence.

On reaching the grove of fir-trees, the Count asks the Italian whether he still adheres to his singular determination. The Italian replies in the affirmative, and begs that the Count and the Chapel Master will retire to a little distance and leave him for a few moments to reflect on his approaching end. He adds that he will give a signal for their return when he feels himself fully prepared for the event which they have come to witness. The Count and his companion penetrate into the thickest part of the wood, when, on a sudden, their attention is arrested by the sound of soft music, at a little distance from them. At this moment the old Italian gives the signal for their return, and calls out to acquaint them that he is ready to blow out his brains. The Count, however, is now more interested in discovering the invisible musician, than witnessing the mad Italian's suicide. He forced his way through the thickets, followed by the Chapel Master, and soon came within sight of the house which has been described at the opening of the tale. He stood for some moments transfixed with admiration and surprise, while Marcello's *Qual anelante* was sung by a fine female voice, with the most touching simplicity and expression.

"It is she! It is my only beloved!" exclaimed the Count, with violent emotion. He knocks furiously at the door of the house, but no one answers him. At length a window is thrown up, and an old man thrusting out his head inquires, in an angry tone, the cause of the uproar. "Hortensio! Hortensio!" exclaims the astonished Italian, who has come in pursuit of the Count and Chapel Master. "Now shall I die happy after taking vengeance on the villain who perverted my wife's talent by teach her soul-singing, and ruined all my prospects."

These unexpected recognitions are succeeded by several very improbable and absurd incidents. At length the Count solicits Julia's hand, and easily obtains her father's consent to their union. The father is asked why he so long persisted in concealing from the world his daughter's wonderful talent. In reply he gives a detail of his musical sorrows. He relates that he married a favourite public singer, who died shortly after their union. His daughter Julia, then became his only consolation. He gave her an accomplished education, and in particular bestowed great pains on the cultivation of her musical talent. After several years of diligent study she was engaged to sing at the Court of a great Sovereign; and her father hoped to enjoy the reward of the anxious years he had spent in the task of qualifying her for a public singer. But, to his astonishment, she was coldly-received, and he was advised to place her under a celebrated singing master, in order that she might acquire the style of a particular school. This was the occasion on which the Count heard Julia. Such was the mortification and disappointment of her father, that he immediately withdrew his daughter from public life, and determined that from that moment none but himself should ever hear her sing.

On the evening preceding that fixed for the nuptials of Count Alten and his bride, it is proposed that Julia shall take the soprano part in the Chapel Master's new Opera, which is to be, for a second time, privately rehearsed. Her singing enraptures all who hear her with the exception of

the Italian, who, though now reconciled to existence, has not yet learned to admire German *soul singing*.

Next day the marriage ceremony is celebrated, and the Count sets off for his paternal estate, there to enjoy uninterrupted happiness in the society of his accomplished bride and a choice circle of musical friends.

The musical criticism introduced in the course of this novel is not of much value. The author appears to have a strong predeliction for old music. Among modern musicians, he justly admires Mozart, but admires him almost exclusively. Of living composers he is not fond. He is, however, somewhat inclined to favour C. M. von Weber, but he is not well pleased with Beethoven and Spontini, and he is Rossini's decided antagonist. Some Italian words are occasionally introduced, but not always appropriately, and not with due attention to the orthography.

The second Novel has for its author the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, a fertile writer of little stories, many of which make their first appearance, in the manner in which this was ushered into the world, through the medium of periodical works, and are afterwards collected into volumes. The title of the present tale is :—

DER UNMUSICALISCHE MUSIKER.

Absurd as it may appear, we must translate this, "The Unmusical Musician." The words are, indeed, very vaguely used, for the hero of the story is not unmusical, though he is no musician, and plays no instrument. We suppose, however, that the author means no inference to be drawn from this incongruous conception of his brain. It would certainly be singular enough if the Germans, who have cultivated the science of music more assiduously than any other people of Europe, were to place, as by their novels they are often made to do, a higher value on some indescribable feeling, or a susceptibility to receive more sensational impressions, to a taste founded on solid knowledge and the exercise of the mental faculties. The Unmusical Musician of this tale is a person who possesses a wonderful sort of inward sense, which he calls his "Internal Choir." The Baron begins his Erzählung thus :—

"In that happy and interesting period, when German genius, fostered by the growing prosperity of the Hans-towns, shone in the brightest lustre, there lived at Frankfort on the Mayne, a worthy and far-famed Master of the noble art of Music. His name was Anselmus; but he was not displeased when professional contemporaries, who came from Italy to visit him, and perhaps to receive instructions from him, called him, in conformity with their own more euphonious idiom *Anselmo*."

Anselmus had a house without the walls of the town, in a pleasant garden on the banks of the Mayne, and used often to play on a harp or a lute at a window which had a fine view of the country and the river.—At intervals he observed between his window and the Mayne, a man of military presence, not altogether grey, but whose dark locks were beginning to be silvered, tall, rather slender, with a venerable countenance, who listened attentively to the music. The dress of the stranger, which was of a military fashion, and far from new, seemed to indicate that the wearer was by no means wealthy, but in the cleanness and neatness of every thing about him, one might easily perceive the continued influence of the disciplined habits and precision of a soldier's life. Beside him lay couchant a large and vigorous dog, which with searching eye and erect ears kept watch like a sentinel, while his master seemed wrapped up and lost in the melodies of the

musician. Anselmus was not a vain man, but he had the feelings of an artist, and the manner in which the satisfaction of the stranger was expressed, could not fail to gratify him. He was therefore much pained when, instead of the expected gestures of approbation, his aged auditor sometimes manifested a sudden disgust, or indeed an offensive indignation.

When Anselmus, giving himself up solely to the dictates of his own innate feelings, or excited by the beauties of the blooming scene arround him, indulged in extemporaneous symphonies, his singular auditor not only never appeared displeased, but gave signs of the greatest satisfaction and delight. On the contrary, when our musician brought to the window a piece of regular written composition and began to play it, the old man testified all the disapprobation that gestures could express. On one occasion the manner in which he shewed his disgust was so striking, that Anselmus snatched up his hat and hastend out, intending to have some conversation on music with a person who, in listening to him, seemed to assume an air of extraordinary superiority.

Arrived at the place where the old soldier was sitting, Anselmus finds him resting his head on his right hand, which concealed his face, and holding, with his left the end of a string, the other extremity of which was fastened to his dog's collar. The dog snarls, and rouses his master from his reverie, and Anselmus finds that the man who had so strongly excited his curiosity is blind. A dialogue ensues, from which we learn that the old warrior, who names the Musician "Anselmo," has been in Italy, but that the living harmony, which, he says, exists within him, did not first visit him there. It had a higher origin. He was gifted with it soon after his birth; for he could not recollect the time in which he had not felt this internal song,—this echo from Heaven—hnmming and murmuring through him.

One might suppose that this explanation would have convinced Anselmus that his new acquaintance was crazy, and that it could lead only to commiseration for his insanity. But visionaries of all kinds are destined to meet with indulgence and respect in Germany, and it is therefore not unnatural that the Musician should be represented as filled with admiration at the extravagances of the old soldier, who speedily falls into a kind of extacy, and exhibits an example of his wonderful faculty. He seems to listen to sounds, perceptible only to himself. The musician expects to hear him sing, but his lips, covered by his bushy mustachioes, remain immoveable, until at last he opens them to say, with a sigh—"it is gone by." "And why do you not imitate it?" The veteran excuses himself on account of his voice, and under a misunderstanding of what is said respecting instrumental performance, Anselmus takes him to his house.

They had scarcely crossed the threshold, when Anselmus asked his guest what instrument he would choose, for said he, "You will find every kind of instrument here." "They are all the same to me," replied the veteran. This appears to Anselmus either affectation or quackery, but it soon comes out that the poor man means he can play on no instrument, not even on a Jews-harp. He is at last prevailed on to relate his strange and wonderful history.

His name is Florence Kraft, a labourer's son, and born on the coast of the North Sea. His parents died when he was an infant, but as he grew up he often saw them sitting in Paradise on seats of gold, overshadowed by beautiful rose-trees. His father had a silver flute, on which he played the sweetest tunes in the world to his mother. They looked beautiful like angels. He

called to his father to take him up, which was with a serious smile declined. His mother plucked a small slender purple flower, and while she counted off the leaves sang the following song :—

Many years must pass away
Ere we may meet in joy ;
Till then contented stay,
Thou dear beloved boy.

All this occurred to him as he lay sound asleep in a shed where his uncle kept two cows, of which he had charge. On one occasion he saw in the sky a heavenly sounding instrument, which seemed to be made of sun-beams and moon-light, and to consist of little pillars. His mother dropped it to him. Delightful sounds issued from it as it fell down through the spheres. At last it reached his breast, into which it entered. Since then the *internal choir* had been actively at work and had always resounded within him.

This sort of sentimental childishness seems to be considered very fine in Germany, and it may not be thought uninteresting to see the extent to which the writers of that country carry it, but beyond this we apprehend its description can afford little gratification for English readers ; we shall, therefore, be very brief with our abstract of this story.

Our hero now gave vocal utterance to the inspirations of his internal choir to the great delight of all his companions, the young cowherds, male and female of the district; but his uncle and aunt reproached him with neglecting the cows for carrolling and trilling, which grieved him much. However they ought not to have had this opinion, for in consequence of one of his visions and the operation of his internal choir, he awakes in the middle of a dismal dark night, just in time to save his two bedfellows, the cows, from being stolen. He knocks down the thief, but in the confusion the cows break loose and run off, and his exertions to recover them cause the loss of his voice. Finding himself unable to give vent to his inward choir, he grew mopish and dissatisfied with every thing at home ; he therefore takes leave of his uncle and aunt and sets out on his travels.

Alone in the wide world, poor Florence had a longing for something, but what it was he did not know—only he hoped somehow or other to find an echo to his inward choir—somebody capable of understanding it, and loving it. What might have become of him it is hard to say, but he fell in with a party of Imperial troops marching to Italy. The sound of the drum struck a chord in unison with his internal choir, and off he marched in the rear of the Austrian banner. He served several campaigns in Italy, where he at last lost the sight of both his eyes, being wounded in the face by an arrow —for all these wonders occurred, as well may be supposed, long before our degenerate and unromantic gun-powder ages.

After the loss of his eye-sight, Florence returned to Germany, and wandered about with his dog always in the hope of meeting with some great master who might understand his inward choir, and assist him in recording its dictates on paper. Anselmus is eager to undertake this task, and, the better to enable him to accomplish it, insists that the veteran and his dog shall be domesticated in his house. They live very comfortably together, but to little purpose, in as far as regards the object of their union. Florence Kraft was not ready at explaining, and Anselmus, though the first of all musicians, never had acquired the happy talent of teaching others, so that with

all their efforts little of the inward choir was brought to light, and its greatest beauties remained behind.

The philosopher, Dr. Eulogius Cryptander was a daily visitor of Anselmus. This learned friend, wishes to emancipate the musician from the delusion which he conceives enthrals him respecting Florence Kraft and his choir. While walking in the garden one evening, a long dialogue takes place between them on this subject. Anselmus at last confesses himself convinced that he has got out of Florence every thing of value that was in him, and that he ought not any longer to torment the old man and himself with vain efforts to attain an impossible object; but, at the same time, he declares that this conviction is far from being agreeable, that the Doctor in undeceiving him, has deprived him of something that seemed indispensable —something most dear to him—and that he feels a void in his soul which he knows not how to fill up. "So would you feel," replies the Doctor, "after the extraction of an aching tooth; there would then be a void in your mouth." In another illustration the philosopher compares the musician to a man, who believes his house to be haunted; a friend convinces him that his fears are unfounded, and the ghost is laid for ever. The good man is tranquil, sleeps soundly, and recovers his health, which anxiety had deteriorated, but after all he feels a certain inward want—a longing after something indefinite. The inference drawn from this is, that man reluctantly parts with what mentally interests him, even though it give him great uneasiness.

This dialogue is one of the best things in the novel. The characters of the imaginative musician and the reasoning doctor are well sustained and contrasted. Still dissatisfied, though convinced, Anselmus after the departure of his philosophic friend, takes a seat in his garden. With emotion he touches his flute and plays one of the melodies, which he had with so much trouble, extracted from the bowels of the old soldier. He is soon interrupted. During the argument which we have just described, Florence Kraft was waiting for his dog in an arbour, which the two disputants approached. Of course all the conversation was overheard by the subject of it. Poor Florence finds his way to the place where Anselmus is fluting, and vindicates the richness of the musical stores which remain in the possession of his inward choir, and of which all the demonstrations of ten doctors shall not deprive him. The scene, which takes place, is, in spite of the absurdity connected with it, worked up to an affecting pitch. After the old man's explanation, a fit of inspiration comes on him. His choir works more powerfully than ever; but though the flood of harmony is in full tide, he can communicate none of the celestial tones which resound within him. His extacy is great, but he gives no external signs of the nature of his inward sensations, except that the motion of his head changes, keeping time with the measure of the music performed by his choir. He expects to carry his choir to the foot of the throne of heaven, and, if he should be called away soon, warns Anselmus not to attribute his sudden departure to vexation, on account of what had passed between him and the doctor. This foreboding is speedily realized, for next morning Florence Kraft is found dead in his bed.

Having waded through these stories, and come at last to a conclusion, we must confess that in the course of our progress we have often been inclined to think better of them than we did on the view we at first took. In both we have met with passages which exhibit much talent, but still that is not sufficient to remove our objections to either, regarded as a whole. Could the

the first be supposed to contain a true representation of the existing state of society and manners in Germany, it would in that respect be interesting, but the picture, we are persuaded, cannot be genuine.—The resemblance, if there be any, is surely only that of a very violent caricature. As to the second story, there is a silliness in the fiction which forms its ground-work, at which it was impossible not to revolt, and which consequently, rendered our first impression very unfavourable.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

RELATIVE TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Signor Ambrogio Minoja, director of the musical conservatory at Milan, died a short time ago in that city. Minoja, who studied composition under the celebrated Sala, at Naples, produced several Operas, which were performed successfully at Rome and Milan. He also composed several pieces of Church and Chamber Music; among the latter are four quartets, known by the title of *I Divertimenti della Campagna*. In the year 1796, Minoja obtained a gold medal, worth one hundred ducats, which Bonaparte awarded as a prize for the best Funeral Symphony to the memory of General Hoche. When Napoleon was crowned King of Italy, Minoja composed for the occasion, a *Veni Creator* and a *Te Deum*, which were executed by two hundred and fifty performers in the Cathedral of Milan. A cantata, of his composition, was also performed at La Scala, at the time of the marriage of the Vice Roy of Italy. Minoja was the author of several letters on singing, which were printed at Milan in 1812.

The celebrated Buffo Raffanelli died lately at Milan, at an advanced age. During the latter years of his life he was chiefly engaged in giving instructions to singers in the art of acting. He held a situation at the Opera of Milan, which he lost when Mr. Glossop became manager of the establishment.

A selection of airs from *Il Crociato in Egitto*, arranged for the Piano-Forte, has recently been published by Messrs. Boosey and Co. These arrangements, which comprise all the best portions of Mayerbeer's justly celebrated Opera, possess so much merit, that they will, we doubt not, become exceedingly popular. The author, who does not appear on the title-page, has combined in a singularly perfect way the effect of the orchestral accompaniments and vocal parts. In "Giovinetto Cavalier," and particularly in the duo "Il tenero affectio," the employment of the upper octaves of the piano-forte is very ably managed; and when performed on a brilliant toned instrument, those pieces really present a minature likeness of Velluti's extraordinary voice.

The same publishers have lately brought out some other piano-forte pieces, which also deserve to be noticed. First, a Grand Concerto, dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton, by J. B. Cramer. This, like most of Mr. Cramer's compositions, combines, the useful with the agreeable, for it abounds in passages, from which even a practised performer may derive improvement. The piece contains three movements. Second, an air, with variations, dedicated to her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta. A short largo movement serves to introduce a very original and elegant *tema*, out of which Mr. Onslow has worked eight variations. This

piece is calculated to suit the taste of piano-forte players in general, as it requires no great powers of execution, and contains many passages of singular beauty and brilliancy. The second variation, in triplets, with passages for the left-hand alternately in the treble and bass, has a very pleasing effect.

The Royal Society of Musicians has recently received a donation of £1000 from Captain Crosdil, the son of the violin performer. It is mentioned that Mr. Crosdil, when on his death-bed, verbally directed his son to present the above liberal gift to the society as a token of his respect for the Institution, and his wish to promote the interests of the profession. Mr. Crosdil, in consequence of his marriage with a lady of large fortune, declined all professional engagements except where his presence was required at his Majesty's concerts, for he was appointed first violin player to the King. He died a short time ago, at a very advanced age.

Among the annual works just published, in the form of the German Literary Almanacs, is one entitled the "Amulet," addressed more particularly to "the Religious Public." Much talent has been employed in preparing its contents, which consist of moral tales and poetry. But we are mainly induced to notice the work on account of its affording a striking proof of the extent to which literature is cultivated in this country by the fair sex. The contributors are chiefly ladies. Mrs. Hemans has some beautiful poetry. Miss Mitford, whose tale of "The Vicar's Maid" is extremely well written, has also furnished a sonnet on Mr. Hoffland's picture of "Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion." Mrs. Hoffland, the wife of this artist has enriched the collection with an interesting story entitled "Infatuation," which is distinguished by that good sense and correct feeling for which all this lady's writings are remarkable. The book also contains several pictorial illustrations, amongst others, two fine designs by Mr. Martin, engraved on steel, in the manner of his illustrations of Milton.

A little work, partly musical and partly medical, has lately been published at Milan, under the following title:—*Influenza fisiologica e patalogica del suono, del canto, e della declamazione sull' uomo.* The author, Dr. Giuseppe Ferario, who treats on a variety of interesting topics in an exceedingly agreeable manner, recommends music as a cure for disorders of the nerves. He mentions the case of a young girl, who was a short time ago received into the Clinical Institution at Milan in a state of mental derangement, and whose cure Dr. Ferario believes to have been brought about by the practice of the guitar.

During a tour, last summer, in the Highlands of Scotland, Mr. Edwin Landseer took the opportunity of making several fine sketches, which, taken as a whole, form an interesting pictorial representation of the Hunting of the Deer in all its stages, from the starting to the death and carrying home. This artist is at present occupied in painting a large picture on the subject of Chevy Chace.

Mr. Haydon is exercising his pencil on one of the Plagues of Egypt.

Mr. Leslie is painting another picture from Don Quixote. The subject is Dorothea in disguise beseeching the Knight to become her Champion.

Velluti is to have the direction of the Opera during the ensuing season, which, it is said, will commence in the course of a few weeks.

Mr. Hyde's Comedy, which has received so much applause on the Stage, is about to be also submitted to the public, through the medium of the press.

Mr. Green, the new Professor of Anatomy in the Royal Academy, commenced his first Course of Lectures on Wednesday, the 17th of November.

TITANIA, PUCK, AND THE CHANGELING.

FROM THE

GALLERY OF SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BART.

THE PARTHENON.

No. 16.] JANUARY 1826. [*Price 3s. 6d.*

TITANIA, PUCK, AND THE CHANGELING,

BY ROMNEY.

FROM SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

In No. 13, of the Parthenon, we inserted a Pen and Ink sketch from the Cottage Door, by Gainsborough, and we now lay before our readers a Lithographic drawing in the chalk manner, from one more of the many valuable pictures which Sir John Leicester possesses. In a collection of the finest specimens of English Art the task of selecting would be difficult, were we bound to follow an order corresponding with the relative merit of the works. It was not, therefore, any preference of this kind which directed our choice; for when the drawing of the Titania, Puck, and the Changeling was commenced, it was intended, had circumstances permitted us to proceed, to go through the whole pictures of the Gallery, taking them in the succession most convenient for our publication, and giving of each a print executed in the same manner as that which we now insert. However, this picture, which has for its subject one of the wonderful creations of our great dramatist's boundless imagination, justly holds a high rank among the productions of the English school. It affords a good example of the Artist's inventive talent and happy style of composition. He has not endeavoured to represent any particular passage of the Midsummer Night's Dream, but to paint in the spirit of its wild and fantastic scenery, and with this object in view he has succeeded in producing a charming sketch, full of fancy and imagination. The archness of Puck, who is tying a ribbon round the ancle of the Changeling is very fine; and the expression of Titania, and her easy, graceful, and playful attitude are quite enchanting.

There is no account of this Picture in the life of Romney, written by Hayley; but this is not surprising, for in that mass of prolix dulness and egotism, the writer has taken care to say more of himself than of him whose biography he professes to give. Romney seems to have been fond of painting Titania, and some pictures in which the Fairy Queen is introduced, are slightly mentioned, but this is not one of them. Romney's life, which was varied and interesting, has been miserably handled by its historian.

ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

About the middle of the last century, Signor Piranesi published at Rome a work, entitled "Della Magnificenza d'Architettura de' Romani." The view, taken by the author, of the state of the Fine Arts in ancient Rome gave occasion to the following article, which appeared at Paris in the *Varietes Litteraires*, a periodical work conducted by MM. Arnaud and Suard. The observations added to the letter of M. Mariette, are by the Editors of the *Varietes*.—As the opinions of Piranesi have been often reviewed and have been adopted by some recent travellers, the insertion of this article, which, we believe, has not before appeared in English, may not be uninteresting at the present moment.

Letter from M. Mariette.

Among the many works on Roman Antiquities by the celebrated Piranesi, he has published one, in which, contrary to your opinion and mine, he constitutes himself the apologist of the Romans; and asserts, that with respect to the arts, and in particular architecture, that people not only owed nothing to the Greeks, but obtained a great superiority over them in the solidity, the grandeur, and the magnificence of the edifices which were formerly the ornament of the capital of the world. He contrasts their works with those of the Greeks, some remains of which still exist in Athens and other places. None of these edifices, he contends, can bear a comparison with the Cloacæ of Rome, the foundations of the ancient Capitol, the Outlet of the Alban Lake,* and some other ancient works, which were constructed of immense blocks of stone in the first ages of the Republic, and which still answer the uses for which they were originally destined. Signor Piranesi has also collected a considerable number of capitals, shafts, and bases of columns, entablatures, &c. These specimens, from the variety of their forms and ornaments, afford, he contends, convincing proofs of the fecundity of Roman genius. That genius he observes is manifest in the grandeur of the edifices, the ruins of which still cover immense spaces of ground in Rome. In support of his opinion he reasons thus:—

The most ancient edifices of the Romans were constructed before any communication had taken place between them and the Greeks. The more recent are loaded with ornaments, and are distinguished by fantastic forms on parts of the architecture, which, by no means, resemble the same parts in the architecture of which the Greeks were the inventors. He therefore concludes, that the Romans learned nothing from the Greeks; that it was not from them they had their architecture, their skill in building, or their taste for decoration.

But this reasoning does not prove that these arts were originally of Roman growth. Piranesi admits that when the Romans wished to construct those massive buildings, the solidity of which astonishes us, they were obliged to call to their aid the architects of their Etruscan neighbours. This is much the same as saying that they were assisted by the Greeks; for the Etruscans, who were of Greek origin, knew no arts and practised none which

* The apprehension of a great inundation made the Romans suspend the seige of Veii to execute this work, which, difficult as it must have been, was promptly completed. It was, however, necessary to cut through a mountain and form a tunnel of considerable length, lined with masonry. In modern times, a work of such magnitude could scarcely be undertaken in Italy. Livy gives some account of it.

had not been taught them by their ancestors in the country from which they emigrated.

You see that these Romans, who thought their government from the excellence of its constitution destined to be eternal, conceived the design of constructing edifices to which they assigned the same duration as to their Empire, but that they could only order and had not the talent to execute. When they afterwards carried their arms out of Italy and conquered Greece, they found the arts in a flourishing state in that country. They were struck with the novelty of the scene in the same way as a rich and powerful man destitute of taste might be at a fine work, which he hears praised by connoisseurs.* By a very singular revolution the conquerors submitted to be directed in their taste by the vanquished; and the fruits of their victory were introduced into Rome.

Having perceived the elegance of the houses of the Greeks, and admired the grandeur of their temples and other public edifices, they immediately began to consider how their own country might be embellished in the same manner. It certainly was not superior genius which dictated this wish. They merely consulted that natural instinct which prompts men to provide for their own comforts, and they were, above all, influenced by a feeling of vanity which made them scorn the thought of being surpassed in magnificence by a nation subject to their own power.

In order to attain the more speedily the full enjoyment of this magnificence, they scrupled not to appropriate to themselves the principal ornaments of the Greek edifices. In this, the Consul Mummius, who took possession of Corinth, set the example. He transported to Rome an infinite number of master pieces of Grecian art. The private houses and public edifices into which these works of art were received, though, in themselves, insignificant buildings, were thus transformed into palaces and splendidly embellished. Not content with enriching themselves at so cheap a rate, the Romans conceived the idea that it was unworthy of men devoted to the conquest of the world, to turn their attention to the fine arts. They had neither leisure nor wish to separate them from mere mechanical professions. They consigned the cultivation of the arts, to mercenary Greeks, who, attracted by the hope of gain, were easily induced to emigrate and to quit a country where, after the Roman conquest, the opportunities of acquiring fame and fortune were not certainly such as they had formerly been. It soon happened that slaves were the only professors of the fine arts in Rome. Persons, whose wealth enabled them to possess a great number of slaves, had principally in view when they purchased them, utility and profit; and, accordingly, slaves endowed with talent were in great request. The slave merchants, on their part, being guided by interest, early endeavoured to ascertain the qualifications of those they exposed to sale. If they discovered any talent, they encouraged its cultivation; and to excite emulation they gave the slaves to understand, what indeed was the fact, that the more they improved themselves, the more consideration they would acquire among the masters they were to serve. Of all the nations subject to Rome, the Greeks were the most industrious, and they consequently supplied the greatest number of slaves, who were artists—a set of men necessary to the state, but forming a degraded class, and, with all their talents, regarded as much inferior to the lowest Roman citizens. It is thus they are represented in those beautiful

* Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio. HOR.

verses which Virgil puts into the mouth of Anchises when that hero consulted by Æneas, predicts the destiny of the Roman people.

> Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra
> Credo equidem: vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
> Orabunt causas melius; cœlique meatus
> Describunt radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:
> Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:
> (Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacisque imponere morem,
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

This sentiment, dictated by pride, necessarily tended to stifle in the Romans all love and predeliction for the cultivation of the arts. It must have appeared to them sufficient to keep in their pay, men whom they could command, and who would be always ready to serve them in their projects. This assuredly was not the way to encourage emulation, nor to raise the arts to the degree of perfection to which they had previously been carried in Greece, when free-men only were allowed to make them their profession. Honour has indeed more power than rewards in giving life to the arts; for even when the demand for works of art is the greatest, taste, instead of improving, is found to deteriorate. Taste had reached that degree of perfection to which it is possible it may be carried when the arts first passed from Greece to Rome; that is to say, it still followed the laws which a pure and dignified simplicity prescribes. Experience teaches us that things do not continue long in the same state. Every thing in this world is periodical. Fashion governs and exercises a sovereign and tyrannical sway—every one seems ashamed to walk in the footsteps of another—the love of novelty prevails over all considerations—every one tries to surpass his models, and always at the expense of good taste. No work is then produced without a load of superfluous ornament. Luxury triumphs over every principle, and men make themselves the partizans of a manner which soon becomes ridiculous and barbarous. This is precisely what happened to the Romans with regard to architecture, as is proved by the very examples which M. Piranesi has supplied. They exhibit a profusion of ornaments and revolting licences, which, whatever may be said, mark a total decay in the genius of the architects who made the designs. I have already observed, that the most beautiful specimens of Grecian art had been removed to Rome, and it will doubtless be thought extraordinary that the constant presence of so many excellent works did not create a good taste among the Romans, nor direct them into the right path. It may seem that it was only necessary to cultivate the beauties which were constantly before their eyes; but besides that, it is in the nature of man to wish to distinguish himself, and that the objects most esteemed and most worthy so to be, produce at last a sort of satiety, I maintain that too great an abundance of master-pieces, and particularly of such as appear to surpass mortal powers, is frequently injurious to those who wish to take for their models works which have reached so high a degree of perfection; for they are viewed with a sentiment of respect and admiration which fetters mind and talent. We accordingly find that the modern artists, who have displayed the most genius, are not those who have had at their command the greatest opportunities for this kind of study. Nature alone working within them, and the endowment of a creative genius made Corregio, Raphael, and Michael Angelo great painters. Perhaps had they been preceded by men of genius like themselves, they would have only tried to do as their masters had done before them, and would have remained

in the class of faithful disciples condemned to mediocrity. Whoever measures his footsteps by those of men who have already won the prize in a like carreer, will always move with timidity and embarrassment.

Hitherto I have only applied my observations to the taste of the Romans in Architecture. The false opinion of M. Piranesi, which it was my wish to combat and overthrow, turned my thoughts in that direction. What I have said, however, is referable to the other arts, for they all depend on each other, and advance in one and the same manner. However, in a pleading respecting architecture, we can produce all the documents necessary to throw light on the case; but this cannot be so easily done when we propose to examine and bring into parallel the taste of the Greeks and the Romans in painting. Here we have to depend solely on the authority of authors, such as Pliny. Yet he, who must have felt an interest in the glory of his nation, in his list of painters, mentions only one Roman name: all the rest are Greeks. It is the same with regard to sculpture and the engraving of precious stones. Wonders of art, in both those departments have descended down to us; but those wonders are all of Grecian workmanship. Here I beg to observe, that if on any statue or engraved stone the name of the artist appear, he is invariably found to be a Greek. I have never yet seen a Roman name on any such work. If this be not a demonstrative proof that the Roman works were not thought fit to carry down to posterity the names of those who executed them, it is at least a strong presumption that a marked distinction was drawn between the artists of the two nations.

I am, &c. &c.

OBSERVATIONS.

These reflections, which are worthy of the great learning and philosophic spirit of M. Mariette, ought not to be exclusively confined to the arts of design, for, in certain respects, at least, as far as regards invention, they are equally applicable to the eloquence, the poetry, and the philosophy of the Romans.

The first Romans knew as little of elocution as of architecture. Their language, like their manners and customs was rude, and they only succeeded in embellishing it by borrowing the forms and phrases of the Greeks, in the same manner as they embellished their edifices, by transplanting into them the ornaments of which they stripped the buildings of Greece. They also borrowed from the Greeks the whole mechanism of their versification, and their poetry presents few sentiments and images, the germs of which are not to be found in Greek authors. Such of their dramatists as attempted to pourtray the characters and manners of their own nation were never successful. Their works were neglected, and the Romans took delight only in the dramas of Plautus and Terence, though, following the example of Livius Andronicus, these two authors did nothing more than translate Greek Comedies. Angelus Politianus confesses that, in this respect, the Latins are faulty, *claudicat hic Latium*, and he pretends that the cause is to be found in the seriousness of their character, *gravitas Romana repugnat scilicit*. But it was precisely this gravity, so natural to the Romans which rendered them less fit for the cultivation of the arts. Poetry—and this word should be

extended to all kinds of imitation, whatever may be the means and the object—requires flexibility, a feeling heart, and a delicate and lively imagination. The poet, says Plato, is a sacred, buoyant, and volatile being.

Quintus writes to his brother Cicero that the poem of Lucretius appears to him wanting in invention and genius. This, Cicero admits, but remarks that it is a work of much art;* a eulogy more frequently bestowed on a certain portion of ingenuity and industry than on imagination and talent.

Virgil's Æneid is merely a happy compilation from The Iliad and the Odyssey. In the six first books, says the Abbé Fraguier, we continually recognize the Odyssey, as we recognize the Iliad in the six last. The wanderings of Æneas are like those of Ulysses: and the Trojan wars are retraced in the Latin campaigns in which Turnus fills the place of Hector, and Æneas that of Achilles. The whole poem is a tissue of inventions, incidents, and pictures borrowed from Homer.

We confess, that Virgil is not always a mere copyist, or even an imitator, and we are far from being inclined to withhold from him the glory of having proved himself a man of genius; but we are here alluding to invention, and to that which constitutes true originality. Even allowing Virgil to have surpassed his models, which is true only with regard to Hesiod, it is evident from his works, that if he had not had those models before him, he would never have become himself a model. But to come to Horace.

That writer aspired, above all things, to the glory of being ranked among lyric poets:—

> Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres,
> Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

It even appears that he was less proud of the ideas and images which might belong to himself, than of having succeeded in introducing into his own language the bold flights, the metres, and the harmony of a style of poetry which had not hitherto been attempted among the Romans, and he prided himself most of all on having transfused into Latin poetry the beauties of his Greek models. Such, at least, is the idea which he himself suggests to us, when he represents Pindar under the image of a swan, soaring by a rapid flight to the clouds, while he compares himself to a bee, humbly collecting from flowers the ingredients for composing his honey, by dint of labour and industry. This acknowledgement would appear excess of modesty, if, in several other parts of his odes, Horace did not betray feelings of poetic vanity. It must be borne in mind that, at the period when Horace wrote, most of the works of the Greek authors, of which only the titles or trifling fragments are now extant, existed in their perfect form, and that it would have been awkward and dangerous to claim the honour of passing as an inventor when the passages copied or imitated were before the eyes of every one.

Among the Greeks, poetry was held to be the instrument of religion, law, and morals. It was regarded as the language of the gods, or of men inspired by the gods. Extreme sesibility which was a distinguishing feature in the national character of the Greeks, daily lent new strength to superstition, and superstition in its turn continually supplied new food for that extreme sensibility. Greece was filled with temples, in which Apollo delivered oracles, and these oracles were in verse. In Greece the earth and the waters exhaled enthusiasm. Nothing of this sort existed among the

* Poemata Lucreti, ut scribis, non sunt multis ingenii luminibus, sunt multa tamen artis.

Romans. That grave, stern, and ambitious people certainly had no reason to fear that the changes which might take place in their music might bring about changes in their morals; and to induce them to love virtue their legislators were not obliged to tickle their ears. They were even forbidden to worship the divinity under the form of any created being, and though, during the hundred and seventy-first years of Rome, temples were built and altars raised, neither statues nor images were employed. After that time, it is true, the worship of foreign deities was introduced among the Romans, with all accompanying superstitions; but that which marks the character and the turn of mind of the Roman people is, that those new opinions and different worships gave no umbrage to the government, and produced no political effect.

When the Greek poets invoked the muse in the commencement of their works, it was because they really imagined they owed every thing to the inspiration of the muse; but what did the Latins mean by invocations of this sort? With them they were mere formalities, which signified nothing. Besides, Horace every where recommends study, application, and labour. He advises authors to revise and correct their writings over and over again, and Virgil, who spent a whole day in polishing two or three verses, well knew that neither Apollo nor the muses had dictated them.

We shall not here insist on the philosophy of the Romans. On this subject Scaliger, and particularly Muret, may be consulted. It will be sufficient to quote the following passage from the last-mentioned writer:—"The Romans, happy opulent conquerors, and masters of the universe, intent on acquiring dignities, canvassing their fellow-citizens, and lulling into tranquillity foreign nations, with the view of afterwards more easily robbing them, consigned philosophy to their slaves, to their freed-men, and to a few indigent and unfortunate Greeks. As for themselves, if they employed the little leisure which ambition, avarice, and luxury afforded them, in listening to a Greek sophist, or in reading and compiling some philosophic work, they thought they had attained the height of erudition, and were superior to the whole Greek nation." We know that Cicero preferred the Twelve Tables to all the writings of the philosophers. But this same Cicero affirmed that his language was more rich than the Greek, when, a moment after, he was obliged to employ a Greek word to express his idea. The only style of writing, therefore, which might be said to belong to the Romans, would be satire, if by the acknowledgment of Horace himself, Lucilius had not taken Aristophanes and Menander as his models.

The true glory of the Romans consists in their legislation. For this indeed, they were in a great measure indebted to the philosopy of the Greeks, and particularly to the school of Zeno; but they gave to the principles which they thus obtained, a luminous, extended, and durable form. In the towns of Greece the law frequently expired with the legislator. Whatever portion of it happened to survive was either buried in the darkness of the schools, and was lost in useless, punctilious disputes, or was interpreted by the orators according as their interests or passions might dictate. But the Romans restrained the mutability of morals by unequivocal and rigid sanctions,—by arming wisdom with popular power against vice, and by investing virtue with public dignity.

EVEN TERMS.

A German traveller, whose name need not be mentioned, but who is well known in all literary and scientific circles, arrived, in the summer of 1813, at Spenser's Hotel, Holyhead (after passing some months in England), on his way to Dublin. The breeze blew stiffly from the Irish coast, as the voyager descended from his seat in the mail; and the being kept *sine die* at Spenser's Hotel, as the house then stood, carried with it almost the moral certainty of being kept *sine* every thing else. But the practical union between the two countries—the steam-packet system—was not yet organised; and all that the stoutest spirit could accomplish was to imprecate and to submit.

"This wind just suits the Irish gentlemen who come over here," observed Herr C——, looking wistfully upwards as he walked towards the entrance of the garden.

"Very well indeed Sir," answered the waiter, as he opened the door;—"We have every place in the mail for London, taken forward for these three days."

"But they swear heartily at a west wind when they want to go back to Ireland," continued the enquirer.

"I never saw one want to go back Sir," bowed he of the napkin; "but I have only lived here four years and a half."

Musing how England might have merited such preference and happiness, and still continuing his walk, our Herr stumbled upon a small wooden building, much like a watch-box in shape and dimension, but which was pierced in an extraordinary and irregular manner, all over with little round holes.

"What are these holes meant for I wonder?" said he, opening the door of the box, which turned out to contain a shower-bath. "What the deuce do the holes mean?"—for there was a pane of glass, besides, let into the roof in order to admit light. But just at that moment the observer took it into his head that he felt the wind change; and, as the stronger feeling—like the stronger man—loves always to destroy the weaker, the question of the holes, and their intent was forgotten.

Herr C—— was wrong in thinking that he felt the wind change; but, though it was a nice matter to feel, he might have felt it, and been right. For an acute anxiety upon any given point sharpens the perceptions upon that point infinitely. Blind people, it is well sworn, frequently distinguish colours by the touch. And there was one man in the *Hospital des Aveugles*, at Paris, whose sense of smelling was so improved by the loss of his sight, that he could actually smell what day of the month it was.

The Herr, however, was wrong for that time, for the weather-cock remained still obstinate. So he dined and looked at the wine; and shook his head—"Even water would be better than this," said he. And, while thinking alternately of the banks of the Rhine and the vines of Johannisberg the shower-bath popped again into his head; for the weather was sultry, and he would have enjoyed a plunge into the sea amazingly; only that in the first place he could not swim; and, in the next (being a man of retired habits), he disliked the developement of his person among half a dozen—or perhaps half a hundred—other profane bathers upon the beach. So, carrying a linen dressing-gown with him, but letting no man into his councils, the Herr C—— took his course again towards the shower bath; and, finding

the cistern charged, he undressed himself within the closet--which was a matter of some trouble, for people commonly undressed themselves, for convenience of more room, on the outside. But he did this, because all his thoughts were chaste and noble. So he stripped, even to his linen gown and nankeen trowsers; placed his coat and waistcoat prudently in a corner for shelter, and seated himself upon the stool (altogether *paratus*), after looking to see that the machinery above was in proper order. When, behold—just as he had taken the string, that was to release the impending cataract, into his hand; as he was squeezing his lips together, and shutting his eyes, and making a horrible grimace to endure the shock—(wondering still by times what the little holes had been made for—although they certainly did let in the air all around *le plus propre du monde*).—In short, just as he had stooped his head in order to let the concussion come plump upon his neck and shoulders; and was holding his breath, and giving a preparatory gulp—for dropping one's handkerchief when one's going to be hanged, and pulling the string of one's own shower-bath, are two of the severest trials to which a man's courage can be exposed—just at that very moment, a gun went off almost at our Herr's ear; and a brace of bullets rattled through the closet—in at one side and out at the other—passing along the very line which his *toupee* had ceased to intersect not the hundredth part of a second before; and which, if he had piqued himself upon sitting always uprightly, as well as acting to that intent, would have cut the centre of his ear at that moment!

"Missed it by G—d!" cried a pagan full nine feet high, standing about a dozen paces from the door of the bath, and raising a second pistol to take aim, just as the Herr C—— managed to roll, rather than rush out at it. It was the very pet mark, that watch-box, at which the Irishmen who were detained at Spenser's for want of carriage, used to practice ball-firing, against they met their friends in London.

"By the powers then, but this beats Banaghan!" said Sir Larry, dropping his arm after a pause of half a minute.

"In the name of all that is infernal, Sir ——," roared the Herr, what are you about?"

"Upon my honour and conscience now," cried the Irishman, "but it was a mistake—just a mistake."

"A mistake!"

"Sure it was! How the devil would I know you were inside the door?"

"Know?—why you infamous assassin!—I heard you say you had missed me."

"Sure I had, because I took aim five inches lower than I hit."

"That would have been through my body," screamed the Herr C——. "By heaven, Sir—but this is too much—I'll have satisfaction Sir——, and that upon the spot."

"Och, be asy! Now what's the use of thinking so much about a trifle? And there's no harm done—but just starting you a bit—at all at all."

"I'll have satisfaction," said C——, "before I put on my coat." And there was something about "Irish booby" mixed up in the proposition, which induced Sir Larry O—— to give his immediate assent to it.

The discharged pistol was reloaded; the Irishman handing his own to Herr C——, who sullenly and determinately examined the flint and priming of it.

"Sure you had better put your clothes on," said Sir Larry.

"I'll do that after you are dead," replied C.

"Och bother! Dead! Is there a surgeon now dye know in the village?"

"There's an undertaker I dare say—and that will be sufficient for you.—You shall perish."

This finished the loading of the pistols; but one or two more preliminaries had to be looked to—The ground for one point was to be measured; though this Sir Larry said was "unnecessary," as he could tell ten paces to the eighth of an inch with his mere eye, at any time;—and, in the mean time, the Herr C——, who was a good natured man, began to doubt that he was going rather to an extreme. He paused for a moment therefore, in his assent, as his antagonist marked the tenth pace, and asked with great coolness—"if that distance was perfectly agreeable?" To that question the Herr gave no answer.

"As we are to fight without seconds," pursued Sir Larry, "we must toss up who shall have the first fire."

C—— still made no reply.

"So, will you have head or tail?" continued the Hibernian, balancing a guinea—as though the cast had been for sixpence—ready to spin up upon his thumb and finger.

"No, by G—d!" returned the Herr, "I'll have neither. If we are to fight, we'll fight upon fair terms. So—do you go into that bath and shut the door—sit down on the seat—take hold of the string—and let me have a shot at you as you had at me; and then, when you come out, the account will be even, and we'll proceed—with or without seconds—as soon as you think proper."

A joke, in time, has saved a man at the gallows; and, nine times in ten, if either party dared resort to it, it might put an end to a quarrel. To have convinced the Irishman that he had been wrong would have been impossible; but the suggestion as to reciprocity, restored both sides to good humour,

"And sure, when I fired at the watch-box, my jewel," said Sir Larrey—"it was no fault of mine—for I never looked in the inside."

"That, my excellent friend, is very true," returned Herr C——, as they walked in together; "which is the very thing that I complain of."

OBSERVATIONS ON MUSIC,

And on the Manner of Teaching it.

By D. DUMINIL.

Of all the arts, Music perhaps requires the longest application, and its study is the most tedious and difficult. In the other arts considerable progress may be made by sagacity and address, but to succeed in music, particularly in vocal music, certain natural qualifications of very rare occurrence are indispensible. By natural qualifications, I certainly do not mean languid softness of articulation, an affected motion of the head, and a pretension to ornament; but a powerful voice, an agreeable tone, flexibility, a good memory, judgment—in a word every advantageous natural endowment. Grimace and mannerism destroy singing, while by a natural style it is always embellished.

But of all natural qualifications the most uncommon, and that in which

the liability to self-deception is the greatest, is taste. It will be said that good taste is necessary in all the arts. It doubtless is, but in music it is more particularly requisite. A fine voice, without taste, is like beauty without grace.

There are two sorts of tastes, the natural and the artificial. Artificial taste is manifested physically; as for example, by twinkling the eyes, forced sighs, shrugs of the shoulders, nods of the head, &c.: it is perceptible in high-flown ornaments, disagreeable jerks and bursts of the voice, or forced transitions from one note to another, as from a third to an octave. Natural taste, on the contrary, prefers what is gentle, light, and consonant to true feeling. It has but little physical influence, except indeed as far as regards the expression of the countenance. It is manifested in singing, by an appropriate swell on a false fifth or its inversion, and by a peculiar manner of executing expressive modulations, and touching phrases of an ariette. This taste is not to be acquired; it must be born with the possessor; it is merely susceptible of developement by dint of study and labour. This is the taste which determines whether a man be really what is termed a musician. It is this natural taste which charms, and which alone appeals to the heart.

Every one must be convinced how rare it is to find the qualities of taste, voice, and judgment, combined in one and the same individual. But there is another qualification requisite to form a musician, and which, like natural taste, is not to be acquired:—this is exactness, precision, in a word the power of correctly observing time. Though this quality may, in some degree, be gained by study; yet it must be in the ear before even the gamut is learned. How many clever performers, and even composers have I seen, who could neither play nor sing in time! I have known others who were more correct, but still violated the time, and some who, though they could follow time very well in a solo, were unable to do so in a chorus or score. These last possessed the right feeling for time, but they had no head. What may be termed head in music is that sort of sagacity, that penetration of mind, which enables one to embrace twenty objects at the same moment, and that, without any risk of perplexity or interruption; like a man before whom twenty persons might recite, at the same time, twenty different pieces of poetry, and who would have sufficient presence of mind to follow them all, and to prompt them without interrupting them. Such is a musician, or at least, such he ought to be.

I have detailed the natural endowments which are necessary for learning music. I can now clearly demonstrate that the principles of vocal music are much more difficult of attainment than those of instrumental music.

A violin master directs you to place your finger on such or such a place, by which means you obtain the note G. You may, when the master is gone, place your fingers in the same way and repeat the note. But in singing the matter is very different. The master desires you to sing sing *sol* or *do*, and he, himself sings the note with you. You must catch correctly the vague sound which he describes, and which is not conveyed to the ear by any particular sign. When the master is gone how is this sound to be conveyed to you? How will you be able to proceed correctly from *do* to *re*, from *re* to *me*, and from *me* to *fa*, which latter is only a semitone, &c. You will catch yourself making the tones flat or sharp by mere chance, sometimes pitching accurately on the intervals, and at other times, after singing *do* correctly, singing *re* like *do* sharp or *re* flat. Hence arise fresh difficulty and trouble, and the risk of singing out of tune is greatly increased,

Thus a singing master would do well to prohibit his pupil from practising the gamut in the interval from one lesson to another.

It must be further recollected, that all voices are not alike. A person, who knows scarcely a note of music, may sing correctly, beat time correctly, and follow with his voice or foot any piece of music he may happen to hear, while another, possessed of considerable technical knowledge will, perhaps, be unable to sing a simple air, and will lose himself in endeavouring to follow the time of a piece of music. This is certainly very extraordinary! But what is still more curious is the contrast which exists between the voices of men and women. How is this to be accounted for? The vocal organs are alike in both sexes, and yet male voices present differences which are not found in the voices of females. Male voices, for example, are divided into contraltos, tenors, and basses—female voices are almost all of a high pitch, and they differ chiefly with respect to volume and compass. If we were to attempt to form a notion of the voice from personal appearance, we should often be led into error. It frequently happens that a tall, stout, muscular man possesses a sharp and feeble contralto voice, while, on the other hand, a little delicate man has a deep powerful bass, which will shake roofs and shiver windows. Other persons again, who have harsh and discordant speaking voices, sometimes display brilliant and melodious tones in singing. Whence can these differences arise?

I conceive the cause is to be found in the degree of rigidity of the larynx, and the little flexibility of the glottis. The better to understand this, I must enter into some anatomical details, which are by no means, foreign to the subject.

In the fauces are two ducts, the anterior of which is called the Larynx, and the posterior the Pharynx. The larynx which forms the protuberance, commonly named "Adam's apple" is, properly speaking, the superior part of the trachea-arteria. It serves the purposes of inspiration and expiration; and, as to its composition, is partly cartilaginous, partly muscilaginous. The cartilages which enter into the structure of the larynx and of which it is essentially formed, are five in number, and they are united together by different ligamentous, and mucilaginous parts. A small bone is interposed between the upper part of the larynx and the root of the tongue, which it serves to support. It is called the os hyoides, and in form it resembles a little pair of jawbones. It is suspended to the apophyses of the temporal bones by two ligaments, which permit it to follow alternately the tongue and the larynx in their different movements.

All tones or accents, depend on the state of the aperture of the glottis. In the speaking voice the larynx is settled and in repose with respect to its attachments; but in the singing voice the larynx, being suspended by its attachments is constantly in action, in a way which produces up and down motions and certain undulations, which do not exist in speaking, though, in conversation, the voice always proceeds by incommensurable intervals. Thus the voice, whether for song or speech, or a simple cry, comes entirely from the glottis with regard to sound and tone. Consequently when we have not heard a person sing, however well we may know his voice in conversation, we cannot know his singing voice, because there is in it more than in the other, a movement of the whole larynx. It is not, therefore, difficult for a fair lady to be proof against certain flatterers, who will say on hearing her speak they are sure she can sing like an angel. At the same time, it must be allowed that it seldom happens that a person, whose speaking voice is agreeable, has not also a pleasing voice in singing.

It will not be departing from the question to remark that there is nothing more striking, and the cause of which is less known, than the difference between the voice of one man and another; a difference so marked that it is as easily distinguished as that of the countenance.

But leaving the physical organization of the voice to be farther investigated by anatomists, I may venture to assert, that whatever difficulties there are in the study of music, they are greatly encreased by the incapacity and neglect of masters, who fail to observe the particular talents and constitutional tendencies of their pupils, and know not how to instruct them according to the degrees of aptitude they may possess.

We are all born with different predispositions. One individual is formed to succeed in the tender and pathetic, another in the grand and majestic. If the former be forced to overcome mere difficulties of execution, to attempt bravuras, his peculiar talent will be perverted and he will never be a good singer. Such is however the conduct of most teachers. Slavishly following an absurd routine, they proceed with their system of instruction without well considering the style in which a pupil is likely to succeed. Thus a youth is often forced on in a study very unprofitably; his natural taste is corrupted, and pursuing by habit a course with which he is never pleased, he finds himself at last a very indifferent musician. How may unfortunate instances are there of this kind! And yet people are surprised that there are not more great musicians. But can we expect to create great men by an erroneous system? Certainly not. Assuredly the method for each pupil ought not to be the same. Were this essential principle adverted to, our music would not continue so monotonous. Every one would compose in the style for which nature had destined him, and the pieces produced would be as delighful as varied and learned; for music follows musicians—its progress corresponds with the improvement of those who cultivate it, and if they degenerate, it must necessarily degenerate also. How different is the art now from what it is represented to have been among the ancients! It is said, and the accounts cannot be altogether without foundation, that music sometimes produced singular effects both physical and moral in those who listened to it. They were differently affected, exhibiting marks of tenderness, melancholy, or fury, according to the modulations which were heard. In that case what must have been the power and sublimity of the music, or how great the skill of the artists who knew how to make it produce such effects?

The history of Tyrtæus is known to every one. It is also well known that the Spartan commanders on going into battle made airs be played to their soldiers which roused them into a kind of fury. In Persia, two brothers, wishing to procure the release of a third brother, performed before the Judges several pieces of so affecting a nature that the Interpreters of the laws shed tears, and delivered up the prisoner.

Music has been known to overcome the fury of the most ferocious animals. To say nothing of the fables respecting Orpheus, I shall relate a fact of modern date, which has been well authenticated. A shepherd having lost himself in a forest, was on the point of being attacked by a furious lioness. The thought struck him to play his pipe. The touching and plaintive sounds moved the ferocious animal, and falling down at his feet, she shewed by singular caresses how much the tones delighted her. To mark, more strongly the pleasure she felt, she turned to her two whelps and brought them forward to the shepherd, a compliment which doubless did not afford him much satisfaction. However, by continuing to play his pipe, he got out of the forest without being in any way injured by his auditors, who followed

him to the entrance of a village, whence they were driven back by a multitude of armed peasants. It certainly required considerable firmness and presence of mind to enable the shepherd to make the experiment.

This is a striking example of the soothing power of music over animals, but on the contrary it has sometimes produces dreadful effects. There is a story of a King of Thebes, who made a celebrated musician be brought to his Court to play to him. After passing through a variety of affecting modulations, the musician struck with such astonishing power into the chromatic scale, that his Royal auditor was transported with fury. At last the tyrant suddenly drew his dagger and laid the unfortunate disciple of Euterpe prostrate at his feet.

The art of powerfully exciting the passions is now lost. To what is its loss to be attributed? Is it to our music, or our musicians? Or, may it not be to ourselves? Blunted as all our feelings now are, we, perhaps, cannot be powerfully moved without a kind of electric shocks of too great a force for music to produce. Have we lost that delicacy, that sensibility (though nervous sensibility is one of our fashionable diseases) which makes the slightest sensation affect the whole frame? Whether this be the fact or not, or whether such an indifference be advantageous or not, I shall not at present attempt to discuss.

Perhaps the long habit of hearing and feeling may have produced this kind of insensibility. We become familiar with the finest pieces; they get fixed in our memory, and no longer strike us. But may not our change be owing to a degree of sublimity which music has reached? Be this as it may, the finest master-pieces do not now seem to give that extatic pleasure so exquisite an art ought to excite. We may, however, console ourselves for this decay of music, if decay there be. If our chords do not produce miraculous effects, our concerts are not disturbed by frantic gentlemen and hysteric ladies. Such scenes would be very inconvenient now a days, and music would become the torment of its votaries. Upon the whole, it is better to interest the feelings gently than thus to disturb the brain.

ULYSSES AND THE SIRENS.

Clarescit Etruscum littus.—CLAUD.

The annexed plate, which represents one of tho most celebrated of the adventures of Ulysses, is copied from a print in a work entitled *Museum Etruscum, exhibens insignia veterum Etruscorum monumenta; Florentiæ*, 1737. Few things have contributed, in a greater degree, to the formation of a pure taste with regard to the fine arts than the Etruscan Vases; and the artist and the antiquary availing themselves with equal advantage of those rich stores have drawn from them materials for the delight and instruction of mankind. The fable of the Sirens, so often represented on the Etrusean cinerarial Urns has been supposed to embrace the whole system of the ancient moral philosophy. The early Tuscan Sages, made it their study to instil into the minds of their rude countrymen the precept—that he alone is entitled to be called wise, who, despising and setting aside pernicious pleasure, the root of all evil, seeks virtue with the prudence and perseverance that Ulysses sought his country—

——Vitanda est improba Siren
Desidia.—HOR.

We learn from the work above cited, that the urn, from which this composition is taken, was in the Museum of the Marquis Nicolini at Florence. It is by far the most elegant of all the representations of the subject that are to be found on vases, and has suffered least from the ravages of time. Of its merits, as a work of art, much cannot be said, except indeed we judge of it in comparison with other works of the same æra, to which it will be found greatly superior. The principal figure, Ulysses, is the best; there is more vigour and expression in the action than is usually seen on the very ancient vases and bas-reliefs: but the Sirens are arranged with little attempt at variety or elegance of attitude, and it is curious to observe the awkward form and diminutive size of the vessel sent forth "to ride upon the broad back of the sea."

In this very ancient monument, it may be observed, that the Etruscans have not given the Sirens the wings and legs of birds as the Greeks and Romans have generally done,* but have designed them as very fine women, set off with all the charms which beauty and art can supply, highly decorated, wearing earings, bracelets, necklaces, and a scarf which hangs from the head, a virginal tunic and shawl. The common description, however, which makes them like our Mermaids, half fish,

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.—Hor.

appears to be the most consistent, considering they were inhabitants of the sea—

Dulce malum pelago Sirenæ, volucresque puellæ
Syllæos inter fremitus, avidamque Charybdim,
Musica saxa fretis, habitabant dulcia Monstra.—Claudian.

Homer describes them sitting in delicious meadows, but the Etruscans place them on rocks. In the composition before us they are endeavouring to allure Ulysses as he is passing them in his ship. The centre one is playing on a seven-reed pipe, another strikes a lyre with the plectrum, the third plays on a single pipe; but Homer makes his Sirens vocalists alone, and tells us they were wont to sing such strains as enchanted the passengers. Their address to Ulysses we give in the words of Cicero, who, in his treatise *de Finibus*, has thus translated the passage in Homer—

O decus Argolicum, quin puppim flectis Ulysses,
Auribus ut nostros possis agnoscere cantus.
Nam nemo hæc unquam est transvectus cærula cursu,
Quin prius adstiterit vocum dulcedine captus;
Post variis avido satiatus pectore musis,
Doctior ad patrias lapsus pervenerit oras.
Nos grave certamen belli, clademque tenemus,
Græcia quam Trojæ divino numine vexit;
Omniaque e latis rerum vestigia terris.†

* In one of the plates in the Museum Etruscum, there are, however, birds claws under the feet of two of the Sirens.

† The following is Mr. Pope's translation of the same passage:—

Oh stay! O pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!
Oh cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordained our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul and charms the ear.

The Sirens are said to have been the companions of Proserpine, and the rivals of the Muses in song. They were, according to some accounts, the daughters of the River Achelous and Melpomene, according to others Calliope. Pausanias describes Juno holding effigies of Sirens in her hand. Speaking of the temple of Minerva at Itonia, he says—"A little lower down is a temple of Juno, with a very ancient statue of the goddess, done by Pythodorus, the Theban. She holds Sirens in her hand. These were Achelous's daughters, who, it is said, at Juno's instigation challenged the Muses to sing with them, and being vanquished, their conquerors plucked the feathers from their wings and made crowns of them to decorate their own heads." The fable goes, that all who listened to their alluring melody, became victims of that imprudence. Ulysses instructed by Circe, ordered his crew to stop their ears when they approched them, and lashing himself to the mast, as is seen in the plate, was proof against their bewitching strains, and passed them without stopping. The story says, that in despair they threw themselves into the sea, and were changed into rocks. It is probably in allusion to the irresistible influence of their strains that the figure of a Siren is sculptured on the tomb of Isocratis, to typify his eloquence, and to intimate that an eloquent orator charms the minds of his hearers and moulds them as he pleases.

The author of the work above-mentioned (Ant. Fras. Gori) states, that within his knowledge there are three other representations of this subject. One at Volterra, the other at Florence, and the last in the Gallery of the Medici. Francesco Bianchini in his *Istoria Universale* says, there was a basso relievo in the Gardens of the Vatican, representing Ulysses bound to the mast of his ship. Indeed this remarkable incident in the adventures of Ulysses, was a favourite with the ancient artists, as appears from the testimony of Vitruvius, and was frequently attempted by them.

F. R.

Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Acheiv'd at Ilion in the field of Fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
Oh stay! and learn new wisdom from the wise!

The subject has been handled by many poets of modern times, and it was seized on by some of the early poets of our own country. Daniel, who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, has written an entertaining poetical contest between Ulysses and a Syren, of which the first stanza begins thus:—

Come, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come
  Possess these shores with me,
The windes and seas are troublesome,
  And here we may be free.

To this invitation Ulysses replies:—

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were
  To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee
  And leave such toiles as these.

The Poem is carried on in alternate addresses and rejoinders to the extent of nine stanzas.

ON THE NAMES

GUELPH AND GIBELLIN.

An essay on these names, lately written in German, has been transmitted to us by a correspondent. So much learning has already been expended in investigating the origin of the terms Guelph and Gibellin, that even all the patience of German research cannot be expected to throw an entirely new light on the subject; but as there is some ingenuity in this author's conjectures, we shall endeavour to state them in a short abstract. It has been supposed, that these names owe their signification and derivation to German families: 1, *Welf*, from the princely house of the Welfs. 2: the term *Gibellin* from Weiblingen, the ancient seat of the family of Hohenstauf. After considering the historical grounds of this supposition, and shewing their insufficiency, the author supports the opinion of those who believe that Guelph and Gibellin were first used by way of reproach, in the same manner as the terms *Whig*, *Tory*, *Ultra*, *Enragé*, *Servile*, &c. have also been. It was the Emperor Frederick who brought the term Welf into vogue, and it cannot be supposed that in doing so he meant to compliment his opponents, by applying to them the name of a German family of distinction. On the contrary it is very probable, that his purpose was to treat the partizans of the Pope with scorn, in the same manner as he called the Pope Antichrist, and, as his Holiness in return, proclaimed him the Beast of the Revelations. The author observes, that the party which has on its side the brilliancy of a court and the splendour of nobility, and makes the maintenance of ancient privileges its object, is naturally disposed to reproach its opponents with low birth or poverty, and of course to style them Geusen or Bettler (beggars), Sansculottes, Descamisados, &c. In the same manner the term Welf or Wolf was employed to excite the idea of a cruel, licentious artful man, forming a striking contrast to what the heads of the Church should be, namely, good Shepherds. In Latin, and still in Italian, *Lupa* (swabian *Schlupp*) is a prostitute. The monitor in German schools was formerly called the *Lupus* (see the regulations for the Baireuth schools in the 15th century). Bastards and Welfs were synonimous, and in the Salvonic *Weck*, wolf, and *Wilzeclk*, a young wolf, have the secondary meaning of illegitimate.

What then is the origin of the term Gibellin. The author says it comes from *Zobel*, German, or *Zibellino*, Italian (a Sable), which he considers equivalent to Fox. That the derivation of *Gibellin* from *Zibellino* is not forced, particularly in latinized phraseology appears from Du Fresne,—voce *Sabelum*, where it is said, "*Gibellinica pellis*, apud Petrum Damianum. Lib. ii., Epist. 1."

Again—"Hic itaque nitidulus et semper ornatus incedebat, ita ut caput ejus nunquam nisi *Gibellinica pellis* detegeret."—Lib. v. Epist. 16.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL.

On the rivality between Michael Angelo and Raphael, from the life of the latter, by Quatremere de Quincy.

Having arrived at the Transfiguration, we cannot withhold from the reader an account of some details, which, though not generally known are perfectly authentic, and intimately connected with the history of Raphael and this celebrated picture.

Raphael had now carried his talent, as well as his reputation and credit to the highest pitch. There never was before and there never has been since, any instance of an artist elevated by the power of his genius to the same degree, either of that universal distinction, which converts an ordinary name into a name of permanent renown, or of that personal consideration which raises an individual from the common level of society, and fixes him by public opinion, in that eminent position which is usually reached only through birth and fortune.

The immense number of works which spread his celebrity through every part of the world, was created by the unexampled competition of men of talent whose master he was, whom he inspired with zeal, and who, proud of being his pupils, shared among themselves part of the glory which environed the chief of the school. They were eager to form his suite when he went to Court, where he held an office of honour. In short, his social existence resembled that of a prince.—*Viveva da Principe.**

Michael Angelo the Stoick, who loved to live in solitude, and to work in solitude, formed, in consequence of the gloom of his temper and asperity of his character, a contrast to Raphael, no less striking in his person and manner of living than in his works.

Between such men it was not possible to prevent the existence of a real rivality, in whatever sense that word may be understood, or whatever character or colour may be given to the sentiment it is employed to express. In speaking of the controversy on the question, whether Raphael was or was not indebted to Michael Angelo, we have expressed our opinion, that he could not have received from him any impulse whatever;—that in the sort of influence which one artist exercises over another, many degrees may be distinguished;—but that nothing tends to shew any disposition in Raphael to copy or in the slightest degree to imitate Michael Angelo, or to appropriate to himself, in any way whatever, his taste and manner. There was an evident incompatibility between the two rivals. Besides, if any inherent property be recognizable in the character of Raphael, it is that of being always himself, of being constantly original, even in the real imitations which he made in the style of the antique, which accorded far more with his taste than the style of Michael Angelo ever could.

One of the causes which elevated Raphael so high, and which gave to his works so much celebrity, unquestionably was that at the point of his life and history, to which we are now arrived, he stood, in public opinion, decidedly without any competitor.

After the paintings of the Sistina Chapel were completed in 1512, Michael Angelo did nothing remarkable at Rome. He was, in the first place, for a long time engaged in discussions respecting the Mausoleum of Julius II. He was afterwards, in 1516, sent by Leo X. to Florence, to

* Vasari.

superintend the façade of St. Lorenzo: he next devoted his attention to the working of the Quarries of Seravezza, which, according to Vasari, occupied him several years. Now the whole of this time was employed by Raphael in encreasing the number of his works, improving his manner, and adding to his reputation.

Raphael was the only name which engaged public attention. Fame had no voice but for him. It was the general declaration of his partizans and innumerable admirers, "that his paintings were superior to those of Michael Angelo in beauty of colour, invention, and grace, and not inferior in design; that on the contrary, Michael Angelo, except in design, could bear no comparison with him;—so that Raphael was at least equal, if he did not surpass Michael Angelo in design, and was certainly his superior as a colourist." This opinion gradually spreading, tended to produce as usually happens, a spirit of opposition. But we may assert that it excited to excess in Michael Angelo, the feeling of rivality, or rather of envy. One is tempted to believe that the latter predominated, on learning from Vasari the pupil and passionate admirer of Michael Angelo the trick to which the latter resorted, in order to contend with Raphael without either shewing or compromising himself.

It is to be recollected that Michael Angelo, who was born a sculptor, who was a bold, learned, and profound designer, only became a painter, if it may be so said, incidentally, and because design conducts very naturally to painting. It was contrary to his own inclination that he abandoned the sculptural works of the Mausoleum of Julius II. for the fresco paintings of the Sistina Chapel. Painting in fresco acords well with the practice of design, especially for subjects which, being placed in a distant point, require neither the charm of harmony nor delicacy of execution. Let it besides be recollected, that Michael Angelo obstinately refused to paint the Last Judgment, in oil. It is, indeed, very doubtful whether we have a single picture painted in oil by Michael Angelo.

Raphael, on the contrary, practised with equal success all kinds and all modes of painting. If we refer to the latter period of his history, it will be evident that his last pictures in oil, such as the St. Michael, the fine Holy Family, for Francis I., and those which daily issued from his school, must have propagated in every quarter the glory and renown of his pencil,

Michael Angelo being only able to support his competition by the science and boldness of his drawing, could not advantageously contend, except by furnishing forms and inventions to be associated with the colours of an artist who had practised painting in oil. This he well understood. Accordingly he made choice of Sebastian del Piombo, a Venetian and good colourist, whom Chigi had already employed in his Palace of Transtevere, and who afterwards finished the paintings of the celebrated Chapel of Santa Maria del Popolo. Sebastian carried his predeliction for oil-painting so far, that he wished, on all occasions, to substitute it for fresco, by changing the nature of the plaster destined for pictures. His plan had, at first, some success; and there is reason to believe that it was in conformity with the new fashion that Raphael tried the same process in painting his two Virtues in the Hall of Constantine. Vasari, in fact, boasts of the fine preservation of the Christ alla Colonna, by Sebastian, at S. Pietro in Monterio. Time has, however, but too well contradicted this eulogium, and all the promises then held out with regard to the new practice.

Be this as it may, Michael Angelo secretly attached himself to Sebastian, who was already inclined to favour the party against Raphael. He

persuaded Sebastian to paint from designs which he made for him. He flattered himself that his design, acquiring under the pencil of the Venetian, harmony and beauty of colouring, would prove victorious in competition with the painting of Raphael; and of this he had the more certainty, as he himself, under the cover of a third party, *sotto ombra di terzo*,* might have been the umpire in the contest. Michael Angelo, however, was not satisfied with playing so passive a part. Being the first to proclaim the superiority of the work, in which he took so deep an interest, he found many ready to echo his opinion, and the reputation of Sebastian rapidly increased.

It was in consequence of this contrivance that Sebastian was employed to paint the Chapel of Francesco Borgherini, at San-Pietro in Monterio which contains the Christ alla Colonna already mentioned, the design of which is now openly attributed to Michael Angelo. In the same Chapel, the subject of the Transfiguration is painted.

It appears that the secret of this association was not long kept. It may easily be conceived that Raphael was not the last to recognize the drawing of Michael Angelo under the colours of Sebastian. Mengs reports, though without stating whence he derived his information, an observation of Raphael, which does honour to his head and his heart. Far from appearing vexed at this petty conspiracy, he said—"I thank Michael Angelo for the favour he has done me, since it shews that he thinks me worthy of competing with him and not with Sebastian."

ON THE WORKS IN TAPESTRIES AND THEIR PESENT STATE.

From the same.

Dr. Piles informs us that Bernard Van Orly of Brussels, Michael Coxis of Mechlin, and other Flemings, pupils of Raphael, were commissioned, either by him or by Leo X. on their return to Flanders, to superintend the working of the Tapestries. These works required, indeed, a double superintendance; but the most important was that which related to fidelity in the expression of the forms, characters, and style of the design. It may well be supposed that Raphael, who could not attend to this in person, took care to entrust the superintendance only to artists formed by himself.

With respect to the technical management of the materials, no works seem to unite in a higher degree the qualities of richness and perfection. Gold and silver threads were, at this period, much employed in tapestry. A great sensation, as may be conceived, was produced when these tapestries, then in full possession of all the freshness and lustre of which their tints were capable, were first brought to Rome. Vasari speaks of them in terms of enthusiasm. He says that the work appeared to him rather the effect of some supernatural art than of human industry; and it seems as if he never could cease wondering how it was possible with mere threads to produce all the details of the figures, all the softness of the flesh, and all the accessories of plants, animals, or buildings, in such a manner as to deceive the eye and make the whole, at first sight, pass for a work of the pencil.

Making allowance for all the additional admiration which may be supposed to be due to the novelty of the sight, it must still be acknowledged, after three centuries have elapsed, that many parts of these works are capable of producing an illusion which even painting cannot equal. This illusion is owing to the nature, or to speak more clearly to the material of the imitative process of tapestry, which, in every kind of drapery, in all stuffs and

* See Vasari.

dresses, employs as a copy the very reality of the substances of which the models in nature are formed. We may apply the same observation to arms, cuirasses, bucklers, and other parts of military equipment, in the manufacture of which metal is used. It is obvious that no colours which might be employed by a painter can, in such things, equal the illusion produced by metallic threads of gold or silver, which may be said to render the imitation dientic.

Accordingly all those parts of the tapestries have, down to the present day, preserved a most surprising force of tone, and power of effect, while the others have suffered more or less from the mere operation of time. The colours in the carnations and bright parts, where silk-thread has been used, is, in several instances, faded; and hence there often arises a want of harmony occasioned by the contrast with the other parts in which the mineral colours retain, in full vigour, their primitive tone.

But notwithstanding the changes thus produced in these tapestries, they must still be allowed to form one of the most brilliant monuments of Raphael's genius.

GOETHE'S LETTERS FROM ITALY.

FROM FERRARA TO ROME.

October 16.

On board the passage-boat my fellow travellers, of both sexes, all of them very pleasant people, are still fast asleep in the cabin. For my part, I have, for these two nights, kept on deck, wrapped up in my cloak, and I have never found it cold except towards day-break. I am now, at least in forty-fifth degree of lattitude; and I still sing my old song ;—I would not envy the inhabitants of those happy regions if I could but imitate the example of Dido, and measure out with a bull's-hide as much of their land as would embrace the dwellings of my friends. How much happier would our existence then be ! The weather has been fine, and our passage agreeable. The views, though they presented nothing striking, were beautiful in their kind. The Po glides gently through extensive, and the distant prospect is shut out by the trees and bushes, which line the banks of the river. Here, as well as on the Adige, I perceived some of those rediculous constructions on the water, as absurd and ugly as those which disfigure the Saale.

FERRARA.—PICTURE OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

October 16, *Night.*

I arrived at Ferrara at seven o'clock this morning, according to our mode of reckoning time, and I hope to be able to set out again to-morrow. Here, for the first time during my journey, I have experienced to my surprise a feeling of discontent at the sight of this fine, large, and well situated, but depopulated city. Those very streets were once animated by the presence of a brilliant Court. Here dwelt the discontented Ariosto, and the unfortunate Tasso, and we fancy we learn something by merely visiting places which were once the abode of genius. The monument of Ariosto is distinguished by a profusion of marble inappropriately employed. The place, which is said to have been Tasso's prison, is converted into a wood and coal shed. But surely the great poet was never confined there, and the occupants of the shed

seem scarcely to understand the object of the visitor until their memory is refreshed by the sight of the usual fee. I could compare this pretended place of Tasso's imprisonment to nothing but the spots of ink which are represented as having fallen from the pen of Luther, in the Castle in which he was confined, and which the keeper takes especial care now and then to refresh. In fact I was so possessed with ill humour, that I felt but little interested in the sight of the fine Academic Institution, founded and endowed by a Cardinal, a native of Ferrara. Yet I could not help being struck with some remains of antiquity which I saw in the Court-yard.

I was also pleased with a picture I saw here, and which I thought very happily conceived. The subject was St. John the Baptist before Herod and Herodias. The prophet, habited in his usual costume of the desert, is represented as addressing, with great vehemence, Herodias, to whom he points with his finger. Herodias looks with a calm indifference to the Prince, who is seated by her side, and who, in his turn, surveys the enthusiast with a quiet expression of earnestness and cunning. Before the King stands a tolerably large white dog, and a small dog of the Bolognese breed, comes from under the foot of Herodias's robe; they are both barking at the prophet. I think the conception of the picture very happy,

GUERCINO.

Cento, October 17, *Evening.*

I write in a better humour to-day. The birth-place of Guercino now claims my notice. The situation of this place is altogether different from that of Ferrara. Cento is a small, agreeable, well-built city, containing about five thousand inhabitants, and situated in a finely cultivated plain. According to my usual custom I commenced my observation by going up to the tower, which overlooks an immense forest plantation of poplars, amongst which are a great number of small farms, each surrounded by a piece of land. The soil is excellent, and the climate mild. It is seldom so fine with us in the middle of summer as it has been here this evening. The sky, which was overcast during the day has become quite clear; the clouds have gone off to the north and south-west, towards the mountains, and I expect a fine day to-morrow.

From this place, I, for the first time, distinguished the Apennines, which I am fast approaching. The winter here continues only during December and January; April is a rainy month, yet the weather is fine, and the showers do not last long. The month of September has been finer and warmer here than the month of August in Germany. I welcome the Apennines with all my heart, for I begin to grow tired of level ground. To-morrow, I will write to you from the foot of the mountains.

Guercino was fond of his native city; the Italians carry to a great extent this feeling of local attachment. To this laudible sentiment is to be traced the origin of so many excellent institutions, and of the multitude of saints who are patrons of each particular town. An academy of painting was formed here, under the direction of Guercino. Of his works his fellow-citizens are justly vain. His name is here held sacred, and is repeated with pride by children as well as by those of a more experienced age.

I was very much pleased with one of his pictures, representing Christ after his resurrection appearing to the Virgin, who, on her knees, gazes on him with inexpressible tenderness. Her left hand touches the body of Christ, above the fatal wound, which spoils the whole picture. The left hand of Christ encircles his mother's neck, and he leans a little backward to

enable him to see her better. This attitude gives, if not an awkward, at least a singular air to the figure, which however is, on the whole, extremely pleasing. The calm and melancholy look which he fixes on her, has an exceedingly fine expression. It seems as though the recollection of their common sufferings were not effaced by his resurrection, but still hovers like a dark cloud over her sublime soul. Strange has engaved this picture, and I should wish my friends to see, at least, his copy.

I also admired a Madonna. The child is represented seeking the breast of his mother, who seems to hesitate, through modesty, to raise the veil which covers her bosom. Nothing can be more natural and noble than the expression of this picture. It is altogether exquisitely beautiful.

There is another picture of a Virgin, with an infant Jesus, whose face is turned towards the spectator. His mother directs his arm, and makes him give his benediction to the bystanders. This is a happy idea in the spirit of the Catholic faith, and has been often repeated.

Guercino's pictures are full of feeling and expression. His touch is bold and firm, without coarseness. Grace and delicacy, and a calm, easy, and dignified style, characterize his works. This style, is so peculiarly his own, that it is impossible not to recognize his pictures after having been acquainted with a single one. The facility, purity, and finish of his pencil are surprising. He is particularly successful in the employment of a low-toned red in his draperies. These tints harmonise wonderfully with the blue which he freely employs.

The subjects of his other pictures were not so judiciously chosen; amidst his efforts to produce effect, the artist has lost all the merit of his inventive genius and his talent for execution. On the whole, I am very well pleased that I have seen this fine collection, though so hasty a glance sadly limits both the pleasure and instruction it is capable of affording.

RAPHAEL'S ST. CECILIA—OLD MASTERS—HANGING TOWER.

Bologna, October 18, *Night.*

I left Cento before daybreak, and soon arrived at Bologna, where I hired an active and intelligent servant. Having told him that I was not to be long in the city, he led me through so many streets, and took me to see so many palaces and churches, that I had scarcely time to consult Volkmann to know where I had been. My notes were so hastily made that I find it difficult to understand them, and I cannot trust to my memory for every thing, I shall therefore mention only two objects, which I viewed with profound admiration.

The first is Raphael's St. Cecilia. The pleasure I enjoyed in the contemplation of this work equalled all that my imagination could have conceived. Raphael always accomplished what other painters have only attempted to do; and it it sufficient to say of this admirable work that it is the production of his masterly hand. The Five Saints, who are here grouped together, are such perfect representations of real existence, that one would wish the picture to last to eternity, even if one's own annihilation were to be the price of it. But to form a correct judgment of this admirable artist, to learn to appreciate all his value without regarding him as a god, or one who, like Melchisedeck, appeared in the world without progeniters, we must go back to his predecessors and masters, who firmly established the bases of truth in art. By their activity and industry they laid an extensive foundation, and animated by a noble spirit of emulation, gradually raised

the pyramid. Raphael came ;—urged by their example and enlightened by heavenly genius, he added the last stone to the structure. He will never be equalled, much less surpassed !

Not the least part of the pleasure experienced in contemplating the works of the old Masters, arises out of the historical interest which they excite. Francesco Francia inspires respect. Perugino may be said to have had a German head. Why did not the genius which Albert Durer undoubtedly possessed, lead him farther into Italy? I have seen some pictures by him at Munich, in a truly grand style. How badly the poor man calculated at Venice, where he lost so much of his time among the Monks; and how much he was disappointed in his journey in the Netherlands, where he expected to make a fortune with his *chefs-d'œuvres*, which he exchanged for parroquets, while he painted the portraits of the servants who waited on him to save giving them the customary vails. How much I pity the fate of this unfortunate artist. My own destiny would, indeed, be very much the same but I know a little better how to take care of myself.

Towards evening I withdrew for a while from this ancient, learned, and memorable city. Escaping from the various crowds that are constantly in motion under the arcades, which form at once a shade and an ornament to all the streets, I ascended the tower, and was delighted once more to breathe the free air. The view is magnificent. On the north are seen the Paduan Mountains and the Alps of Switzerland, the Tyrol and Friuli, and the whole northern chain of hills, which, however, were enveloped in mist. On the west, the view extends to a boundless horizon, in which nothing remarkable appears but the tower of Modina. On the east is a vast plain, reaching as far as the Adriatic, which may be distinguished by the light of the rising sun; and on the south are seen the Vicentine hills, and the nearest mountains of the Apennine chain, verdant to the very summits, covered with churches, palaces, houses, and gardens. The sky was pure and cloudless, with the exception of a slight haziness which obscured the verge of the horizon, and which the keeper of the tower assured me had not dispersed for six years past. Before that time, he said, it was easy to distinguish with the assistance of a telescope, the mountains above Vicenza, as well as the houses and chapels which are so thickly scattered over them, but now they are rarely perceptible, even in fine weather. The northern chain, in particular, is enveloped in those fogs with which our beloved country is so much infested. The keeper also called my attention to the salubrious and airy situation of the city, which might be inferred from the fresh appearance of the roofs of the houses, and from the fact of there being neither moss nor any signs of damp on the tiles. The roofs of the houses are certainly very fine and clean, but this must be owing, in some measure, to the quality of the tiles; at least they used formerly to make excellent ones in Bologna.

The hanging tower is a frightful spectacle; yet there is every reason to believe that it was purposely built in this inclining position. Perhaps, at the period when every house was a fortress, straight towers had become so common that this plan was adopted by way of distinction. If so, both the architect and his employer have attained their object; for travellers are satisfied with a passing view of the finest regular towers, but they gladly go out of their way to see the hanging tower. I ascended to the top of it; the bricks were disposed in horizontal layers, and the solidity of this singular constrution is ensured by means of strong cement, and and iron rivets.

SUBJECTS OF PICTURES.

October 19, *Evening.*

I have employed the whole of this day in the contemplation of masterpieces of art. But it is with the fine arts as with the difficulties of life; the farther we advance, the longer the road appears. I find new stars shining in this firmanent, but to my great regret, I am unable to trace their course. The Carracci, Guido, and Domenchino, appeared in the finer period of art; but in order fully to enjoy their genius, a certain experience and maturity of judgment, which I do not possess are requsite. These qualifications, I trust, I shall acquire in time; but how is it possible to penetrate into the secrets of genius, and to receive an immediate impression from it while the eye is almost always assailed by the most revolting subjects, calculated to excite only terrror and repugnance, instead of producing the pure pleasure of tender emotion and lively admiration?

It is said, that when the angels united with the daughters of men, the offspring of those unions were monsters. So the spectator here feels all the attractions of the sublime genius, and the delicate pencil of Guido, which should never have been employed but on the most beautiful and pleasing subjects; but the eye involuntarily turns from a hideous spectacle. Indeed it is impossible to find terms sufficiently strong to characterize the revolting objects which this artist represents, and it is the same with many subjects treated by other great painters. You have an executioner, and a martyr, without action or inherent interest, but depending on some fanciful external association. An enthusiast or a malefactor, a criminal or a madman is the principal figure, and the artist, to get over the difficulty, is compelled to slip into his composition some fine undraped figure, or the pretty face of a woman introduced as a spectator, or else he employs his spiritual heroes merely as mannikins to cast his draperies upon. There is nothing that appeals to the heart or to the mind; but of ten subjects which I remarked here, there is not one that is worthy of the pencil, or if there be one, the artist could not venture to represent it in its proper light.

There is a beautiful picture by Guido, in the Church of the *Mendicanti.* The execution is of the very finest quality, but the subject is of the most insignificant kind to a painter. It is an *ex-voto* picture. The senate no doubt admired the subject, and probably proposed it, but I cannot see the propriety of introducing those two charming angels, who are only fit to be the comforters of an afflicted Pysche.

St. Proclus is a fine figure, but I cannot say so much for the Bishops and Monks who are beside him. Lower down are some angels, who are playing with various attributes. The painter, who felt his reputation for taste to be in jeopardy, has got through the difficulty as well as he could, and has racked his brain to prove that he was not the barbarian who conceived the subject. There are two more undraped figures by Guido, a St. John in the Wilderness, and a St. Sebastian. The execution of those pictures is surprisingly fine, but what are these two Saints about? One holds his mouth open, and the other is squatting down on the ground. While I am thus out of humour, if I refer to historical documents I find that art owed its revival to religion, but that superstition laid hands on it and destroyed it.

After dinner, being in rather better temper than before, I consulted my notes, and found the following remarks. There is an admirable picture by Guido, in the Tanari palace; the subject is a Virgin, a size larger than life, suckling the infant Jesus. One would suppose that the god of art himself had painted the head of the mother. The exquisite expression of

her countenance, as she looks down upon the child reposing on her breast, cannot be described; it is a kind of calm and profound resignation. She contemplates not the offspring of nuptial love; but a child of heavenly origin, and one which does not belong to herself. So profound is her humility, she seems not to comprehend this miracle. An immense mass of drapery which helps to fill up this picture, is much admired by connoisseurs, but, for my part, I do not see what business it has there at all. Besides, the colours are faded. However, the picture is not in the most favourable light or situation.

With all my inexperience, I already feel the advantage of the repeated exercise of my taste for art in this continual habit of seeing pictures. I am indebted to the knowledge I have acquired of the manner of Guercino, and my admiration of this artist, for a perception of the merit of a Circumcision by that master. I overlook the unfortunate subject, in consideration of the beauty of the execution. The picture is admirably painted. It is finished like an enamel.

I find myself in the situation of the Prophet Balaam; I give my blessing where I would bestow my malediction; and this would often occur again, where I to stay much longer before these master-pieces.

IPHIGENIA.

Among the rest, I saw a picture by Raphael, or at least one which is attributed to him, with every appearance of probability. The subject displays at once exquisite grace and a perfect purity of expression; it is a St. Agatha, and is of great value, though it is not very carefully preserved. The artist has admirably succeeded in representing the utmost degree of virginal gentleness and sanctity, without one trace of coldness or rigidity. I have stamped this celestial image on my mind. I will read over my Iphigenia while this heavenly countenance is still fresh in my recollection, and my heroine shall utter no sentiment which might not be avowed by St. Aghatha.

Now that I mention Iphigenia, I cannot but reflect on the astonishing series of poetic features which the attentive contemplation of the great works or art and nature has excited in my imagination. On the road from Cento, I endeavoured to occupy my thoughts with my Iphigenia in Tauris, but I could not bring my mind to settle on the subject, and my fancy suggested the plan of an Iphigenia at Delphi. The following is a short sketch of my plan.

Electra, in the hope that Orestes will bring to Delphi the statue of Diana, which he had removed from Tauris, appears in the Temple of Apollo, and sacrifices to the gods, as an expiatory offering, that fatal hatchet which caused so many misfortunes in the family of Pelops. To her misfortune she meets with a Greek, who informs her, that having accompanied Orestes and Pylades to Tauris he had fled, after having seen those two friends led to death. Electra, in despair, loses all command of herself, and inveighs bitterly against both gods and men.

In the meantime Iphigenia, Orestes, and Pylades have themselves arrived at Delphi. The calm piety of Iphigenia forms a remarkable contrast with the terrestrial passions which animate Electra when they meet, without knowing each other. The fugitive Greek recognizes in Iphigenia the priestess who sacrificed the two friends, and denounces her to Electra, who immediately conceives the design of sacrificing Iphigenia with the very axe

which she had removed from the altar where it had been consecrated. But a happy incident relieves the two sisters from this horrible misfortune. If this scene were well treated, nothing could produce a more powerful effect; but I know not when I should find time to compose to it, even though my genius should prove auspicious.

A DREAM.

Amidst the impressions under which my mind labours from such a superabundance of interesting reflections, I recollect a dream which I had about a year ago, and which appears to me so singular, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of relating it to my friends. I thought I had landed from a large boat on a fertile and richly cultivated island, which I had visited for the purpose of procuring some pheasants, which were there to be found in great abundance. According to an agreement made with some of the inhabitants, they brought me a quantity of birds, which they had killed. They were certainly pheasants; but as dreams are seldom exactly true to nature, the tails of those birds appeared to sparkle with variegated colours, like those of peacocks, or of birds ot paradise. They were brought by hundreds into the boat, where they were ranged in piles, with the heads under the wings; the variegated feathers of their tails hung outside, and acquired unparalleled splendour from the brilliant rays of the sun. Their number was so great, that the master of the boat and the rowers could scarcely move. As we silently glided along the stream, I shared in imagination this magnificent treasure with my friends. At last I arrived at a spacious port, where I was lost amidst a multitude of fine vessels, and while I was in the act of leaping from deck to deck, seeking a favourable landing-place for my frail skiff, I awoke.

Who does not feel pleasure in recalling those allusions, the spontaneous productions of the soul, and in thus connecting them with the after-events of his life?

INSTITUTE OF BOLOGNA.

To-day I visited the Institute of Bologna, that celebrated establishment devoted to science. The architecture of this extensive building is not in the best taste; yet the whole edifice, and particularly the inner court, present a character of majestic grandeur. The stair-cases and the corridors are abundantly ornamented with sculptures and frescos. Every thing is characterized by propriety and dignity. The multitude of objects of study here assembled is quite surprising; yet, accustomed as we are in Germany to a more open and extensive field of instruction, we should feel ourselves confined even here.

The course of time which changes every thing, and incessantly impresses its character on society, does not so easily destroy the influence of established customs. The Institute of Bologna recalled this to my mind; in fact the Christian churches still preserve the form of the ancient Basilicks, though that of the antique temples would, perhaps, be more in unison with our worship. The establishments devoted to science always present the character of monastic institutions, because it was under the pious shelter of cloisters that learning first found peace and liberty. The Courts of Justice in Italy are so extensive that one might sometimes fancy one's-self in the market-places, were the tribunals were formerly held in the open air. And do we not build our largest theatres under the shelter of a single roof, like the

hurried construction of a temporary booth at a fair? So great was the concourse of students at the period of the reformation, that it was found necessary to lodge them in private houses; yet how great a period elapsed before we could found our orphan-houses, and procure for hundreds of children the benefits of education?

DEPARTURE FROM BOLOGNA.

October 20, Evening.

I have spent the whole of this fine day out of doors. Whenever I approach mountains, I always feel a desire to examine the elements of which they are composed. I seem, like Antæus, to derive new strength from a nearer contact with my mother earth. I rode on horse-back to Paderno, where I found the ponderous spar of Bologna. This spar is made into little balls, which shine in the dark after being calcined and exposed for some time to the light of day. It is then called phosphorous.

I should have enough to say if I were to attempt to detail all that has occupied my mind; but my eager desire to proceed on my journey leaves me no time to recall my ideas. I feel as if I were drawn forward by an irresistible power, and it is not without the greatest difficulty that I can bring myself to think at all of the present moment. Heaven seems to favour my wishes. A coach is now preparing to proceed to Rome, and I depart without fail the day after to-morrow. To-day and to-morrow will, therefore, be employed in making arrangements for my journey. I have a great many notes to arrange and other things to do.

THE APENNINES AND TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

Logano, on the Apennines, October 21, Evening.

I cannot tell whether I have quitted Bologna of my own accord, or whether I have been driven out of it. To cut the matter short, I eagerly embraced the opportunity of leaving it as quickly as possible. I am now in a wretched inn, in company with an officer of the Pope's army, who is on his way to Perugia, his native country. While I was in the coach, I said to him by way compliment to the society of soldiers, and that I was very well pleased to have an officer of the Pope's service as my travelling companion. "Do not be offended," replied he, "at what I am going to say; you may feel an inclination for the profession, for I know that in Germany every thing is military; but for my part, though our service is very easy, and though I live very comfortably in garrison in Bologna, I should be very well pleased to get rid of my uniform and cultivate my father's little estate; but I am a younger son, and must conform to my situation.

October 22, Evening.

I am now at Giredo, a sort of little nest among the Apennines; and I feel happy in being thus far advanced towards the object of my wishes. We travelled to-day in company of an Englishman and a lady, whom he called his sister. They ride on horseback. Their horses are very fine, but they have no attendants, and the gentlemen seems to perform the two-fold duties of squire to the lady and valet to himself. They find fault with every thing they meet with.

The Apennines may certainly be ranked among the finest works of nature. This extensive chain of mountains rises above the vast plain that is watered by the Po, and running between two seas forms the boundary of the

terra-firma on the South. Were it not that these mountains are so extremely steep and elevated and so curiously entwined one with another, they would long since have been subject to the influence of the ebb and flood of the tide: by this means vast plains would have been fertilized, and these districts would have possessed the finest soil in this delightful country. But the mountains are connected together in so irregular a chain that it is often impossible to ascertain the course of the waters. If the valleys were better filled and the plains more level and more abundantly watered, this country would resemble Bohemia, except that the mountains have a totally different character; for here they are not barren wastes, but, on the contrary, are fertile and well cultivated. The chesnut trees are beautiful, and the grain of all kinds in excellent condition. The road is planted with ever-green oaks, with small leaves; and the churches and chapels are surrounded by tall cypresses.

TUSCANY.

Perugia, October 23, Evening.

I have not written a line during the two last evenings; for, in truth the wretched state of the inns has afforded me no accommodation for writing. I am beginning to be a little impatient. Since my departure from Venice I have not found the roads very pleasant for travelling.

This morning early as we descended from the Apennines, we saw Florence lying beneath us in an extensive and finely cultivated valley, covered with houses and villages.

I passed rapidly through the city, and took a view of the Cathedral and the Babtisterium. Here I again found myself in a new world. The Boboli garden is excellently situated; but I passed through it in a very hurried way.

The city bears evidence of the wealth of the inhabitants, and of the good administration which they have for a length of time enjoyed. In Tuscany, the roads, bridges, and all public structures present an aspect of grandeur and magnificence; all are kept in good condition and repair, and thus combine in a high degree the advantages of beauty and utility. Every thing indicates the vigilance and activity of the Government. The Papal States, on the contrary, seem only to exist because the earth does not swallow them up.

In my last letter I mentioned what the Appennines might have been: such is Tuscany at the present day. Here the ground has been fertilized by the sea, deep strata of clay have been formed. The soil is of a bright yellow colour, and is extremely arable. Deep furrows are made, after the old manner. The plough has no wheels, and the share is not moveable. The ploughman stoops down behind his oxen to turn up the earth. The ground is ploughed five times, and after a little manure is scattered over it with the hand, the seed is sown. The ground is heaped up in ridges, with deep intervening furrows, a plan well adapted for carrying off the rain water. The grain grows on these ridges, and the labourer goes into the furrows to weed the ground. This method is doubtless well adapted for a damp soil, but I do not understand the necessity of employing it in fine extensive plains. This observation particularly struck me as I passed a magnificent plain near Arezzo. The ground here is kept in such excellent condition, that not a lump of earth is to be seen any where; all is as fine and smooth as if it had been sifted. The wheat is in the most florishing state, and is cultivated in great abundance. In the second year a crop of beans is planted; for the horses here are fed

with beans instead of oats. Lupines are likewise cultivated; they are now beautifully green, and will be gathered in March. The flax has already shot up; it will remain in the ground the whole winter, and the frost will improve the seed.

The olive is a singular tree. It bears some resemblance to the willow. It drops its stone, and the husks burst, after which the fruit closes up and becomes perfectly sound. From the appearance of the wood, it is evidently of slow growth; it is very fine in the grain. The leaves resemble those of the willow; but they are less thick on the branches, Along the mountains that surround Florence, I saw nothing but plantations of olives and vines, occasionally intermingled with grain. In the neighbourhood of Arezzo and further on, nothing is sown between the plantations. I have observed that they do not take sufficient pains here to remove the ivy, which is very destructive to to the olives and other plantations; it might, however, be very easily got rid of. There are no meadows in this part of the country. It is affirmed that maize exhausts the soil; and that the growth of this kind of grain has been injurious to other branches of agriculture. If the soil has really become poorer, it is probably from the want of sufficient manure.

THE PAPAL OFFICER.

I took leave of my travelling companion, the Captain in the Papal service, who made me promise to see him again when I should visit Bologna on my return. He is an exact specimen of many of his countrymen. The following trait will afford an idea of his character. Observing me on some occasion or other, silent and thoughtful, he said: "*Che pensa? non deve mai pensar l'uomo pensando s'invecchia.*" "What are you thinking of? (One ought never to think; thinking makes one grow old.)" Then after a few words had been interchanged between us, he added: "*Non deve fermarsi l'uomo in una sola cosa, perche allora divien matto; bisogna aver mille cose, una confusione nella testa*" (A man ought not to fix his mind on one subject: that would drive him mad. One ought to have a thousand things all in confusion in one's head.) The worthy Italian little suspected that my silence and thoughtfulness at that moment were actually occasioned by a mass of ideas old and new, floating confusedly in my brain.

The extent of this man's information may be judged of from the following conversation. Having discovered that I was a Protestant, he requested, after a few formal introductory observations, that I would permit him to ask me one or two questions; as he had heard so many strange things of the protestants, that he wished at length to come to a knowledge of the truth. "Is it true," said he, "that your priests permit you to live with a woman without being married to her?" I told him that our priests did not concern themselves with the details of private life; but that they certainly would not permit such connections if they were consulted about them." "Then you are not obliged to consult them? How happy you are! and if you do not confess to them, of course they know nothing of your faults." Then he began to rail and murmur against the Catholic priests and to praise the freedom enjoyed by the Protestants. "But," continued he, "I wish to ask you a question relative to confession. It is understood that all men, christians or not, feel the necessity of confessing their sins? but that, in their blindness, those who are not christians confess to an old tree. This is a most ridiculous custom; but it at least proves that the necessity of confes-

sion is admitted." I endeavoured to explain to him our ideas and customs respecting confession. He thought our method a very convenient one, but said it was much the same as confessing to a tree. After a short pause, he requested with a very serious air, that I would put him right on another point. He had heard it affirmed by a Catholic Priest, a man whose veracity might be depended on, that the Protestants were at liberty to marry their sisters; a thing which appeared to him almost incredible. Having assured him that was entirely a mistake, I endeavoured to give him an idea of our doctrine: but this did not seem to interest him much; it was probably too simple for him. He then proceeded to another subject.—"I have been assurred," said he, "that Frederick the Great, who has gained so many victories over the true believers, and has filled the world with his fame;—that this Prince who passes for a downright heretic, is really a Catholic, and is authorised by the Pope to keep his faith a secret. It is a well-known fact, that he never enters a Protestant church; and it is said he attends divine service in a subterraneous Chapel, where he begs the forgiveness of God for not venturing openly to avow his faith. If he were known to be a Catholic, the Prussians, who are obstinate heretics, would immediately sacrifice him, which would be an evil unattended by any advantage. For this reason the Holy Father has permitted him to adopt our faith without openly avowing it; and the King, on his part, favours Catholicism to the utmost of his power." Without contradicting my interlocutor, I observed that the circumstanee of the King of Prussia being a Catholic was certainly a profound secret, since nobody knew any thing of the matter. In this way our conversation was maintained for some time, I could not but admire the art with which the Catholic Clergy seek to conceal and misrepresent every thing that departs from the laws of their own faith.

ASSISI—TEMPLE OF MINERVA.

I left Perugia on a most delightful morning, and I once more enjoyed the happiness of being alone. The town is finely situated, commanding a view of the sea. The magnificence of the prospect is engraven on my memory. The road from Perugia gently descends into a valley, bounded on either side by hills in the distance. At length I came within sight of Assisi.

I had learned from the works of Palladio and Volkmann that I should find here, in a state of complete preservation, a fine temple of Minerva, erected in the reign of Augustus. I left my veturino near Madonna del Angelo, whence he was to proceed to Foligno, and I directed my course towards Assisi; for I had a great wish to perform this journey alone, and on foot. On my left stood the church in which repose the ashes of St. Francis. Its multitude of shapeless spires, rising one above another, reminded me of the tower of Babel. I had no inclination to visit this whimsical structure, in the contemplation of which I thought I might really be driven mad, and thereby justify the apprehensions of my late travelling companion, the Pontifical officer. I inquired of a handsome young man, whom I accidentally met, the road to Santa Maria della Minerva, and he accompanied me as far as the town, which is built on the side of a hill. I soon reached what is called the old town, and I there beheld the finest edifice, the first perfect monument of antiquity, I had yet seen. It is a modest temple, suited to the little town, for which it was built; but the conception is so fine, and the execution so perfect, that it could not fail to excite admiration any where. I will, first of all,

describe its situation. Ever since I learned from Vitruvius and Palladio how the ancients built their towns, how they chose the scites of their temples and public buildings, all these monuments have inspired me with the most profound respect. The ancients excelled in this happy combination of nature and art. The temple of Minerva is situated about half-way up the hill, at a point where two smaller acclivities meet together. This was anciently the market-place of the town, and it is still called the Piazza. In this place, which has a gentle slope, there is a junction of four streets, two running upwards and two downwards, which intersect each other, in form of a St. Andrew's cross. In ancient times there were, probably, no houses in the situations of those which are now in front of the temple. Supposing the space, on which they stand, to be clear, the eye would command a rich prospect on the south, and the sanctuary of Minerva would be visible from every point of the surrounding country. The streets appear to be very old, for their directions have been traced according to the natural form and slope of the mountains. The temple does not stand in the middle of the Piazza, but is so situated that the traveller, coming from Rome, sees it from a distance. To convey a proper idea of it, an artist must not confine himself to a representation of the structure alone, he must also delineate its charming situation.

In contemplating the front of the temple, I was at once forcibly struck with the genius and the judgment of the architect. The building is of the Corinthian order. The inter-columnar spaces are twice the depth of the diameter of the columns. The bases of the latter, and the plinths, seem to be raised on pedestals. But they are so only in appearance; for the socle is open in five places, and, at each opening, there are five steps, leading up to the platform on which the colonnade is really supported, and from which the temple is entered. The idea of dividing the socle was very judiciously conceived, for otherwise, the temple being built on a hill, the flight of steps leading to it must have been carried out to such an extent as would have considerably contracted the limits of the Piazza. It is impossible now to ascertain the number of these lower steps, as all, except a few, have been covered in and paved over. I reluctantly withdrew from the contemplation of this edifice, to which I wish to draw the attention of artists, in the hope that some one may furnish a correct representation of it; for here again I feel all the inadequacy of description. Palladio, in whom I am willing to place full confidence, has given a description of this temple; but I cannot believe that he, himself, saw it, for the plate represents pedestals on the platform, which gives to the columns the unpleasing effect of disproportionate height, like the pillars of Palmyra; while they are, in reality characterized by exquisite regularity and beauty. The impression which the contemplation of this monument produced on me is indescribable, and can never be erased from my mind.

SBIRRI.

The evening was delightful as I journeyed down the hill along the Roman road. I was tranquilly meditating on the beauty of the surrounding objects, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the voices of some men who were behind me, who were violently disputing with each other. I concluded they were a party of *Sbirri*, whom I had observed in the town. I walked on, listenning to their conversation, and I soon understood that I was myself the subject of it. Four of the party, two of them were very ill-looking fellows, armed with muskets, passed by me. They muttered something between

their teeth, and, after advancing a few paces, they turned about and surrounded me. They asked me who I was, and what my business was in these parts. I replied that I was a foreigner, and that I had sent my *vettura* on to Foligno, while I journeyed thither on foot. However, they did not think it very probable that a man should chuse to walk after hiring a carriage, and they inquired whether I had been to the great convent. I replied in the negative, adding, that I was already acquainted with the building. I informed them that I was an architect, and that I had been visiting Santa Maria della Minerva, which, as they all knew, was a master-piece of art. This they readily admitted; but they nevertheless appeared displeased that I had not paid my devotion to the Saint at the Convent. At length they declared that they suspected I had been engaged in contraband dealings. I observed that it was most ridiculous to cherish such a suspicion of a man who was travelling alone, without luggage, and with empty pockets. I desired them to conduct me to the town, and that I would submit my papers to the examination of the Podesta, who would soon be convinced that I was a man of honour. They murmured and declined to do this; and finding that I was firm and decided, they left me and proceeded back in the direction of the town. I looked after them; and when they were fairly out of sight I cast a parting glance on the beautiful temple of Minerva. I then turned to pursue my journey, my eyes being fixed on the gloomy dome of St. Francis on my left, when, to my astonishment, one of the party came running after me. He was unarmed; and he now came in a very humble tone to solicit my bounty. He assured me that he well deserved it, for that he had made a very favourable impression as to me on his comrades; adding, that at the very first glance he knew me to be a gentleman. I thanked him for his good offices, and made him promise in future to protect all whom the love of art might induce to visit Santa Maria della Minerva. I slipped into his hand a silver piece, which was, doubtless, not the least powerful argument I employed. With many expressions of gratitude he requested that I would return to Assisi during the festival of the patron Saint, offering, at the same time, to give me an introduction to the prettiest and most respectable lady in the place. He promised to remember me in his evening orisons at the tomb of the Saint, and to pray that I might have a safe and pleasant journey. We parted; and I once more enjoyed the delight of contemplating in solitude the sublime aspect of nature. I had a most charming journey to Foligno: I walked, for the space of four hours along the side of a hill, having a richly cultivated valley on my right.

ITALIAN COACHES.

Nothing can be more inconvenient than the Italian coaches. The only advantage they posssess is that one can easily follow them on foot. From Ferrara to this place I have been dragged rather than carried. This Italy, so favoured by nature, is far behind other countries in all that relates to the conveniencies and comforts of life. The hired carriage, which is called a *Sedia*, doubtless owes its origin to those chairs, in which, formerly, old persons and women of distinction, were carried by mules. Instead of the mule which used to be harnesed in shafts behind, two wheels have been fixed under the chair, and herein consists the whole improvement that ha been made in this vehicle, the occupant of which is jolted about most unmercifully. The Italians are equally behind hand in the construction of the habitations, and indeed in every thing

HABITS OF THE PEOPLE.

The poetic idea that man, in his primitive state, lives for the most part in the open air, only seeking refuge in caverns, when compelled by necessity, is fully realized in Italy. Here, particularly in the country places, one has only to cast one's eyes around to be convinced that most of the habitations are absolute caverns. Perhaps the Italians indulge in this improvidence, lest, as the Papal officer observed, reflection should make them grow old. Their total disregard of every precaution calculated to ensure their comfort during the winter and the long nights, exceeds all belief. The people live, for a great part of the year, with no other sheltering place than that provided for animals. I am here, at Foligno, in a habitation that might be supposed to belong to the age of Homer. It is a kind of a large shed, with a fire blazing in the middle. The hoary occupants of this wretched abode are collected round the hearth, roaring and brawling together. They take their meals at a long table, which might serve as a model for a picture of the Marriage of Cana. Amidst all this tumult, I certainly should not have thought of writing, but some one has asked for an ink-horn, and I therefore avail myself of the opportunity of using it. This sheet will, certainly, bear evidence of the cold and other inconveniences which I experience here.

It is really a monstrous undertaking to travel in this country unattended, and without having adopted the necessary arrangements. The continual change of money, the variation of prices, the vetturini and the bad inns are endless sources of torment; and the man who, like myself, comes alone to pay his first visit to Italy, in the hope of enjoying uninterrupted pleasure, will find himself egrigiously disappointed. But my object was to see Italy, let the sacrifice be what it might; and even though I should be dragged to Rome on Ixion's wheel I will not complain.

Terni, October 27, Evening.

I am here in a sort of grotto, which, about a year ago, suffered from the effects of an earthquake. The little town of Terni is most delightfully situated at the entrance of a plain between hills of calcarious stone. Bologna lies at the foot of the mountain, on one side, and Terni on the other.

I have now a Priest as a travelling companion. He seems better content with his situation than the Papal officer was. Though he regards me as a heretic, yet he readily answers any question that I put to him respecting the Catholic rites and other analagous subjects. Living as I now am in the midst of this new world, I am fulfilling my object, and I am enabled to form a picture of the country by observing the people in their habitual relations with each other. Italy presents the singular spectacle of continual internal conflict. A violent spirit of rivalry every where prevails between the inhabitants of the towns and the country. The different classes of society are continually at war with each other; and in their hostility they manifest the utmost vehemence of passion. In short, a drama is continually going on, in which the people appear in their real characters; but in the midst of all their fury, it is curious to observe how easily they resume their good temper.

ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE.

I have now reached Spoleto, and I have crossed the aqueduct, which serves, at the same time, as a bridge, for passing from one hill to the other.

Over the valley rise ten arches, built of brick, whose solidity has braved the ravages of time. The water still flows from all the surrounding points to the Spoleto. This aqueduct is the third monument of antiquity that I have seen in Italy. All manifest the same judicious conception. The architecture of the ancients, like nature, always provided for some objects of utility: this is evident in the construction of the ampitheatre of Verona, the temple of Minerva, and the aqueduct of Spoleto. I am now convinced of the justice of my dislike of all those structures which have been elevated according to the dictates of caprice, as for example the Castle of Weissenstein,* and a thousand absurd gew-gaws of the same kind. All such productions may be said to be still-born; they possess neither spirit nor truth, and they present nothing that is or ever can become great.

The Chapel of San Crocefisso, which I saw on the road, is not the ruins of the ancient temple on whose scite it stands. It is a mass of columns, pillars, cornices, &c. which were found on the spot, and which, in the mode they are now connected together, present a most absurd amalgamation. It is impossible to describe this structure; but there is probably a copper-plate print of it. Nothing can be more mortifying to one who wishes to acquire ideas on ancient art, than to meet with ruins out of which he must laboriously reconstruct a monument before he can obtain a notion of its original form.

When one treads classic ground every object appears under a new aspect. In vain we seek to banish the illusions of imagination, and to view the country such as it really is; but we still find ourselves on the spot marked by fate as the theatre of great events. Hitherto I have employed such knowledge as I possess of geology and landscape drawing, to enable me to sieze the real aspect of the places I have visited, and to form a correct idea of them. The accurate acquaintance with local situations has a wonderful power in reviving as it were before our eyes, the characters and events of history. I long to read Tacitus in Rome.

LORD BYRON'S GOOD NIGHT.

NOTHING can exceed the popularity of Lord Byron's Poems in German. Several Booksellers have reprinted the original English, and, from the advertisements in the Newspapers, it is evident that the translations are numerous. We have not seen any of the latter publications, but if we may judge from the two last stanzas of the "Good Night" in the commencement of the first canto of Childe Harold, which we have met with in a German Literary Journal, it is probable that some of the versions are ably executed. With a full consciousness of our liability to error in giving an opinion on Literary composition in a foreign tongue, we must say that this little fragment appears to us very interesting; and we are persuaded that some of our

* Weissenstein or Wilhelmshöhe, a country residence belonging to the Elector of Hesse-Cassel. It is situated about a league from Cassel, on the summit of a mountain, and is surmounted by a colossal statue of Herculus in bronze. The structure, itself has a very absurd effect; but the park, which extends over one side of the hill, is extremely picturesque. It is laid out in the English style, and is remarkable for the abundance of water with which it is supplied.

readers will be well pleased to see it introduced into the pages of the Parthenon. It seems to possess all the ease of an original, and perhaps neither the sense nor the manner of the author could be so well reproduced through the medium of any other language. Such imitations show how much the German and the English are sister idioms.

Jetz bin ich in der Welt allein
  Auf weiter, weiter See,
Wozu dass ich um andre wein',
  Fühlt Keiner doch mein Weh!
Vielleicht heult jetz mein Hund nach mir
  Bis ihn ein Fremder nimmt,
Doch eh' ich wieder heim von hier,
  Fast er mich wohl ergrimmt.

Mit dir geh ich, wenn du dich hullst,
  Mein Schiff, in Wellenschaum!
Mir gleich wohin du führen willst
  Nur nicht zu alten Raum.
Wilkommen, blaues Seerevier,
  Und wenn es ferne lacht
Wilkommen Wüsten, Höhlen ihr,
  O Heimat——gute Nacht!

We subjoin the original to facilitate comparison:

"And now I'm in the world alone,
  Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
  When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
  Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
  He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee my bark, I'll swiftly go
  Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
  So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
  And when you fail my sight,
Welcome ye deserts and ye caves!
  My native land——Good Night!"

ROYAL ACADEMY.

PREMIUMS.

On the 10th ult. the grand biennial distribution of premiums took place at the Royal Academy, when the following Prizes were adjudged to the successful Candidates :—

To *Mr. Wood*, a gold medal, and the Discourses of the Presidents, Sir Joshua Reynolds and West, for an historical picture representing "Joseph, expounding the dreams of Pharaoh's chief Butler and Baker."

—— *Mr. Deare*, a gold medal and the same Discourses, for a model of "The Death of Goliah."

—— *Mr. Basset*, a gold medal and the same Discourses, for a Design for a National Edifice, adapted for the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, and the Society of Antiquarians.

—— *Mr. Webster*, a silver medal, and the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best copy in oils, of a "Virgin and Child," by Raphael.

—— *Mr. Fancourt*, a silver medal for the second-best copy.

—— *Mr. Wood*, a silver medal, and the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best Drawing from the life.

—— *Mr. Slous*, a silver medal, for the second-best Drawing.

—— *Mr. Deare*, a silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best Model from the life.

—— *Mr. Loat*, a silver medal, for an Architectural Drawing of St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook.

—— *Mr. Williams*, a silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best Drawing from the antique.

—— *Mr. Smith*, a silver medal for the second-best Drawing.

—— *Mr. Presbury*, a silver medal, for the third-best Drawing.

—— *Mr. Gallager*, a silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best Model from the antique.

—— *Mr. Parnormo*, a silver medal, for the second-best Model.

The Prizes were delivered by the President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, after the distribution, addressed the Students as follows :—

Gentlemen,—It has again been my pleasing duty to distribute the highest prizes of the Royal Academy.

In deciding on the productions of youthful genius, there will often be much nicety of discussion, since taste and judgment, the subtlest and severest arbiters, are to give the sentence. Some difference of opinion may have existed on the present occasion. The result, however, sufficiently proves that the Academy are pleased with your exertions.

In framing the laws which refer to those exertions, the Council and Members of the Royal Academy, employed the most serious consideration, and maturely weighed every probable circumstance to which they can apply. It might reasonably be expected, that the known printed regulations of a public body, would be scrupulously obeyed by those who are to benefit by their operation, and the most injurious consequence would ensue if they could be infringed with impunity. As this however cannot be permitted, the penalty of the fault, or the mistake, must fall on the individual. The regret indeed may be deeply felt by the Academy, since few things can

be more painful to it than to see a work of genius deprived of its reward, and the Institution itself of the just credit, which it might otherwise have gained from it.*

The superior importance attached to the delivery of the gold medals, which secure to the Students who receive them, the advantages of foreign study, determined the Counsel of the Royal Academy to give more of ceremony to it than belongs to the distribution of its Prizes on other occasions. In conformity with this usage, my predecessors in the Chair have occasionally given monitory addresses or finished Discourses on the higher principles of art, and the works of the finest Masters. A custom which produced the greatest benefit to the arts that they have received in modern times, cannot be too justly commended or carefully followed; yet still the performance of this voluntary task must be governed by the feelings and ability of the Individual. A true knowledge of his limited powers may lead him to fear attempting it, and chance deprive him of the power. In this predicament I unfortunately stand at the present moment. An absence on the Continent, protracted beyond my expectation, and from which I returned but yesterday, has been so much occupied by my professional labours and engagements resulting from them, as to have filled the period which I intended to devote to the arrangement of such impressions or opinions as I might have considered worthy of your attention. I think it fair, however, to mention one circumstance, not perhaps generally known, which may a little extenuate the omission.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, with the usual propriety of his fine judgment, justifies himself for undertaking an office not specified in the laws of the Academy, by many considerations which fully authorize it, but veils the real circumstance by which it was occasioned. At the commencement of the Institution, the principles of Taste were less generally diffused, and that nobler theory unknown which he so essentially contributed to form. This partial ignorance had its effect on the instruction of that period; and a Professorship—not then graced by the ability of a Barry, an Opie, a Fuseli, and a Phillips, was felt to be inadequately filled, for the great purposes of the Institution. As the most substantial good often results from temporary ill, we owe to that unfavourable circumstance attending the struggling efforts of an infant society, one of the purest and most permanent triumphs of this country.

But, Gentlemen, I need not point out to you the obvious difference between the situation as well as powers of that illustrious man, and of the Individual who now addresses you. You now, not only enjoy the benefit of Sir Joshua's enlightened taste, but of the practical knowledge of Mr. West, and of the genius of the great man whom we have lately lost! You will soon participate in the information and judgment of his intelligent Successor.

Of the qualifications of that Gentleman for his important duty, it is almost improper in me to speak, since they have received the full sanction

* This, we understand, was said in allusion to a Picture painted by Mr. John Hayter, one of the Candidates. Mr. Hayter's picture was rejected from the competition, in consequence of that artist's absence on the day appointed for the sketches, which the Cadidates are required to make, previous to the decision of the Academy. We observe that Mr. Hayter, sen. has addressed a letter to the Editor of the *Times*, in explanation of the cause of his son's non-attendance, which was occasioned by severe indisposition.

of this Academy; but I may be allowed to notice the generous zeal, with which he prepares himself to undertake the office.

Long a master in his art, and often presenting in his works example of its highest principles, he descends again to be the pupil, and travels to obtain from personal inspection of the practice of the greatest masters, fresh matter for your instruction. If other motives have mingled with that object—if the anxiety of friendship—respect and solicitude for distinguished genius, have determined, not the purpose but, the moment of his departure, you will not be the less grateful to him for his sympathy on a subject of such general interest, but rather give more weight to an obligation, so feelingly enhanced.

The mention of my absence on the Continent calls from me for every expression of humble gratitude, and as due acknowledgement of the honour conferred by his Majesty on the Royal Academy, in the late mission entrusted to its President. In venturing to undertake it, I had no fears for the credit of the arts of my country, too variously and powerfully supported at home; but I did justly apprehend that my own good fortune might desert me, and leave me unequal to my task.

If I have escaped this danger, I chiefly owe it to the beneficence of my reception—to the considerate attention of his Most Christian Majesty to the affectionate desire of the King of England, and to the liberality of a Foreign School, as candid as it is great.

Gentlemen, I will not longer detain you, except to wish you new exertions for new honours, and tranquillity and health in their pursuit.

LECTURES ON ANATOMY.

On Thursday, the 22d ult. Mr. Green, the newly-elected Professor, concluded his Course of Lectures on the Anatomy of the Human Body, at the Royal Academy. In his preliminary discourse, Mr. Green endeavoured to point out the proper use of Anatomy to Artists, and to shew how far its study was essential to a proficiency in their art. He would not declare unconditionally that Anatomy was essential to Painting and Sculpture; the Greeks had attained great eminence in their arts without a knowledge of anatomy, as the evidence of Pliny and Pausanias, and the blunders of their medical books testify; but this was, by no means a reason, why the modern artist should not avail himself of the opportunities which are afforded him of studying that science. The Greeks beheld a constant exposure of the humam body at their games and festivals; their climate admitted this, and their manners were agreeable to it. These advantages the moderns possessed not; it behoved them, therefore, to make use of those advantages which they had, in the place of those which were denied them.

The Professor declared Painting to be a language, of which Anatomy was the grammar and syntax; these not only enabled us to attain correctness, but, by habitual correctness, to acquire such confidence that a noble thought may instantaneously and involantarily as it were, find its true expression. He compared the progress of the human mind. in its preparation for any of the noblest arts, to the progressive revolution of a wheel. In the first instance, in the difficult acquirment of rudiments, the spokes are singly and deliberately counted; but as the student advances they pass quicker and quicker, until at last the revolution of the wheel is entirely lost in its

powerful products. With whatever astonishment we view the facility with which the sublimest thoughts of Milton and Michael Angelo were followed by powerful expression, such were at first their tedious and laborious efforts, and such their regular progression, till at last thought and execution, review and approval, became respectively one. The Professor concluded by touching on the different powers and acquirements essential to the artist, who, he considered, would be great in proportion as the man was great, and instanced Lionardo da Vinci, the great father of modern art, and perhaps the most extraordinary and universal genius the world has ever seen.

In his second Lecture, the Professor began the description of the bones. He dwelt principally on the forms and uses of the bones of the trunk,—that part of the frame, which contains the viscera necessary to existence, where the respiration is carried on, and the food digested.

The third Lecture, which consisted of a continuation of the description of the skeleton, was confined to the bones of the upper and lower extremities. After pointing out the general correspondence between the upper and lower extremities, Mr. G. proceeded to show how the upper from lightness and the freedom of articulation, is adapted to great mobility, while the lower, from the massiveness of the parts, the firmness of the joints, and the strength of the muscles and ligatures, is excellently fitted for loco-motion and the support of the body. In describing the upper extremities, he made an observation which cannot be too often impressed on the recollection of young artists—namely that the longitudinal edge of the scapula is not parallel to the spine, and that as the arm moves upwards, the lower angle of the scapula is removed farther from the vertebral column, and is approximated to it as the arm is lowered. He touched upon the varieties of the clavicle and scapula in different animals, and remarked on the precision with which the uses of bones might be inferred from their forms. No one had caried this study so far as the celebrated Cuvier of Paris, who, in examining the fossil remains of the antediluvian world, inferred what the form of animals must have been merely from an examination of the teeth. In speaking of the hand, Mr. Green observed that an eminent philosopher had regarded the structure of that part of the human body as the cause of the superiority of man over other animals. This opinion was erroneous; the hand he considered as the instrument only. Intellect directed the hand and gave the superiority. With regard to the lower extremities, we must confine ourselves to one or two observations, which we consider important. In refutation of the strange opinion which some writers have adopted, that man was originally a quadruped, Mr. Green referred to the play of the head of the thigh-bone in the acetabulum or socket. He explained how the ball which forms the head of that bone acquires a position in the socket, when a man is upon all fours, very different from that which takes place in other animals; the weight of the human body in that position being thrown on the ridge of the acetabulum, which is not adequate to its due support. In describing the ancle and the foot, he pointed out the great advantage derived from the arched formation of the tarsus. That structure, he observed, gave free play to the muscles, and prevented the blood-vessels from being compressed so as to impede the circulation. As the weight of the body principally rests on the tarsus, the arch is favourable to its support, and from the springiness of the arch, it is of great advantage in leaping and vaulting, as well as in common walking.

Mr. Green having, in two preceeding Lectures, finished his examination of the whole of the bones of the skeleton, with the exception of those of the

skull, proceeded in his fourth to describe them. After he had detailed the several portions of the cranium and face, he remarked on the difference between the human skull and that of other animals. This arose from the sloping back of the forehead in the latter, which is always indicative of brutishness and want of intellect, whereas the full-size and expanded front of the human skull gave it a character of intelligence and elevation. Mr. Green next pointed out the gradual change which took place in the shape of the jaws at different periods of life. In childhood they were soft, and destitute of form and character; in manhood they assumed a greater degree of prominence, depth, and squareness, and the fleshy parts were more distinct. In old age, again, they became more shapeless than even in childhood, and the character was entirely lost. After concluding his description of the bones of the head, the Professor, before he proceeded to a particular detail of the muscles, made some general observations on muscular action. Then, taking a view of the *faseiæ*, membranes, &c. and pointing out the distinction in appearance between muscles in action and in repose, in life and in death, in health and in sickness, he remarked that they assumed three different states —the first, when contracted by action; the second, when in repose in the living subject; and the third, when rendered rigid at the time of death. The whole muscular substances formed one system of inter-dependent parts. The Professor at last entered upon the muscles which move the jaws and upon those of the neck, purposely reserving those of the face for the concluding lecture; when his auditors would be more prepared for the consideration of that most important part of the frame to artists—the index of the passions—the mirror of character and expression.

In his fifth Lecture, the Professor described the muscles of the abdomen, which serve, he observed, to protect the viscera, and are adapted to the important office of digestion. They are likewise the principal agents in bending the trunk backwards and forwards. He noticed the way these muscles move in the action of respiration, and remarked that in deep and strong breathing, the ribs themselves are much elevated. In describing the muscles of the upper arm, he enforced his former remarks with respect to the scapula, and pointed out its adaptation for varied and quick motion, by its junction at only one point with bone, and its being as it were, imbeded in muscles, which enable it to move with ease and rapidity.

On Saturday, the Professor delivered his sixth and last Lecture, for the instruction of the students. He regretted that the limited period assigned to his lectures obliged him to treat his subject in a more superficial way than he wished, but he would propose as a compensation, the admission of the students to his school of anatomy, where every opportunity should be afforded them for the prosecution of their study. Mr. Green then proceeded to discuss the muscles of the fore-arm and hand. He dwelt particularly on the structure of the thumb, and remarked its wonderful adaptation by its strength and facility of movement, for the execution of the most laborious as well as the most delicate kinds of workmanship. Before he entered on the muscles of the lower extremity, the Professor took a cursory glance at those that run along the spine up to the occiput, which he remarked are strongly expresed in the neck of the Farnese Hercules, ann give it its surprising breadth and fulness. These muscles, he farther observed, serve to make the necks of the bull, the stallion, and the wolf so full and large. In the lower extremities the most remarkable muscle, he said, was the gluteus. Indeed, he considered that muscle one of the most prominent features of the human form. Why, he asked, should it be so large in man? It furnished one of the

strongest evidences in support of the opinion that man is designed for erect posture, since its use is not alone to carry back the leg, ; it likewise contributes to preserve the body upright. In all the monkey tribes, this muscle is comparatively very diminutive, and those animals cannot stand erect for any length of time. The erect posture is, with them, a forced one. Mr. Green next went over the muscles of the face, describing their different actions, and pointing out the influence the passions of the mind exercise over their forms, and the consequent result in expression. He observed, that with regard to expression the artist should depend on actual observation, and industriously collect materials for study from nature herself. He dwelt on the power of the will over the features, and pointed out the general character of intelligence peculiar to the human countenance. It was no objection to this observation he said, that there appeared in the Australasian savages such a brutish and vacant expression. He was not the representative of the genus, but of a particular family of the human race. Still in the midst of all his brutality, the essence of humanity is seen gleaming through a troubled medium.

The Professor adverted to the varieties of expression in the human countenance. There was one general form; and the differences in the portraits of the greatest and wisest exhibited merely so many different declensions of the character of man. In alluding to propriety of expression, he referred to the story of the young Greek actor, who, having to perform the character of Agamennon, came before the audience in a bold and confident style, with a lively step and elevated head. The audience were enchanted, and loudly applauded. A solitary hiss alone was heard, and this to the surprise and indignation of all, proceeded from the the teacher of the new actor. The audience insisted on his immediately performing the part himself. This the old actor complied with, and came on the stage with a slow step, his arms folded, his eyes cast down, and his head reclining on his breast. The spectators soon recognized the true personification of the leader of the Grecian forces, on whom the hopes of his country rested, and learned to distinguish it from the rant and fury of an Ajax proceeding to battle.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

We close this number of the Parthenon with a very scarce composition of the great Sebastian Bach, to which a German Musical Journal has recently given publicity. It was originally composed for the organ, but may be played on the piano-forte with the assistance of a second performer for the pedal parts, or they may be omited. The piece is merely a fragment, but it forms in itself a whole, though the key of F major closes in A minor.

A correspondent complains that the valuable pictures in Dulwich Gallery are likely to suffer from the want of fires being kept in the building, during the present season. We hope the Trustees will inquire into this matter, and take measures to correect any mismanagement or oversight from which so valuable a collection might sustain material and irreparable injury.

The most recent of our Panoramic exhibitions, and all things considered the best, is the Panoramic View of the City of Mexico in Leicester-square. This correct representation of the capital of one of the finest portions of the new world, now delivered from the yoke of Spain, is executed by Messrs. J. and R. Burford from drawings taken in the summer of 1823 by Mr. W. Bullock. The picture, which is exquisitely painted, pleases the eye as much as the contemplation of so remarkable a scene satisfies the curiosity of the spectator.

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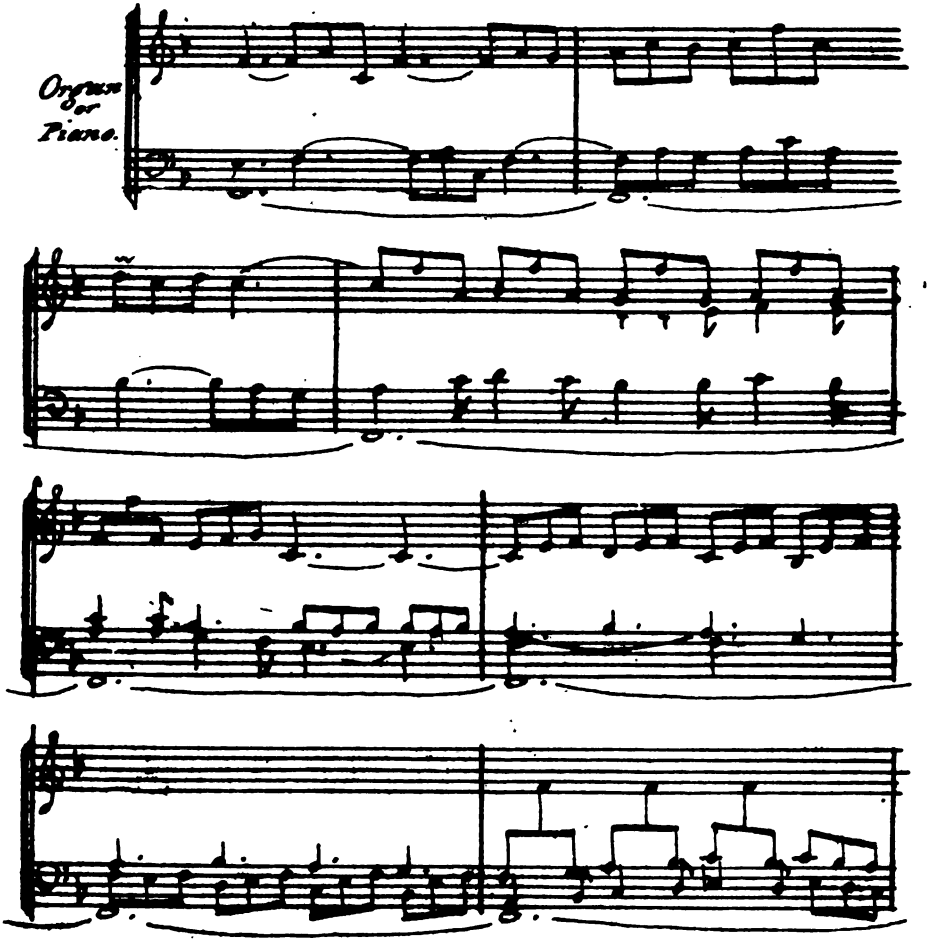
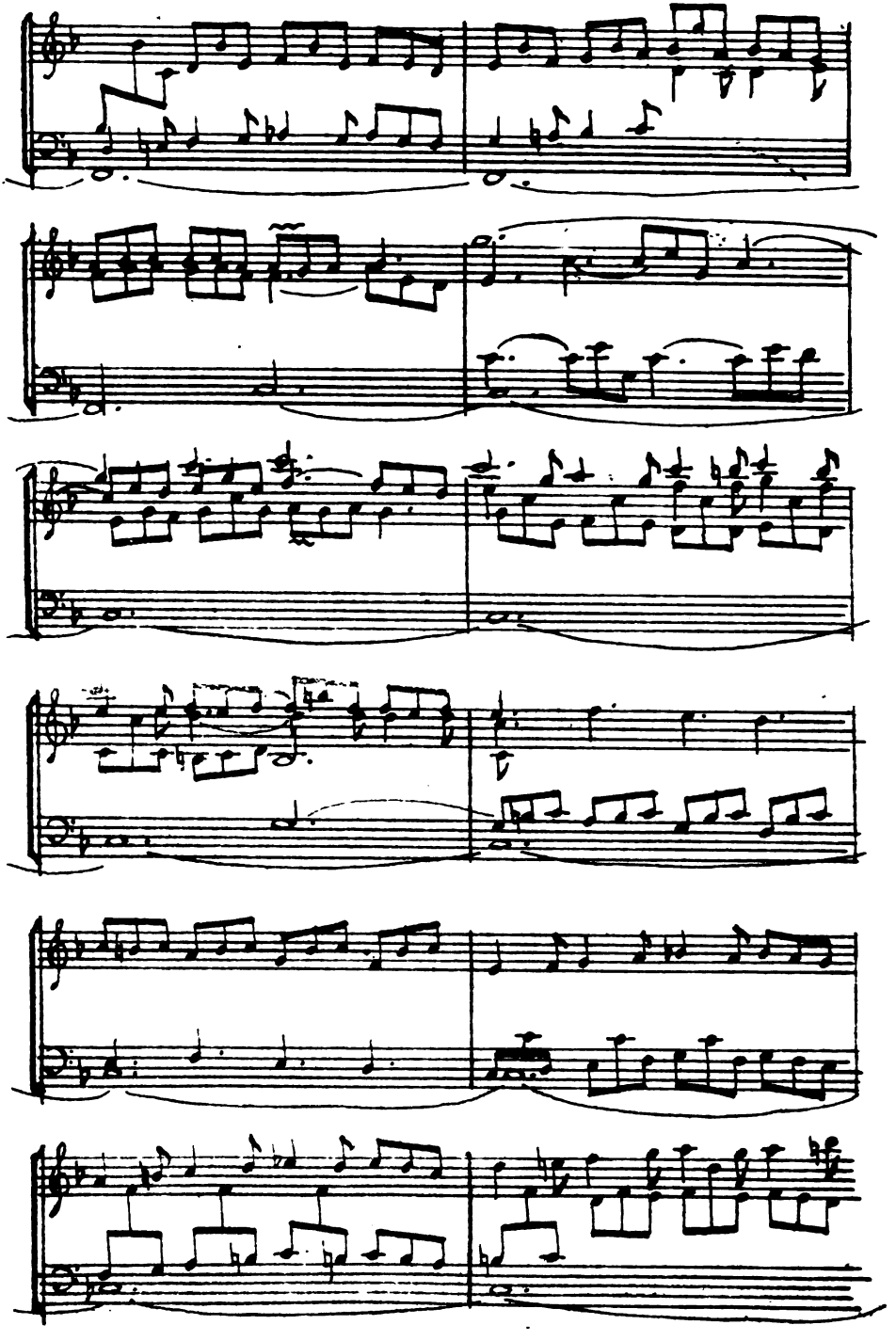
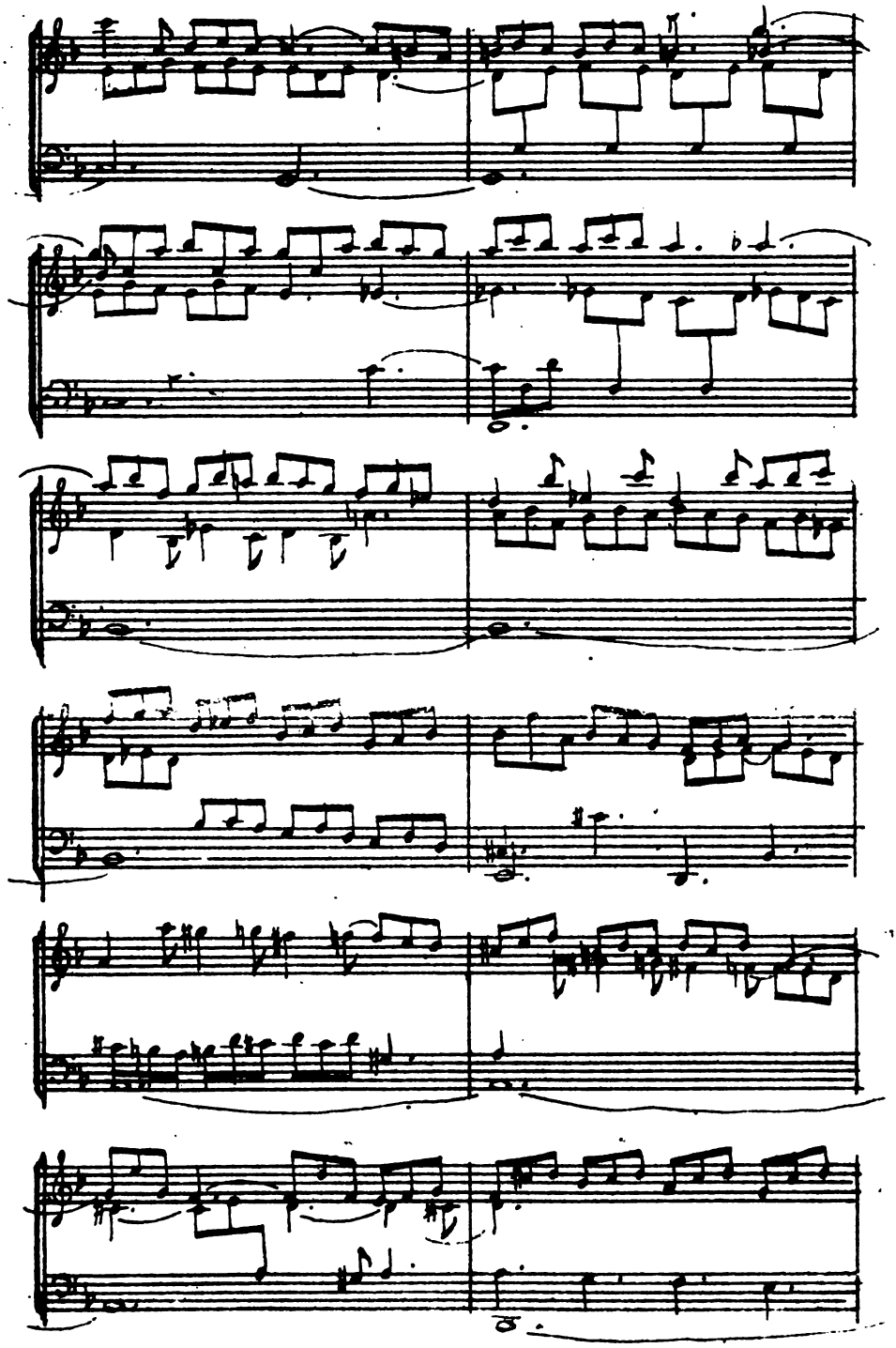
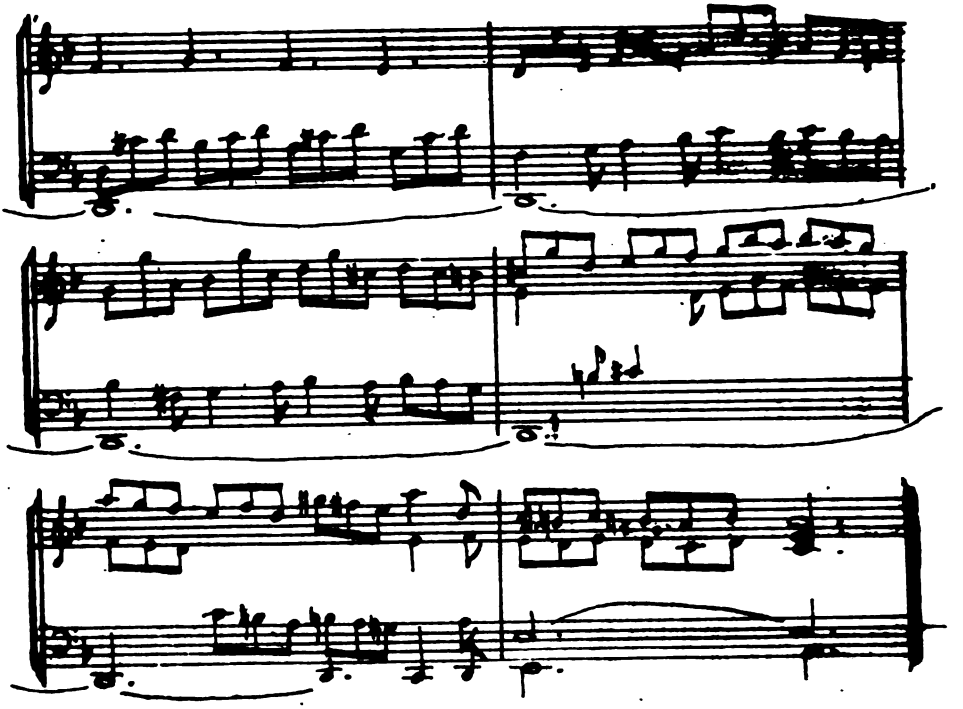
PASTORELLA.

By SEBASTIAN BACH.









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ERRATA.

In page 84, line 3 from the top, for " confirmed them both to the throne," read " confirmed their title to the throne." And line 14 from the bottom, for " first arrived," read " just arrived."

Page 215, line 8, for " advantageous," read " advantageously."

Page 229, line 15, for " For in that crime is less of earth than heav'n," read, " For in that face is less of earth than heav'n."

Page 343, line 32, for " Aubert," read " Auber."

Page 324, line 18. for, " left leg," read " right leg."

Page 233, line 22, for " it is," read " 'tis."

Page 369, line 28, for " pantomimic actions," read " pantomimic action."

Page 371, line 13, for mountainous district," read " mountainous districts,"

Page 373, line 11 from the bottom, for " one of parly," read " one of the party."

Page 376, line 15, for " seems," read seem."

Page 377, line 11 from the bottom, for " compels," read " compel."

Page 378, line 13 from the bottom, for relates," read " relate."

Page 379, line 4, from the bottom, for " as," read " has."

Page 385, line 13 from the hottom, for " Il tenero afectio," read " Il tenero affetto."

Page 406, line 25, for Dr. Piles," read De Piles."

FEB - 8 1928